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POLITICAL.

How the Power of the Republican Party Has Been Used.

Republican Defeats in New York and Pennsylvania Predicted.

The Platform of the Connecticut Democrats and State Ticket.

TOLEDO, O., October 7.—Hon. Henry Watterson of Louisville, Ky., spoke here tonight in behalf of the re-election of Hon. Frank Hurd to Congress. He said in part as follows:

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF TOLEDO—The present situation of public affairs in the United States is something more than anomalous. It is in the highest degree whimsical and picturesque. I should insult your intelligence and discredit my own if I should perpetrate the conceit of attempting to overreach your credulity with the pretence that there is a crisis. There is no crisis. Dangers there are, indeed, as always; for, amid the prevailing incertitude and indifference, the absence of organized conviction indicates a rank, unwholesome growth, which, whilst giving a show of current prosperity, is calculated to deceive the short-sighted, superficial observer. But at this moment the difference between the two political organizations which are labelled respectively Democratic and Republican may be summed up in the single word—tendencies. If this be so you will naturally ask me why I am a Democrat and why I do not favor the organization of a new party. The reason is not far afield in either case. I am a Democrat because I was born a Democrat and have not yet despaired of bringing the old party back to where it was when I came into the world.

I Warn the Young Republicans

of the present generation by the fate that befell the young Democrats of the last. They were brought up to look upon the Republican party as the light of the world. In their eyes it abolished slavery, it restored the Union and it saved the public credit. I shall not stop to question these claims or to consider how far any one of them may be qualified or abridged. The Republican party came when it was called. The folly of the Democratic party laid the foundation, as it has since made the fortune, of the Republican party. The repeal of the Missouri compromise, anticipating the guns which opened upon Sumter, gave the cue to the Republican chiefs. Disregarding all its traditions, it has been conspiring and respiring to keep itself in power. By a stretch of State rights which would make the ghost of John C. Calhoun open its eyes, it has counted and refused to count electoral votes. Professing to be the sole guardian of the national honor, it has leagued itself with repudiationists, and become a vehicle of repudiation in the States. Up to a very recent date Mr. Jay A. Hubbell was its one official civil service reformer, and a likely specimen he was I do admit. But, as if jealous of Mr. Hubbell's name and fame, the Republican President of the United States—although as vice-president he had won some civil service laurels at Albany and elsewhere—resolved to submit his claims to a competitive examination. With the treasury at his heels, he appeared, in the person of Judge Folger, at Saratoga, where, by the aid of Gould's millions and the opportune and undetected interposition of forgery and fraud, he was able to secure the last and greatest triumph of civil service reform—the defeat of a governor who had made himself obnoxious to corporations, and the nomination of a governor dictated by the administration.

From 1862 to 1882 the whole power of the Republican party has been bent to the creation and multiplication of great capitalists. It began its career of robbing the poor to enrich the rich, with a war tariff it has never modified or reduced, and one of its last acts was to raise and pack a commission to trot about the country at the people's expense seeking materials and arguments for the continuation of this master-piece of injustice, oppression and rapine. It

Has Driven Our Flag from the High Seas

in order that a few domestic shipbuilders may plunder what little home commerce we have left, and grow fat off the degradation of their country's honor. The railroad monarchs have had only to tickle it with a bar of iron to make it laugh a harvest of land grants. All the while it has chucked the workingman under the chin, whispered sweet words to him about the pauper classes of Europe, given him a dollar and a half a day wages, when it didn't suit it to close shop, and charged him two dollars and a half for a suit of woollens worth a dollar. And this, we are told, is protecting "our infant industries" and contributing to the "dignity of labor."

The tendency of the Republican policy is not only to enable a few favorite classes to build up disproportioned fortunes, but it has by its subserviency to the power of money, its truckling to corporations, and its disregard of the simple precepts on which its fathers founded it, done not a little to enervate American manhood and break down the spirit of fraternity among the people. African slavery has gone. The overseer with his lash has gone. But the Republican party is setting up a new slavery. It is slowly, but surely, transferring the seat of power from the people to the politicians and the capitalists, and preparing the way for a great commercial empire and moneyed aristocracy, and a race of Medician princes masquerading as presidents of the United States. We have already had a president who was beaten by a quarter of a million votes. Why may we not have, under the inspiration of money and by the operation of mechanical agencies, a succession of presidents representing the ruling principle of our peculiar life?

Fellow-citizens, is it not time to try the virtue of a change in the complexion of the government? Senator Sherman says that none but Republicans are fit to govern the country. It used to be a maxim in business that when an employe got to thinking himself indispensable that was a good time to discharge him, for that man might die. This ought to be equally sound doctrine in politics; though in what I have said of dangerous possibilities you will bear in mind that I have been speaking solely of Republican tendencies. I do not believe they will be realized, because I believe the people will recognize the menace in time to arrest the danger.

CURTIS BOLTS TOO.

The Editor of Harper's Weekly Avows His Opposition to Folger and Predicts Republican Defeats in New York and Pennsylvania.

NEW YORK, October 9.—George William Curtis has written the following letter to William Potts, secretary of the New York Civil Service Reform Association:

ASHFIELD, September 30.

MY DEAR MR. POTTS—I have today returned from a run into Vermont, and I hasten to answer your astonishing inquiry, which I have just received, whether I advise Republicans to vote for Judge Folger, by saying in the most emphatic manner that I do not advise, have not advised, and shall not advise a course so totally repugnant to all my political convictions and to my sense of public duty. The advice in Harper's Weekly, to which you allude, was not mine, and was published hurriedly with the press waiting in my absence, and without my knowledge. Judge Folger's ability and character are not in question, but his nomination is. That nomination was procured by the combined power of fraud and patronage, and to support it at the polls would be to acquiesce in fraud and patronage as legitimate forces in a nominating convention. Every good citizen is bound to resist to the utmost such a wrong to free institutions; and the only effectual way in which the voters can emancipate themselves from the corrupt and debasing rule of a machine is to defeat its candidates. This, I believe, will be done decisively by the Republican voters of New York and Pennsylvania at the election this autumn. They will see their party defeated rather than see fraud and the corruption of patronage triumphant. Events in both States show that no graver political peril now confronts the country than the complete subjugation of party by unscrupulous cabals which bribe with public employment and pay their way by filching from the public treasury. This is an evil which will end in violence unless it is conclusively rebuked by the people at the polls. Yours very truly,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

IN VIRGINIA.

What Mahone Has to Pay for Assistance—The Desperate Straits to Which the Cause is Reduced.

WASHINGTON, October 9.—The Star of Saturday had the following editorially: "The extraordinary story is going the rounds that Senator Mahone, in order to secure the services of Professor Langston to stump Virginia and set forth the doctrine that 'Mahone is the colored man's true friend,' offered 'to make President Arthur appoint the professor to be one of the commissioners for the District of Columbia after the election.' But, according to this story, the professor insisted that Mahone should also pay him $2500, cash in hand, before he would budge an inch on the electioneering tour, and the report adds that Mahone accepted the terms and paid the money, though he grumbled at the sum as exorbitant. This story sounds fishy, certainly the commissionership part of it. There have been reports afloat that the District offices were to be reorganized in a way to give Mahone the control of a certain amount of patronage; but even supposing these reports to be true, it has never been imagined that this patronage would extend above minor appointments in the District government. Some extraordinary things are being done now in the way of giving patronage to State bosses to help them sustain their rule, but quite certainly President Arthur has never promised to throw the governorship of the 180,000 people of the District of Columbia into a patronage pool for the benefit of Mahone or anybody else."

THE NEW YORK CAMPAIGN.

Grover Cleveland Gaining Ground Steadily—The Tactics Employed at the Saratoga Convention Denounced by Republicans.

NEW YORK, October 5.—There is scarcely a doubt that the Democratic ticket will be triumphant in this State in November. Even Chairman Smyth of the Republican State Committee has very little hopes, and says that if the election took place within ten days Cleveland would be elected by 50,000 majority. He hopes, however, there will be a change of mind on the part of those Republicans who now intend to vote the Democratic ticket. In Buffalo and vicinity the party lines seem to be completely broken down. Cleveland's reform record as mayor and his conservative good sense, not less than the fact that he is free from pledges of any sort, and, if elected, will have everything to gain by devoting himself to securing good government, impress all honest men as circumstances very greatly to his advantage. The feeling in his favor, strong at first, has steadily increased. He has, without question, the moral support of this community. Evidence of this is furnished not only by the pledges of support which he receives from lawyers and business men of high character, but by the fact that the Protestant clergy of the city, and of other cities, though generally Republicans, are for Cleveland; indeed, among the well-informed Republicans one meets those who are Republicans from principle, and have no connection with the officeholders' machine; a Folger man is quite the exception. The Cleveland Republicans are now outspoken and active. They have drawn up a protest, repudiating the Saratoga ticket, and it is being circulated for signatures. It declares the signers are Republicans, but Republicans who refuse to indorse the dishonorable methods used at Saratoga. A thousand names of the best Republicans in the city will speedily be secured. Ex-Senator E. Carlton Sprague and ex-Senator Sherman S. Rogers head the list. In the other counties in western New York the feeling is much the same as in Buffalo. This determination to rebuke the machine is general on all hands. It is admitted that if the election were to be held within a week Cleveland would be elected by a tremendous majority—100,000 is not an unusual estimate. It is believed, too, that the revolt will increase rather than diminish in proportions until election day.

The reported resignation of B. Platt Carpenter from the second place on the ticket is denied. The executive committee of the Republican State Committee is still looking for an eligible candidate for congressman-at-large to succeed Mr. Hepburn. They have given up George William Curtis since reading his letter this morning. An envoy started to interview Congressman Chittenden of Brooklyn on the subject, but stopped when he heard that Mr. Chittenden had told John H. Starin that he would not vote for either Folger or Carpenter. A. Dagget was asked if he would run, and he smilingly declined. There was talk of trying to run a soldier against General Slocum, and General George A. Barnum was approached. He flatly declined. An effort will be made to have General James B. Carr, the secretary of State, run, and there is also talk of running Corporal Tanner of Brooklyn against General Slocum. Some think the idea of running a corporal against a general would be a point in the corporal's favor among the veterans. Charles Fitch, editor of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, is also spoken of. W. A. Wheeler, ex-vice-president, has been written to.

CONNECTICUT.

Thomas M. Waller Nominated for Governor of Connecticut by the Democrats.

HARTFORD, October 4.—The Democratic State Convention, for the nomination of State officers to be voted for at the election Tuesday, November 7, next, was held in Allyn Hall in this city today. The convention was large and enthusiastic, and was attended by prominent Democrats from all sections of the State.

Hon. Thomas M. Waller of New London was nominated for governor.

George G. Sumner, ex-mayor of Hartford, was nominated for lieutenant-governor.

The remainder of the ticket was made up as follows: Secretary of State, D. Ward Northrop of Middletown; treasurer, T. A. R. Goodrich of Vernon; comptroller, Thomas Sanford of Redding.

The Platform.

The committee on resolutions presented the following platform, which was adopted:

1. Strict economy in the expenditure of public money, and the restriction of appropriations from the national treasury to objects clearly of a national character.

2. A revision of the internal revenue law and of the tariff, that shall reduce taxation so that the revenue will not exceed the present needs of the government, and shall establish the tariff upon the only constitutional basis—the production of a revenue sufficient to meet legitimate expenses, giving incidental protection to industries that promote the general welfare, and no protection to mere monopolies.

3. Legislation appropriate to secure the abolition of all unnecessary offices; the clearing of the civil service of all retainers of politicians and the future appointment of such persons only as shall have proved themselves most fit by tests of merit provided by law and open to the free competition of every citizen.

4. Legislation appropriate to secure the most careful selection of all public officers, both State and Federal, by providing an appointing power for each class of officers with special reference to the duties to be performed.

5. Legislation appropriate to afford a more thorough protection against fraud and intimidation in the use of the ballot, and to secure to the people, when called upon to appoint any public officer by ballot, the practical power as well as the right to express their preferences under the forms and protection of law.

6. Willing to recognize in a political opponent any act worthy of commendation, we cordially approve the veto by President Arthur of the river and harbor bill; following in the footsteps of the Democratic presidents who have heretofore prevented such unconstitutional legislation by the exercise of the veto power, he has aroused the wrath of his own party, who offered him the unprecedented insult of permitting the passage of the vetoed bill by a two-thirds vote while in full control of both houses of Congress. We ask all citizens of this State opposed to such extravagant and unconstitutional legislation to unite with us in defeating the Republican party, which has openly committed itself in support of the river and harbor bill, as well as by the obstinate refusal of its late convention to approve the veto of the President, as by its renomination of the congressmen who supported the bill and opposed the veto.

7. The adoption of an amendment to the State constitution is a most important exercise of the sovereign power vested in the people. The exercise of that power has been wisely guarded by requiring such amendment to be first approved by the House of Representatives, to be then published with the laws and submitted to the consideration of the people, to be then approved by two-thirds of each branch of the General Assembly, and then, and then only, to be submitted to the people for rejection or adoption. No member of the Legislature can vote to submit to the people a constitutional amendment which he does not approve without violating his oath of office and destroying one of the guards which the people themselves have erected for the protection of the constitution from sudden and ill-considered changes. We denounce the declaration of the Republican platform favoring the submission to the people of a proposed amendment to the constitution which it fails to approve as evasive and cowardly.

We fully recognize the evils arising from the use of intoxicating liquors. We believe these evils may be most effectually checked by the force of an enlightened public opinion; they may be partially restrained by wise legislation, but the character and extent of such legislation ought not to be made a partisan question. Legislation so equally affecting every one in reference to a subject where all honest men seek a common object can most safely be left to the individual conscience, free from the blindness of party prejudice or the lash of party discipline.

We believe the incorporation of a police regulation relative to the sale of intoxicating liquors into the State constitution to be opposed to the plainest principles of sound government.

8. No healthy political action is possible without full freedom of thought. We ask of every Democrat loyal adherence to the general principles on which the party is founded. We demand for every Democrat full liberty of opinion as to the application of those principles, and the right to determine his own duty as to his political action.

IN GEORGIA.

The Democrats Carry the State by Over 50,000 Majority.

ATLANTA, Ga., October 4.—Returns from nearly fifty counties indicate the election of Alexander H. Stephens for governor and the entire Democratic State ticket by over 50,000 majority. The Democrats have carried the section supposed to be Independent, and have polled a large colored vote. The election was quiet everywhere.

IN GENERAL.

A Very Promising Outlook for Democratic Successes.

WASHINGTON, October 5.—At the Democratic congressional committee room this morning a large force was busy sending campaign documents to Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania and Indiana. The committee claim to have information from Pennsylvania which warrants the prediction that Pattison will be elected governor and that the Democrats will gain five congressmen. The committee seem to regard the election of the Democratic ticket in New York as an assured fact. Their information from Indiana is, they claim, very flattering. From Tennessee, so far as the State ticket is concerned, it is not so good as the committee would have it. They claim, however, that the chances are about even on the State ticket, and that the Democrats will gain in the congressional fight. In Ohio they claim that the Democrats will elect nine and probably eleven congressmen. They do not attach much importance to the State ticket, using their best endeavors to gain congressmen and get the local offices.

"ROUGH ON RATS."—Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bedbugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

WASHINGTON.

An Incident in Judge Field's Life Revived.

An Infernal Machine That Failed in Its Purpose.

Searching for a Conspiracy in the Bureau of Engraving.

WASHINGTON, October 5.—The approaching session of the Supreme Court of the United States, which begins next Monday, was the means today of unearthing an incident in the history of Associate Justice S. J. Field which has probably not yet been published. Passing down the avenue your correspondent was called by a dealer in firearms, sporting traps and other paraphernalia, and asked if he had seen the infernal machine that had been sent to Judge Field. He was taken into the rear of the store, and the case of a daguerreotype was discovered lying upon the counter.

"Examine this," said the dealer, "and tell me what you think of it."

A close inspection showed that, concealed in the case, were ten metallic cartridges, with the sides filled with powder and firmly embedded in wax. An ordinary piece of sand-paper was connected with the clasp of the case, which, if opened from the front, would cause the ignition of a bundle of matches. The case, however, had been opened in the back, and the infernal instrument had failed to accomplish its design. A clipping from a newspaper pasted in the case, detailed an account of a decision by Judge Field regarding the title to certain property in San Francisco, and it is supposed that the machine was the contrivance of some disappointed litigant. Further inquiry showed that the package came by mail, but was regarded with suspicion by the inmates of Judge Field's residence and was placed over night in a pail of water. Afterwards it was pried open from behind and the deadly nature of its contents divulged. Had any one forced the clasp open, as is the custom in handling small cases of this kind, nothing short of a miracle could have prevented the discharge of the metallic cartridges.

"This plaything," continued the dealer, "was brought to me by a servant of Judge Field, with the request that I would extract the powder from the cartridges, and render it as harmless as possible. I have succeeded in prying out all the cartridges, and am removing the powder through the holes filed in them by the maker of the machine."

Searching for a Conspiracy in the Bureau of Engraving.

WASHINGTON, October 8.—William Salter and William Ward, two discharged employes of the bureau of engraving, were arrested here today on warrants charging them with conspiracy in attempting to obtain some of the paper on which United States notes are printed from the bureau employes. There is strong opposition to the present management in certain quarters, and it is alleged that the effort to abstract the paper was made for the purpose of showing that there is carelessness in the management of the bureau.

The object of the conspirators evidently was to secure Colonel Irish's removal and the appointment of a man who has been for a year past a persistent applicant for the position of chief, and the appointment of Salter, one of the prisoners, to be assistant chief. Some of the employes in the bureau told Colonel Irish that propositions had been made to them, of the character indicated, to bring disgrace and consequent removal from office upon him. The secretary of the treasury being informed of the facts placed the matter in the hands of the chief of the secret service, who made a thorough investigation. This investigation, it is said, has developed a well-organized conspiracy under the direct supervision of Salter and Ward, who, as they assert, actively co-operated with a prominent applicant for the position of chief of the bureau. A persistent raid has been made upon the bureau of engraving and printing ever since Judge Folger became secretary of the treasury.

Finances of the Postal Service Since Its Origin.

WASHINGTON, October 3.—The forthcoming annual report of the postmaster-general will show that the net income of the department for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1882, was about $1,500,000 over and above all expenditures. The history of the Post Office Department shows that from 1790, the earliest period at which there is any account of the exact financial condition of the department, down to 1838, an excess of expenditures over receipts was a rare occurrence, and any deficiency was but trifling. A tendency towards excess of expenditure first became manifest with the establishment of the railway mail service in 1838, but this was soon checked, and the department was placed on a self-sustaining basis. In 1845, however, a reduction of the rates of letter postage brought about a reduction of receipts, but it was only in 1848, when the excess of expenditures was $165,772, that the balance was shown on the wrong side of the ledger until 1852. Several circumstances conspired to bring about an increase of expenditure in 1851—among them emigration, the discovery of gold in California and the reduction of letter postage in that year—so that thereafter an annual deficiency became the rule instead of the exception. The deficiency kept increasing until, in 1860, it was more than $10,500,000. The war increased the revenues and reduced the expenditures in Southern States, until, in 1863, the expenditures exceeded the receipts by only $2,800,000. In 1864 the deficit was only $200,000, and in 1865 there was once more a surplus of receipts amounting to $860,000. But after this period of successful management of the post office finances there was again an annual deficit steadily increasing, until, in 1876, it amounted to more than one-fifth of the total receipts. In the four following years the deficit was reduced until in 1880 it was only one-tenth of the revenue. In 1881 there was a deficit, but, as before stated for 1882, there is a surplus of $1,500,000. One peculiar and gratifying feature of last year's financial showing is that there remains $2,000,000 of the appropriation for Star service unexpended. When General Brady submitted the estimates for the year he wanted $8,260,000, but Congress only allowed $7,900,000. As $2,000,000 of this sum remains unexpended, it is apparent that under the new management the Star service is $2,360,000 less than Brady's estimate.

Free Delivery Department.

WASHINGTON, October 5.—The annual report of the free delivery department of the post office for the fiscal year shows 112 offices, at which 3115 carriers are employed. There were delivered at these offices 298,266,739 letters, which is an increase of over 13 per cent. over last year; of postal cards there were delivered 71,481,742, which is an increase of 17 per cent.; there were mailed 90,002,317 local letters, 50,923,724 local postal cards, 2,552,894 registered letters, 160,794,706 newspapers, etc.; the whole number of pieces handled was 1,143,518,887. The total cost of the service was $2,623,259 64; in New York there are employed 543 carriers; these delivered 129,765,473 pieces of all kinds of matter and collected 108,752,730 at a cost per piece of 1.9 mills. Philadelphia carriers handled 144,894,869 pieces at a cost of 2.8 mills. Chicago, 114,832,007 at a cost of 1.6 mills, and Boston, 82,389,760 at a cost 2.2 mills. Des Moines, Ia., cost 1.3 mills per piece, which is the least, and Meriden, Conn., cost the most, which is 6.8 mills.

Work of the Signal Service.

WASHINGTON, October 5.—The efforts of the friends of the signal service to secure for it last winter an improved organization created much interest in the War Department, and led to a thorough investigation as to its value to the agricultural and shipping interests of the country. The bureau has determined to issue after every storm a bulletin containing facts gathered by its observers as to the results attending its warnings. A bulletin issued today by its bureau relative to its warnings upon the cyclone which visited the Atlantic coast during the last month shows that while very full details could not be gathered, fully seven millions of property is reported as being prevented from going to sea and thus being exposed to the storm by the warnings of the signal service. The bureau estimates that fully $13,000,000 of property was saved from exposure by these warnings, and that the saving in this one storm would be sufficient to pay the expenses of the signal service for ten years to come.

Indian Agent Tiffany's Badness.

WASHINGTON, October 8.—Commissioner Price, in commenting on the despatch which stated that the grand jury had found an indictment against Indian Agent Tiffany, charging him with bartering goods supplied for issue to the Indians, and allowing Indian murderers to escape, said that Tiffany had resigned a month ago, when he was on the point of being removed, and that Mr. Wilcox had been appointed agent in his place. His record was bad, the commissioner said, and, while he was not in possession of any facts, the inspector not having yet reported on the case, he did not doubt that all the charges against him were true.

A Big Job of Official Penmanship.

WASHINGTON, October 6.—The estimates are that fully $10,000,000 of $10 certificates will be called for before the end of the year to go into circulation as money, and some idea of the labor before Assistant Treasurer Acton may be obtained from the fact that he will have to sign his name 500,000 times before this amount of certificates can be regarded as ready for issuance. Every $1,000,000 in the $10 certificates necessitates 50,000 signatures of Mr. Acton, and the authorities here do not believe he will be physically able to sign his name to this extent. For some time the treasury has been issuing silver certificates on a deposit of gold, but it is understood that this will soon be discontinued, and that silver certificates will only be issued in exchange for standard dollars.

A Decision by Secretary Teller.

WASHINGTON, October 2.—Secretary Teller has decided that where persons have located claims upon mining land and trespassers enter and cut lumber from the same it is the duty of the occupants, though they have only a possessory right to such lands, to protect themselves in the courts or otherwise, and not the duty of the United States. This reverses the decision of the commissioner of the general land office.

The Poisoned Bouquet.

District Attorney Corkhill today received from the chemist the official report of the analysis of the poisoned bouquet, the finding of which in Guiteau's cell was exclusively announced in these despatches. The analysis showed that a rosebud in the centre of the bouquet contained over five grains of arsenic. Colonel Corkhill will now try to ascertain whether Mrs. Scoville or some one else placed the poison there and will act accordingly.

Illicit Distilleries Destroyed.

WASHINGTON, October 4.—The commissioner of internal revenue has advices of the seizure and destruction of an illicit distillery in Picket county, Tenn., and another in Fenton county, Tenn. The owners escaped.

DEATH OF ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS.

The Famous Singer Passes Away—Her Brilliant Artistic Career.

Adelaide Phillipps is dead, and her demise removes from the world of artists one whose fame was early won and long enduring. For nearly forty years she had been on the stage. A native of Shakespeare's own town, Stratford-on-Avon, Adelaide Phillipps was brought to this country when a very young child; and, making her home in Boston, she made her first bow on the stage on September 25, 1843, behind the footlights of the old Boston Museum, which then stood at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield streets and had begun only a few months before dramatic representations. It was in the ballet that Miss Adelaide Phillipps, who was announced as being 10 years old, made her debut, the character being Little Pickles. "A very graceful and accomplished little dancer she was," said an old theatre habitue, in talking over the artiste's career. "She was one of the stars at the old Museum and very popular she became." With this amusement temple Miss Phillipps continued; and when the new Museum building on the present site was inaugurated, November 2, 1846, she contributed a dance to the programme. Her name is included among the members of the Museum company for the seasons of 1847-48, 1848-49, 1849-50 and 1850-51 consecutively. In the meantime the lady's abilities as a singer had become widely known; and it was with the cordial approval of a host of friends that Miss Phillipps devoted her time and attention to preparation for the lyric stage. Under the cognomen of Mlle. Filippi the artiste made a most brilliant debut at the New York Academy of Music in "Il Trovatore," then a new opera comparatively, and one which all the world was talking about. She appeared as Azucena, a role that won her, deservedly, the highest honors. So marked was Miss Phillipps' triumph in the American metropolis that she was promptly secured for an engagement in Havana, where the Italian opera was specially prized. For five seasons Miss Phillipps sang in Cuba; and then, under the direction of the famous impressario Merilli, she made a European tournee. In oratorio and concert her triumphs were great, though such a consummate artiste deserved even more laurels than those accorded her by the American public. It was after an absence of some years from the stage that Adelaide Phillipps made her rentree in opera. When the now famous Boston Ideal opera company was organized Miss Phillipps came from her pleasant home at Marshfield, near the old Webster farm, to join the corps of artists. Her reception as she came forward on the stage of the Boston Theatre as Little Buttercup in "Pinafore" will be readily recalled by those who were present on the occasion of the first production of the Ideal version of the famous nautical opera. But the role of Vladimir in "Fatinitza" was her great success in these later lyric appearances with the Ideals, though she was excellent in whatever she essayed. Her voice was always reliable and true, remarkably pure and effective; and her style and method were something to be studied. On account of serious illness she was obliged to relinquish her place with the Ideals for a portion of last season, her sister, Miss Mathilde Phillipps, taking her place. She went abroad in search of health, and the benefit derived from attendance at the Eaux Chandes, in France, gave room for hope that she would overcome disease; but a relapse set in, and she passed away in London very suddenly. Her death will cast deep gloom over the Ideal season, just opening so auspiciously; for it was hoped and believed that she would in a few weeks be able to rejoin the famous troupe of which she had been so distinguished a member.

A CZAR OF WAX.

How Alexander III. Tried to Hoodwink the Nihilists.

Curious stories, based on the alleged fear of the Czar to show himself in public, are by no means rare, but the following account of one of his majesty's subterfuges for eluding the danger of a Nihilist attack is, perhaps, the most amusing of any that have been published. It emanates from a correspondent of the Paris Intransigeant, and dated "St. Petersburg, September 17, 1882": The inhabitants of this city were lately excited at the news of a very unexpected event. It was stated that the Emperor had at last made up his mind to come to St. Petersburg. He had been seen with only a small escort in an open caleche on the Newski Perspective. People have become so unaccustomed to regard St. Petersburg as an imperial residence that, in spite of the assertions of the newspapers, no one at first placed any credit in the report. The next day, however, the Czar's promenade was repeated, and even incredulous people were convinced. His majesty's partisans went into ecstacies, and exclaimed, "You see that Alexander III. is no coward, as his enemies pretend." Alas! the illusions of the faithful and the wonder of the populace were of short duration. It soon transpired that it was not the Emperor who was seated on the cushions of the caleche, but a wax figure clad in the imperial uniform, its face bearing a wonderful resemblance to the features of the sovereign. The Czar's consent to this mockery had been obtained by ingenious officials, who pointed out that his cowardice was daily becoming more evident to the people, and that it was absolutely necessary to redeem his fallen prestige. Alexander gave in to these arguments, and the figure was made in secret. It is a perfect likeness, and the movements of the head to the right and to the left complete the illusion. At the sight of the masterpiece the Czar is said to have embraced Tolstoi, exclaiming, "At last I can show myself to the nation without fear of the terrorists; let them blow up my carriage if they dare."

Five Hundred Dollar Twins.

[Newburyport Herald.]

Some time ago a workman in a certain shop in this city became the happy father of twins. The occasion was of course one for congratulation, etc., and it chanced that while the matter was being talked over a prominent dry goods dealer of this city happened in. "Mr. Blank," said one of the proprietors, "what would you give for a pair of twins?" "I would give $500," was the reply. "And what would you give me if I was lucky enough to draw such a prize?" continued his interlocutor. "I would give you $25 worth of goods out of my store." The episode was forgotten at the time; but now, behold, the gentleman who was offered such an inducement has become the fortunate possessor of twins, and his luck runs in more ways thon one, for, according to the contract, it will cost him nothing to clothe them for one year at least.

Killed by an Electric Shock.

NEW YORK, October 9.—James Stainters, a line man in the employ of the Brush Electric Light Company, accidentally received a shock from a line which he was adjusting at the corner of Elizabeth and Canal streets Wednesday morning, and was almost instantly killed. He was at work at the top of a pole, making a new connection for the wire. When he received the shock he did not fall, but hung, his foot being caught in the wire. He was taken down, but died shortly after being carried to the station house. The skin on the palms of both hands was hanging in strips, as though it had been seared off with a hot iron, and the man's face in death bore a look of intense agony.

A Mother's Terrible Grief.

DOVER, N. H., October 9.—George Downs, a promising young man, 28 years old, died two months since. He was an only child, and his death had a terrible effect on his mother. She lost her reason the present week, and at an early hour Friday left her house. When missed search was made, and she was found digging up the casket of her son in the family lot at Pine Hill cemetery. She wanted to see her darling son again. She thought by seeing the body it might restore him to life and her old-time happiness. She had to be dragged by force from the grave and taken home.

Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney, Liver or Urinary Diseases.

Have no fear of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and cure the worst cases, even when you have been made worse by some great puffed up pretended cure.

ARABI'S STORY OF THE WAR.

He Claims, in All Things, to Have Obeyed the Sultan.

The Canal a Curse to the Country and the Ruin of His Plans.

Its Destruction Only Prevented by De Lesseps' Misrepresentations.

NEW YORK, October 9.—The World publishes an interview held by its correspondent with Arabi, at Cairo, on the 18th of September, in which Arabi said:

"When Admiral Seymour informed the Khedive that he would open fire on the following morning, the latter asked the Sultan by telegraph what he was to do, to which the caliph answered that, in case the British bombarded the fortifications the fire was to be returned, and I have in my possession the Khedive's orders to do so. The Khedive at this time strictly followed the orders received from the Sultan in everything, thinking that he could thus secure his throne, and when the British admiral opened fire on us the Khedive donned his uniform of Egyptian commander-in-chief, and with his staff appeared in the fortifications. I was so pleased with this that I forgot all his previous selfishness. The troops cheered him, and we all felt much encouraged by his presence. When, however, the Monarch got our exact range and sent a shell right among us, killing some

Twenty Officers and Men,

the Khedive and his gingerbread staff ran away, and I have not seen him since. I endeavored in vain to find him, or even to communicate with him, and, not knowing what to do, I applied to the Sultan for instructions, and in all that I have done ever since—that is to say, as long as my telegraph was intact at Damietta—I have acted as the representative of his majesty. I was led to believe that the Sultan would prevent the English from landing, and when they did land I was instructed to hold out until Turkish troops were sent to restore order. I fortified Kafr ed-Dauar and waited for the British, and, thinking that they might seize the canal, determined to blow it up in three or four places, and thus make it useless. I went there with the engineers, and materials for the purpose, when that villain, De Lesseps, swore by all that was holy and sacred, even by the light of his eyes and the lives of his children, that, if England touched the canal, France, Russia and Italy would prevent her

By Force of Arms,

and he showed me false telegrams to that effect, purporting to be from the French minister of foreign affairs, and even copies of the notices the French, Russian and Italian admirals, then at Port Said, were supposed to have served on the British admiral, warning him against entering the canal at his peril. I had always been on friendly terms with De Lesseps, and I was foolish enough to believe him, although all my advisers, and especially M. Ninet, who knew him well, insisted upon the destruction of the canal. The latter, saying that having known De Lesseps personally for forty-five years, he would not trust him with one para. One morning, while we were watching the enemy at Kafr ed-Dauar, news came that the English had occupied the canal, and before we could get troops down there they landed in force. As I have said before, this canal is the curse of the country, and now it was

The Ruin of All My Plans.

I was forced to divide my army and oppose the British advance upon Cairo from Ismailiya. The Egyptians are not trained soldiers, and, in resisting as they did, they surpassed my expectations. I was cut off from communicating with the Sultan and the outer world, and by my last Constantinople instructions the Sultan assured me that the Turkish troops would soon land, and that I was to oppose the least British advance. I therefore lived in hopes of the Ottoman troops arriving any day to put an end to the strife. My ammunition was fast diminishing. I paid as much as five piastres (twenty-five cents) per cartridge to two Greek captains of schooners for a quantity they brought me from Greece, half of which turned out to be dummies. On the morning of the battle of Tel el-Kebir I had more soldiers in camp than cartridges.

You know the rest; but what the outer world is ignorant of is what was going on in Egypt while I held the country. I did not accept any new troops, as I could not equip them."

In conclusion, he expresses the belief that he will be shot by the English, but expects to emigrate to the United States if not convicted.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND HOSTILES.

Extensive Preparations for War Among the Yaqui and Mayo Indians.

TUCSON, Ari., October 9.—Despatches from Commandant Ortis at Alamos report extensive preparations for war among the Yaqui and Mayo Indians. The Yaqui Indians inhabit the banks of the Yaqui river, twenty miles south of here, and number 10,000. They are under the celebrated Chief Cajamo. He has organized cavalry, infantry and artillery forces, with large supplies of ammunition. The Mayo Indians number about 5000, and are settled on the banks of the Mayo river, about ten miles from the Yaqui river.

Charles Hussler, the interpreter of the San Carlos agency for several years past, in an interview, said the dissatisfaction among the Indians was caused by the conduct of Agent Tiffany, who, instead of giving the rations to the Indians, sold them to traders last season. Hussler states that the principal raiding, killing and plundering by the reservation Apaches was planned by one or two whites. His relation with the agency as interpreter compelled secrecy. Tiffany was also scheming to protect his wards, no matter what they might be guilty of. He has revealed a state of affairs at San Carlos under Agent Tiffany that is fearful—facts which are in the possession of the proper authorities, but which cannot be given to the public until parties who have been in complicity with the Apache murderers and thieves are taken into custody.

A DESTRUCTIVE TEMPEST.

Effect of the Gale of September 9 on the Shipping Along the Coast of Mexico.

NEW ORLEANS, La., October 9.—The steamship Atlantic brought from Vera Cruz forty-seven sailors from five Norwegian vessels and four sailors from one American vessel, the Commodore Dupont, all wrecked on the coast of Mexico during the gale of September 9. Of seven vessels riding at anchor at Tampico Pueblo Neuvo, Mex., during the night, five went ashore and were total wrecks, breaking up on the shelving beach. They were the Swedish bark Israel, crew of eleven; Norwegian bark Lawrence, nine men; the Norwegian ship Mexico, eleven men; the Norwegian bark Hesperia, eleven men, and the Norwegian bark Rien, ten men. Barometers began to fall Friday, and both anchors were let go on each vessel, but the force of the wind was so great that the vessels dragged on shore in a short time and broke to pieces. Each vessel had a quantity of mahogany on board, having just commenced loading. No lives were lost. The captains of the wrecked vessels sent their mates and crews to New Orleans, while they remain in Frontera to attend surveys.

Tried to Save Her Sister.

BAXTER SPRINGS, Kan., October 9.—A fire on Friday destroyed the residence of Mr. Rosecrans at Lowell, four miles from here, and two of his daughters, aged 7 and 17, perished in the flames. The older one had succeeded in getting out of the burning building with her mother, when she rushed back for her little sister, and had dragged her through the smoke to the head of the stairway, when the floor fell with a crash, and both were pitched headlong into the burning mass below. They were burned nearly to ashes.

An Unfortunate Mistake.

BELFAST, Me., October 9.—Paul H. Crockett of Stockton was accidentally shot and killed in that town Thursday. He was in the woods gathering ferns, and a young man who was partridge hunting mistook a small portion of Crockett's clothing for one of the birds, and fired. The charge of shot hit Crockett in the side and he died in about twenty minutes after. The young man who made the unfortunate mistake rendered all the assistance he could, and he and a companion tried to get the wounded man home, but did not succeed. Mr. Crockett was nearly 66 years old and a stone mason by trade.

The Form of Government for Egypt.

LONDON, October 6.—The Daily News has the following despatch from Cairo: An important phase of the political situation here is the growing difference between the Egyptian ministers in regard to the future form of government. One party favors an autocratic system for some years and another party advocates the retention and development of the system established under the first constitution.

Mysteries of Long Island Sound.

[New Haven Register.]

Twenty years ago or so Joe Carrier, chief of the Norwich Fire Department, was journeying from New York to that city by boat. He sat in the smoking-room of the steamer until bedtime, when he set out for his stateroom. He remembered nothing from that time forward until he found himself tossing about in the waters of the Sound. He was rescued by a passing vessel, and upon taking an inventory of his effects, he discovered that his watch, pin and money were missing. Another man told about Captain W. W. Coit, who, at the time, commanded a Sound steamer, who found himself overboard and in imminent peril of drowning one night, and for the life of him he couldn't tell how he came to be in the water. Then there was Eugene Reed. On a certain night he awoke to the unpleasant realization that the white-capped waves of the Sound were bearing him swiftly away from the steamer on which he had been journeying to New York, and to this day he can form no reasonable theory as to how he came to be drifting in the waters. None of these men were intoxicated when these accidents happened, and this fact clothes the casualties with mystery.

A FOREST ON FIRE IN THE ROCKIES.

Graphic Description of a Raging Conflagration—The Falling of Pines Like the Roar of Artillery.

Frank Wilkeson, writing to the New York Sun from the Medicine Bow range in the Rocky mountains, thus describes a fearful fire which he witnessed in that region.

The frosty September nights had killed the mountain grasses. The west wind, cold, dry, bracing, had blown steadily for days through the pine forests, penetrating into every nook and eddying dryingly around the granite crags. The carpet of pine needles, spread thickly over the foot hills, was thoroughly dry. The creeks were low. The water in the ravines had ceased flowing. An iron bar thrust into the furnace of an upright boiler and vigorously stirred caused the air to rush through the open doors with a gust. As it swept through the flues and into the contracted smokestack, it carried a fiery column of sparks and burning bits of wood with it. Out of the smokestack these sprang, and were flung on to the couch of pine needles lying in the adjacent forest. Instantly they were ablaze. With a low murmur the fire ran nimbly up Mammoth gulch. Fanlike, it expanded, and, gaining strength, the faint murmur of the burning pine needles was replaced by a loud, crackling roar. Almost instantly the fire passed beyond the control of man. The wind freshened and blew up the gulch strongly. Tongues of flame shot obliquely up the hillsides. The smoke rolled in vast horizontal cylinders in the van of the fire. The case admitted of nothing except the thrusting of hands into overall pockets, the filling of pipes, and the deliberate smoking of them. Nothing could be done to save the mill property and mining camp until the back and side fires began to descend the hills; then they could probably be controlled. Up the gulch the head fire, seen through the smoke, was a dull red, almost a copper color. Tiny whirlwinds quickly formed, and in an instant many columns of fire rose, with angry roar, high above the tops of the most lofty pines. The burning embers,

Sucked up Through the Fiery Funnel,

were scattered broadcast as from an aerial centrifugal machine, and far in advance of the main fire fresh fires formed. The air became heavy with ashes. The sun shone through the pall-like smoke dimly. Within the fire line the very air seemed to be a mass of flame, through which doubly heated tongues shot in long, rolling thrusts. As the fury of the fire increased great pine trees became ablaze. From towering cones of green they were instantly transformed into flaming beacons that stood high above the heaving sea of smoke. The burning trees uttered sharp, torpedo-like cries, as though in actual pain. Dozens of trees would flare up brightly at the same time, and as their cones burned off the strong wind hurled them hundreds of feet through the air in advance of the main fire line. With great speed the fire ran through the light underbrush and dry twigs. Behind lay the carpet of smouldering pine needles. From this arose a dense cloud of light-colored smoke. Slowly, very slowly was the carpet consumed. The smoke arising from it obscured the main fire. Slowly sinking into the earth, all signs of active, destructive fire disappeared. From the pores of the burned-over mountain flanks the smoke issued in millions of tiny jets. I walked home through the unburned forest, and packed my household goods preparatory to catching them in an abandoned mine shaft. By 10 o'clock in the evening I had finished packing; then, stepping out of the house to see if the fire was coming, I heard rifle-like reports issuing from the smoke-clouded forest a quarter of a mile to the north. These reports increased in frequency, and thinking the deserted mining camp, in almost every house of which cartridges of giant powder were lying on shelves or carelessly thrust between the logs, was on fire, I walked up out of the rocky glen in which my house stands to witness

The Destruction of the Village.

It was not on fire, being protected by a high, bare, rocky hill, down which the side fire could not descend. The reports had increased in frequency until it was as though a strong skirmish line were briskly engaged. The noise was made by falling trees—trees undermined by the cloaked fire of the pine needles consuming their roots. Faster and faster the trees fell, until the single reports were no longer distinguishable. It sounded as though a battle was being fought under the clouds of smoke hanging in the mountain valley. Nothing could be seen in the valley below me. There was a dull, lurid color to the smoke; that was all. Away off to the east, at the head of the valley, the smoke was a little brighter. The work of destruction was going on under a cloud. As I sat on a high granite point the wind shifted. The southern side fire became a head fire. A red line, some two miles in length, rushed up the steep flank of a mountain to the east of where I sat. Red-hot ashes and bits of burning wood headed the advancing line as fiery hail. The wind, whirling around crags and into nooks filled with dry branches and fallen trees, caused the flames to spring high above the rocks. Scores of these towering columns of fire, oscillating wildly, could be seen at once. Again the wind changed with a furious gust and blew strongly from the south. Then, away off to the north on a steep mountain side, a pinkish cloud of smoke rolled rapidly upward, and through and high above it gigantic exclamation points of flames were blazoned against the dark northern sky. For two days we fought side fires, striving to save our houses. It seemed to be a hopeless task. We were well nigh exhausted when the storm clouds gathered around the white peaks of the Medicine Bow range, and a fierce autumnal storm of hail and rain fairly flooded the burning district. The rain fell far into the night. The next morning a few rotten stumps and logs, smouldering among the fallen timber, alone remained of the fiercest fire I have ever seen.

TRYING TO LASSO A LUNATIC.

A Pennsylvania Madman Captures a Depot and "Holds the Fort" for an Hour Against Fifty Men.

An old lunatic named Schweitzer took possession of the Lehigh Valley depot at Allentown, Penn., last Wednesday morning at 5 o'clock and held it for an hour. He carried an axe and went behind the counter at the restaurant. When ordered out he showed fight and brandished the axe. A crowd gathered and various expedients were tried to induce the old man to leave and surrender the axe. He was full of fire. His eyes flashed and no one dared approach him. Coaxing and persuading failed to move him. They then tried to scare him, but there was no scare in him. When any one approached him he raised the axe threateningly and defied them. To frighten him some one pulled out a revolver and pointed it at him, but he only laughed mockingly. He then entered the ladies' department, and the women fled in terror. Ropes were then procured, and several attempts were made to lasso him, but he was too quick for them, and dextrously warded off the rope. A window was then raised back of the madman, and while his attention was thus diverted other attempts were made to lasso him. Between closing the window and grappling with the ropes his back was turned toward part of the crowd and a man sprang on the counter and pounced on the old man, throwing him down. He was promptly disarmed and firmly bound. After a while he became calmer and later in the morning he was removed to the almshouse. He is a rag-picker, about 70 years old, and while known to be weak-minded was not considered violent. He had possession of the depot for a full hour and kept fifty men at bay.

Is Henry A. Blake a Bigamist?

PROVIDENCE, October 9.—Rev. J. T. Smith of Old Warwick, who joined in matrimony Henry A. Blake and Caroline A. Hale, on September 19, which marriage has created quite a stir in Bridgewater, Mass., where the parties belong, says that noticing by the certificate that the groom had been previously married, he asked Mr. Blake if he was separated from his first wife by death, and that individual said "yes" without hesitancy. Thinking that there was something a little mysterious about the matter, Mr. Smith caused the notice of the marriage to be inserted in the Providence Star, which, it appears, was the first intimation that the Bridgewater people had that Blake was separated from his first wife.

A Boy's Terrible Death.

BURLINGTON, Vt., October 9.—William Magrath, 12 years old, was instantly killed this morning. A house was being moved by horse-power, when the windlass broke, one piece flying back with tremendous force, striking Magrath's head and dashing his brains upon the ground.

Absconded with $20,000.

MARYVILLE, Mo., October 9.—Captain John O'Conner, postmaster at this place, and an extensive implement dealer, has absconded, leaving unsettled debts to the amount of $20,000. His post office accounts show a deficit of $1000.

UNLIKE other cathartics, Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" do not render the bowels costive after operation, but, on the contrary, establish a permanently healthy action. Being entirely vegetable no particular care is required while using them. By druggists.

THE COMET.

A Prediction That It Will Fall Into the Sun

And Cause Most Disastrous Effects in '83.

What Professors Proctor, Smith and Pickering Think of It.

NEW YORK, October 8.—The World this morning published the following special cable:

LONDON, October 8.—The comet is all the talk in scientific circles at the present and is being regarded with considerable apprehension. Richard A. Proctor, who denied that it was the comet of 1843 and 1880, now finds that he made a mistake and so withdraws his statement. More cautious astronomers than he have no doubt of the identity of the comet and believe with him hat it will return at latest in October, 1883, and then fall into the sun with disastrous results to our planet. It is said on good authority that this is the opinion of the most eminent scientists of the day, C. Piazzi Smith, astronomer royal for Scotland, in particular making no secret of his belief.

PROFESSOR SWIFT.

This Astronomer Says There is No Danger Whatever.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., October 8.—Professor Swift, the astronomer, says that no danger need be apprehended from the comet. It has already made its nearest approach to the sun, and is now receding. All reports about its falling into the sun are purely sensational. In his opinion it is not the comet of 1880, but may possibly be that of 1843. This comet is moving in a curve of eight or ten years. If the comet of 1880 was, as is generally believed, that of 1843, this certainly cannot be the same. The most interesting question just now is whether the comet has divided or not. Professor Swift has searched carefully, but has found no evidence of this, although the appearance of the nucleus indicates that it is liable to do so at any time.

PROFESSOR PICKERING.

He and the Other Cambridge Astronomers do Not Hold the Opinion of those Across the Ocean.

Professor Pickering was busily engaged in studying the marvels of the heavens last night when a GLOBE reporter visited him. The night was a very beautiful one and the lights of the heavens shone brilliantly. The above cablegram was shown him, and, after reading it, he said emphatically, "You may say that the scientists of Cambridge observatory hold no such views. They have no fears of the earth's destruction through any such collision between the sun and the comet. The probable explanation of Professor Proctor's theory is that he believes that the comet of 1843 reappeared in 1880 and has again appeared at the present time. From this it is probable that he infers that the periods of the comet's appearance are growing less and less, thus showing a shortening of its orbit, which he claims will eventually, as it approaches nearer and nearer the sun, cause it to tumble into it. As is shown in the despatch above, Professor Proctor did not believe the present comet was the same one that came to the astronomers in 1843 and 1880, but is now satisfied that it is the same one. This conclusion on his part may have been helped by the report of Professor Boss of the Dudley observatory, who claimed that the comet of those years is but the reappearance of the same one at different periods of time. The latter professor expressed his belief that it would again appear in 1884, which is one year later than Professor Proctor's prophecy, and that it would then be so near the sun as to pass into its rays, and that it would in all probability never appear again. In this conclusion he differs from the London professor, inasmuch that the former predicts that the comet will be destroyed without materially disturbing the solar system or in any way damaging the earth. This claim is based on the fact that this comet, if it is the same one that appeared in 1843 and 1880, has been gradually decreasing its orbit and is now appearing after intervals of two years, instead of at intervals of thirty or forty years. The professors of the Cambridge observatory do not believe the present comet is the same one that appeared in 1880, although they are somewhat similar. Professor Chandler has computed that the comet of 1880 will not return until after a period of thirty or forty years. Nor do the Cambridge professors believe that the present comet will return in 1884. At the last time an observation was made, two or three days ago, the mornings being so cloudy lately as to interfere with the astrologers' observations, it was shown that it was gradually receding from the sun and earth, and they are now at work computing its orbit. They believe it will not return in several years, and they haven't the least apprehension of the terrible calamity predicted by Professor Proctor. The latter gentleman is a popular astronomical lecturer, but not a mathematician, and it is more than probable that he, having read the report of Professor Boss that the present comet is the same one as appeared in 1843 and 1880, came to the conclusions cabled." Professor Pickering was led from his own observations, as well as those of Professor Chandler, to doubt the truth of the despatch, and to regard it as misrepresenting Professor Proctor, who stood too high in scientific circles to risk his reputation on such a sensational report. The professor had every reason to believe that he would be able to make an observation this morning, when more definite news from the comet may be given. The professor is anxious to see whether the broken nucleus has again come together. The nucleus of the exceedingly bright comet of 1881 at one period of its flight through the heavens was elongated, but afterwards took its shape again. That the nucleus of the present comet has broken in parts was first observed at Nashville, and afterwards confirmed at Cincinnati.

YOUNG, INTELLIGENT, BEAUTIFUL.

One of Ohio's Daughters Suicides on Account of Unrequited Love.

CINCINNATI, O., October 9.—Near Ironton, O., Monday, a sad love tragedy was enacted. Miss Emma McAtee, in love with Mr. Will Ridenour, bookkeeper at Lawrence furnace, took strychnine and died. Before her death she sent for young Ridenour, and, in the presence of her parents, said he had never encouraged her passionate attachment for him, and was not in any manner to blame. She was 20 years old, highly intelligent, beautiful, and was the daughter of well-to-do and respectable parents. Young Ridenour is greatly troubled about the unhappy affair. His character is unblemished and his standing high.

Suspected Bribery in Land Transactions.

AUSTIN, Tex., October 9.—The commissioner of the general land office has been informed by telegram from Henrietta (Clay county) that agents of the New York Consolidated Land Company were there in collusion with the deputy surveyor of the county, ready to file claims on the State school lands in Hardeman county, as soon as they were placed on the market. The commissioner has refused to place them or sell any until the matter is thoroughly investigated, and if bribery has been resorted to by the agents criminal action will be taken at once.

Explosion in a Boy's Pocket.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., October 9.—This forenoon, Ernest Mutch, aged 13, residing at Moultonville, took six caps used to connect fuse with dynamite, and placed them in his pocket with some matches. Shortly after, while going along Merrimac street, some of the caps exploded, lacerating the boy's hand and rendering amputation necessary, and inflicting a bad flesh wound upon his leg.

Serious Results of Eating Cheese.

LONDON, Ont., October 9.—Thirty persons have been made ill here by eating head cheese, manufactured by local butchers. Physicians attribute the trouble to bristles which have been chopped up with the skin of the pork, causing irritation of the inner coating of the stomach, and producing spasms and vomiting. Some of the sufferers are very low, but it is supposed that all will recover.

A Six-Thousand-Dollar Wife.

[Meriden Press.]

A man 82 years old, who resides in an adjoining town, and a woman 35 years old called at the office of one of the local lawyers yesterday and had a marriage contract drawn. The old fellow agreed to give her a tenement house and lot and $6000 in cash for marrying him, and also agrees to make her his sole heir. They left the office to look up a minister.

"BY asking too much we may lose the little that we had before." Kidney-Wort asks nothing but a fair trial. This given, it fears no loss of faith in its virtues. A lady writes from Oregon: "For thirty years I have been afflicted with kidney complaints. Two packages of Kidney-Wort have done me more good than all the medicine and doctors I have had before. I believe it is a sure cure."

AROUND THE FARM.

[BY OUR AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.]

THE HORSE.

To Improve the Horses Pace.

We will take, to begin with, a horse of the slowest walking pace, say about three miles per hour. To improve this put him alongside of a horse, either led or in harness, whose walk is about three and a half miles per hour; and when the three-miler has come up to this, then put him alongside of a four-miler, and so go on increasing until he has reached the utmost limits of pace it is possible to get out of him. After this, in riding or driving, keep him up steadily to this best pace, and in process of time it may become almost natural and easy to him. The reason it is best to begin with the attempt to only increase his pace half a mile per hour is, if we tried at first to do it faster than this the horse would be constantly breaking into a trot to keep up with his companion, and in consequence his walk could not be improved. The object is to keep him steadily to walk, and not permit him to break it. Trotting horses are improved in the same method; they are kept as strictly to this pace as possible whenever exercised or used, and not allowed to gallop. If they break into a gallop any time on being urged to do their utmost on the trot, they are instantly checked and brought back to the trot. But if a horse is naturally a slow walker, it will require considerable time and no little patience to much increase his speed at this gait.

A Reliable, Fast Walker Must be Born So,

and the best, quickest, and in fact the cheapest way to get at this is to breed him. For this purpose select the fastest-walking stallion to be found and breed him to the fastest-walking mares obtainable. As a general rule these will drop fast-walking colts. The fastest of these when grown should be selected for breeding, and so go on rearing and selecting till the breed is as well established for fast walking as those of fast trotters or racers now are. Some may think that special breeding to obtain fast walkers is not necessary, and that any sort of a horse can be trained to it. Such doubters have only to carefully compare the anatomy of a fast-walking horse alongside of that of a slow walker, to be convinced of the necessity of breeding for this special purpose, for the difference between the two in various nice points will be found considerable in bone, muscle, tendon, cord, and to sum up, in general structure. Place a heavy farm or cart horse alongside of a fast trotter or racer, and see how very different they are in make up, and how impossible it would be to increase the pace of the former, either in a trot or run, to that of the two latter. The thing is out of the question—all the teaching and training of the world could not do it. Now like, as a general rule, begets like; and if you want fast walkers, in order to obtain them of a natural, easy, reliable gait, they must be bred from fast-walking parents.

THE CALF.

Raising Calves on Skim-Milk.

A calf should be allowed to suck its dam for three to seven days after birth, according to its strength and condition; then taken away and fed its mother's milk, fresh drawn and warm, all it will drink, night and morning. It is easily soon taught to drink this from a pail by placing your fingers in its mouth, and dipping the nose about half an inch deep into the milk. After two to four weeks' age, according to the condition then of the calf, one-fourth of skim-milk, warmed to blood heat, may be mixed with new milk. Increase the skim-milk if the calf is doing well in another week to one-half skim-milk. In the fourth to sixth week to three-fourths; afterward feed all skim-milk. In doing this, do not forget to always warm the milk. When it comes to half skim milk, put a heaping tea-spoonful of oilmeal in it night and morning. If this was first scalded with boiling water it would be better, or a gill of meal or more may be boiled to a jelly, and an even tablespoonful or two of this be put warm into the milk, as it would keep without souring for a few days. After the third week of this feeding, the oilmeal can be increased to an even tablespoonful, and thus go on, increasing very gradually to a half-pint morning and night by the time the calf gets to be four months old. After the calf is six weeks old or so, it is about as well for the oilmeal to be put in the milk, that is, without being scalded. Oilmeal lubricates the bowels and keeps them in good order.

Great Caution Must be Used to Get it Pure

—not adulterated with any other substance, such as plaster of paris, etc. If adulterated it might poison the calf. If the oilmeal is made after the "new process;" that is, by pressing more oil from the ground seed than was formerly done, it might require double the quantity to be mixed with the milk than I have stated above. If we could buy pure flaxseed, and make a jelly of this to feed to calves, it would be a sure thing, and much better than to trust to the oilmeal usually on sale by mill-feed dealers. Calves may generally be gradually stopped off their milk after four months' age, and then fed on grass or hay. If to this was added a pint of provender night and morning, made up of nine-tenths oats and one-tenth flaxseed, ground together, it would accelerate their growth and keep them in fine condition. If this cannot be had some advise scalding the grain and seed; let the two soak awhile together and then feed. As I have never tried this I advise to watch the effect closely at the beginning, and see that the calf does well on the whole grain and seed. Don't feed raw Indian meal or whole corn, except in winter; then it may do to feed that mixed half-and-half with wheat shorts or bran, and one-tenth oilmeal; or perhaps cottonseed meal may be safely substituted for the oil meal in the mixture. But as this is a heartier substance than the latter I again advise caution; and be sure and watch the effect of the cottonseed meal till you ascertain that it proves beneficial. Whole oats

May be Profitably Fed to Yearlings

and to cows—two to eight quarts per day according to age, size and other feed given at the same time. After two months old or so a calf should have a pinch of salt put into its mess night and morning. After a year old this may be increased to an even or heaping teaspoonful. But a lump of Liverpool rock salt placed in a box which they can get at to lick at pleasure is better. Calves sometimes scour. The best thing I have found to stop this is to stir half a pint of wheat flour into boiling water, thus making a mush of it. When cooled to blood warmth feed to the calf, and if it does not stop the scouring repeat the dose and give no other food till the little animal gets well. This boiled flour is the more beneficial because it acts both as a medicine and nourishing food. Buckwheat flour is poor feed at best for calves; some contend that it acts as a slow poison in the stomach, but if it is pure and sweet I doubt this last assertion. A correspondent speaks of having calves dropped in autumn. It would be much better for them to come in the spring, earlier or later, according to the climate of the locality. After the calf is about two months old, put a very little hay or grass before it, and it will soon begin to nibble this, but will not eat much until four months old or past. If the weather be genial, it is better to let the calf run in a small pasture where the grass is short every fair day. Whether here or in stable, it should have fresh clear water which it could reach and drink at pleasure. Strictly follow or modify with good judgment the above directions, and I think one need have no trouble in raising fine strong calves.

WATERING MILK.

Experiments Made to Produce More Cream.

A Western correspondent says a dairyman of his acquaintance claims that by adding water to his milk he is enabled to get a larger percentage of cream. He wants to know "whether this is a fact, or nothing but a mere notion." In answer to this question, it may be said to depend upon circumstances and the methods employed in setting the milk. Some years ago, before the ice system of setting milk was adopted in this country, it was claimed by certain butter makers that an increased quantity of cream was obtained by adding water to the milk, and the subject was brought up for discussion at one of our dairy conventions. In order to get more directly at the facts, a test was made of some samples of milk. in per cent. glasses, at a temperature of about 60° Fahrenheit, the time of setting being eight hours. Dividing the sample of milk into two equal parts, one part, filling the glass, was set directly for cream, and yielded 7 per cent. at the end of the eight hours. To the other part an equal volume of water was added, and a quantity taken of the watered milk equal to that of the whole milk sample. This sample of half milk and half water yielded during the eight hours 5 per cent. of cream. Now, if the percentage of cream in the two samples had been in proportion to the quantity of milk, the watered milk should have yielded only 3½ per cent. of cream. The cream of the watered milk, however, appeared somewhat thinner than that from the whole-milk sample. The conclusion arrived at in these experiments was that in very rich milk there might perhaps be

Some Advantage in Diluting It

or thinning it with water, in order to get up more cream than on the old plan of setting. At the time of making these experiments the cream-gathering system, originating at the West, had not been brought out, and hence the use of water in securing a larger volume of cream had not the significance that it has at the present time, when cream is bought by the inch, as is largely done on this system in Iowa. It will be seen from the experiments referred to that the watered milk threw up 1½ per cent. more cream in volume than the rate yielded by the undiluted milk during a given time; but as some creams yield more butter than other creams, it must not be assumed that the butter value of the two creams referred to was in the same ratio as the percentages shown in the creams respectively. If, however, it is a fact that the watering of milk increases the volume of cream without increasing to much if any account, the amount of butter, then this practice of watering milk to increase the volume of cream is liable to descend into a fraud where cream is bought by the inch. There must always be an objection to the purchase of cream by measure, as is done in the West, unless some standard of butter value for every man's cream be obtained. To place every patron's cream on an equality, without testing the butter value of each, would seem to be unfair to those who have superior butter-yielding herds, since creams from different herds may differ so much in their butter yield that the fixing of a common standard cannot be effected in practice without doing injustice to some of the patrons or to the purchaser. Of course the method of setting milk

Has an Important Influence

upon the condition or density of its cream. In experiments with milk set on the ice system, and from cows recently calved, nearly all the cream in the milk was obtained. This was shown not only by testing the skimmed milk with Fesser's lactoscope, but by treating the skimmed milk in various ways to obtain additional cream. The skimmed milk was not only watered and then set aside to cream, but portions were heated and then rapidly cooled, while other portions were treated by different methods, but all without avail in securing any appreciable quantity of cream. From these experiments the inference was drawn that no system of watering the milk of newly calved cows, when it was set on the ice method, would have increased the quantity of butter, though possibly the volume of cream may have been increased by such watering, the cream being thinner or less dense. Perhaps milk drawn from cows a long time after calving might have given different results. The question of watering milk to increase the volume of cream may have some practical importance to those who purchase cream by measure; for, if cream is bought by the inch, a dishonest patron might resort to watering his milk for the purpose of increasing the volume of cream, caring nothing as to the ratio or butter it yielded. If any one has made a series of well-conducted experiments in watering milk at different seasons of the year, for the purpose of increasing the quantity of cream, doubtless an account of such experiments would be of much interest to dairymen, and especially to those engaged in butter making.—[Country Gentleman.

THE WHEAT FIELD.

More Concerning Wheat Culture.

It has been aptly stated that the basis of successful wheat culture, as, indeed, of all improved farming, is drainage whenever it is needed. Wherever a clay soil is found there is no valid reason why enough wheat should not be raised to supply enough for home consumption or the wants of the consumers of breadstuffs throughout the State. This is true of nearly all States in the Union. If the soil has become exhausted by continual cropping of the plant food the wheat plant needs, then the first duty is to supply that need. It is stated on good authority that the raising of thirty bushels of wheat to the acre will remove from the land fifty-one pounds of nitrogen, twenty-four pounds of phosphoric acid, and thirty-nine pounds of potash. Of these, the the phosphoric acid is the most important manurial element, so that it is imperatively necessary that, on old and improperly cultivated land—where a judicious rotation of crops has been ignored—bonemeal or ground bones in some form, or the South Carolina phosphate, should be used. As the yield per acre in the Great Genesee valley of Western New York fell off in its wheat production per acre from about twenty-five to six or seven bushels, mainly for want of phosphoric acid, it is a fact worthy of note that it has been nearly restored to the original yield by supplying the needed amount of this element. It shows that this can be done elsewhere as well. When the finely-ground, raw bonemeal (which is the best) is not used, the needed amount of phosphoric acid per acre can be restored, by sowing broadcast at the last harrowing, or better, by drilling in with the grain sixty pounds of sulphate of ammonia, 171 of superphosphate of lime and thirty-seven pounds of chloride of potassium.

Peruvian Guano Forms an Excellent Combination.

The first is rich in nitrogen and gives the young plants a good start, and then the bonemeal, which is gradually assimilated by the wheat plants, supplies them with the needed amount of phosphoric acid. A more easily-obtained manure, and one in which the needed amount of the nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash is furnished, can be supplied by the application of 200 pounds of bonedust and 150 pounds of ammoniated superphosphate to the acre. For the second and subsequent crops the quantity can be diminished. Another economical method of feeding the wheat plant is that of mixing with well-rotted barnyard manure finely-ground raw bonemeal and an equal weight of gypsum. One hundred and fifty pounds of each, with enough well-rotted manure to form a good top-dressing, will be sufficient for an acre. Two or three cuttings down with a sharp shovel or hoe, at intervals of eight or ten days, will be of great advantage to the compost. In case there is an odor of ammonia emitted during the heating process, some gypsum should be scattered over the heap. The great secret of success throughout the wheat-growing districts of the West, lies, to a very great extent, in the thorough pulverization of the soil and the application of needed plant food upon the surface. Applied in this way the primary and secondary roots of the wheat plant can readily assimilate what is first needed the most. The custom which is wisely beginning to be more common, that of composting and thoroughly rotting barnyard manure

And Applying it Upon the Surface,

and harrowing it in just previous to drilling in the grain, is a good one. The practical importance of surface growth in the fall before freezing weather sets in, can hardly be over-estimated. Long, deep roots on the wheat plant in the fall, are not desirable. A heavy freeze that will penetrate the soil to a depth of eight to twelve inches, followed by a series of lighter frosts, will break the surface roots, separating them from the deeper or secondary roots. The most favorable preparation for the rapid and spreading growth of the surface roots, is a rich, mellow, shallow seed-bed with a hard and compact soil just beneath it, which will repel rather than invite the fall growth of the wheat roots downward. It is much better to encourage a strong growth of roots near the surface, thus forming a mat through the soil, which, when frozen shall rise and fall together. In the application of plant food the wants of the plant should be considered in the order of those wants. The formulas given are in accord with this suggestion. Nitrogenous manures, as well as those containing phosphoric acid, are needed at nearly all stages of growth, while some, at least, of the mineral elements are appropriated in a much larger quantity during the last thirty days of the growth of the wheat plant. According to the experiments of Professor M. I. Pierre of France, "It is at the period of blooming that the wheat plant reaches a maximum in the appropriation of nitrogen, iron, phosphoric acid, potassa, magnesia and soda. The quantity of lime needed appears to increase in quantity until within fifteen days of maturity, and the demand for silica increases largely during the ripening process."—[Farm and Fireside.

Early and Late Wheat Sowing.

Upon this topic Mr. Moher of Osborne county, Kan., writes as follows: "Our earliest wheat last year, and that which had made the largest growth in the fall, was in the worst condition in the spring. Much of it was ploughed up, while that sown later, from the 10th to the 20th of September, was fair wheat. Wheat sown quite late was, as a rule, killed. I can very easily account for the late-sown wheat being a failure, on the principal of insufficient rooting, but why our early-sown wheat, that is, sown the last week in August, should be in a condition so much worse than that sown in September, I confess is an unsolved mystery to me yet. The wheat had make a large growth in the fall, covering the ground entirely, and all looked healthy, but in the spring it was nearly all dead. Alfred Gray once asked me if I ever knew wheat to be sown too early. After thinking, I replied that I believed I never did, but if that question was asked me now I would answer in the affirmative. Where there is no Hessian fle the only objection to very early sowing I ever heard of was the fear the wheat would joint in the fall. Mr. Gray's idea was that it would not joint in the fall, no matter how early sown. But in the case now before us the wheat was a failure, because it was sown too early, not because it jointed, but because of some reason which I would be glad if some one would give. Some say it grew too much in the top and not enough in the root. They say this year the wheat is rooting well but not growing large in the top; but why, I ask, did it not root as well as that sown later? The only plausible reason I can think of is that the chinch bugs may have drawn heavily on the life of the plant early, and thus weakened it to such a degree that it could not withstand the terrible cold of the winter."

ENSILAGING CORN FODDER.

The Silo Should be Tight and of Such a Size That It Can be Filled at One Operation.

Ensilage and ensilaging are quite recent words that are now adopted into our language. The use of the silo for preserving green fodder, and especially corn fodder, is so thoroughly introduced, that people are settling down in their views about it to common sense, or something like it. The idea that we can get more or better feed out of a silo than we put in is given up, and everybody knows that we take out less feed, which is really not so good. It is, however, preserved with little loss, and of very fair quality for feeding, provided the silo is well made and treated. Corn fodder can be raised more cheaply than an equal amount of food in any other way; unless, indeed, sorghum or pearl millet, or some other similar plant be used in place of Indian corn, when there might be a question as to which plant produced most. The evidence, so far, is in favor of corn, as being the readiest means for converting manure into food which we have at our disposal. The silo must be tight—some persons say it need not be, but they are wrong. No doubt the best are laid up of stone and well cemented, but boards will do perfectly. They ought, however, to be matched, or battened, and well nailed, so that the pit shall be as nearly air-tight as possible. The reason of this is that access of air causes decomposition, which wastes the fodder, and, besides, the air promotes alcoholic and acetous fermentation. The formation of alcohol occurs in juices of plants, which contain sugar, after a single sufficient exposure to the air, and its continuance depends upon the presence of fermenting substances, also contained in the juice. So long as this fermentation continues with moderate activity, there can be no formation of vinegar, because this requires constant access of air. In such a mass as corn fodder in a silo presents, there

Must be Some Alcoholic Fermentation,

but there need be but very little. The stalks come from the cutter wet with juice, and this exposure induces fermentation, which sets in at once. Now, if the silo be rapidly filled and weighted at once with fully 300 pounds to the square foot, it will settle down to a compact mass, and the fermentation will cease, except where the air has access to it. Alcoholic fermentation, I have said, is continuous after it has once started, so long as the ferment is present. In a silo filled as described the ferment will be soon exhausted, for if the knives of the cutter be sharp, so as to make a clean cut, nearly all the juices of the plant will remain within the unbroken cells, hence comparatively secure from access of air, and the fermentive principle so locked up as not to be able to continue the action. Juice enough is exposed to start an active development of carbonic acid gas and alcohol from the sugar, and this gas fills the whole mass, to the exclusion of the air, driving it out, and so, after an active "spurt," the fermentation nearly or quite ceases. The way described is not the usual or natural way, so to speak, of filling a silo. The pit may be all right, the weights may be prepared, with the topping planks and everything in order, but the farmer does not think it necessary to hire extra hands, so he begins, perhaps, with his old cutter, a good one for dry fodder, but not near fast enough for green. He does a good day's work, perhaps, with two teams and four men, and gets his silo a quarter full. This he has well tramped down, and is satisfied with his day's work. He finds the next morning that it is quite hot, and that pleases him, for he knows, perhaps, that fermentation must ensue, and that it is necessary to prevent the unfavorable action of the air. So after working for several days the silo is filled, well tramped down and possibly sufficiently weighted. The result of this tramping is that the stalks, being filled with pith, and the pith full of juice, are very much like so many little sponges, which, every time they are pressed or squeezed, and the pressure taken off, return partially at least, to their former size. The cells are thus ruptured, the juice in part is pressed out, and air drawn into the interior of the pieces of stalk. The

More Thorough and Frequent the Tramping

the more are the juices exposed to the action of the air, and the more alcohol will be formed. Finally, when thisvinous mass is opened, it will seem to be well preserved, but has the odor of beer, and after a very short exposure will be found to be getting very sour. The beer odor came from the presence of alcohol, which is rapidly converted into vinegar, so that six to twelve hours' exposure will make some ensilage very sour. Cattle will eat it, but it works an injury to the milk, making it unfit food for infants and invalids, to say the least. Besides all this there is a very considerable loss of food value. If the silo be not tight and the air has access to the contents, if there be a lack of pressure or too much exposure to the air after the pit is opened, positive decay, which cannot be considered fermentation, is sure to take place. When put down in the best possible way the incipient alcoholic fermentation soon gives place to another kind, which causes no such loss of valuable food elements. These changes consist in the formation of lactic acid—the acid of sour milk—and are almost identical with those which take place in the stomach after the fodder is eaten. This is the fermentation which goes on in sauer-kraut, and it makes the ensilage sweeter and more palatable than that which contains alcohol, and probably more easily digested than if it were fresh cut from the field. To sum up all: The silo should be tight, of such a size that it can be filled rapidly, if possible, at one operation, without tramping, and loaded with the full weight at once, even if the weights have to be lifted for filling up the silo at some subsequent time. The best cutter is the one working most rapidly, and making a clean cut without pressing or bruising the stalks. The best weights are, no doubt, boxes of earth or stones, weighing 400 or 500 pounds each, which can be most conveniently handled by block tackle.—[Colonel Mason C. Weld, in the Agriculturist.

IN GENERAL.

Scotch Collie Shepherd Dogs.

The Scotch collie is growing into wonderful popularity, not merely for its useful qualities, but also for its companionable ones and its beauty—many of them being kept as companions and watch-dogs. Prominent breeders of the collie readily get from $15 to $25 each for male pups, six to eight weeks old, according to quality or markings, and even higher prices are frequently received. Full-grown specimens of good quality bring from $25 to $100 each—$50 being only a moderate figure for a well-trained, full-grown young male collie. There may be many offered for less, but these are frequently far from being pure, thus working an injury to the breed as well as to the purchaser. In height a well-developed and fully grown Scotch collie—the rough-coated or wolf type—should be from eighteen to twenty-four inches at the shoulders, according to sex, care in raising, strain, etc., the bitch usually being smaller than the dog. They should have full bodies, deep, strong chests, broad and moderately straight backs, strong and well-muscled legs, and large, flat and catlike feet. The head should be full in the forehead, with a good width between the eyes; the nose should be of medium length and shapely, and not long and pointed as some few breeders contend. The ears should be rather small, fine and silky to the touch, and should hang "lopped," in excitement only being partially erected. The eyes should have that bright, active and intelligent and miss-nothing look, which gives assurance of courage, sagacity and capability. The coat should be heavy, rather long, wavy on some parts of the body, but never curly. There should be a good undercoat, soft, "pily" and abundant. The hair in "frill" or collar is generally coarser than on any other part of the body. The face and head should be smooth and not covered with heavy hair as is the body. The breast frills, brush, paws and tail should be well haired, the tail in many cases being very heavy and handsome, and usually carried well up when under excitement. Heavy hair completely down the legs is objectionable, for the best and most desirable specimens are haired on the legs very much like the setter, a well-haired one. The dew claw is usually present, but while many are more particular on this point than any other, others regard it as an eyesore, and do not want any animal possessing it. At all events it is of no use whatever, nor is it at all ornamental. As to color, some breeders consider a solid black and tan the standard, no white being admissible. Mere color does not indicate purity of stock, nor does it convey an idea of the intelligence, usefulness or value of the animal. A cross of the Gordon setter would soon give us pups of the "standard color;" yet we prefer to breed pure. There are many handsome black-and-tan collies, however, while there are equally handsome and equally pure-bred ones of black, tan and white, of fawn and white, and of a tawny red, fancy having much to do in the selection.

The Teasel Industry.

The farmers of the towns of Marcellus and Skaneateles, Onondago county, New York, are quite extensively engaged in the cultivation of the teasel, and they are annually realizing on the product half a million of dollars. The plant was introduced into that section about fifty years ago by Dr. John Snook. His attempts at cultivation were successful from the start, but such was the prejudice at that time against everything American, that he was obliged to sell his production as French growth, and it was not until twenty years ago that the American teasel was admitted to be the best grown in the world. The seed is sown, says the Gardener's Monthly, about the beginning of May, and about one month afterward is given its first hoeing. In another two weeks it is ready to thin out, which is done by hand, one plant being left every six inches in the row, and the rows three feet apart. In August the ground is again hoed, for the last time in the first season. The second season the horse-cultivator is kept at work pretty steadily for two weeks, and the plants that were formed from the seed the first year throw up a main stalk the second year, and when about two feet high a leaf makes its appearance, which gradually forms a cup around the stalk; from the base of this other branches arise, and these in turn repeat the process, until the plant has from forty to fifty stalks. On the end of each stalk is a teasel. The cups act as reservoirs, with a capacity of from three to five quarts of water, and thus keep the plant supplied from one rain storm to another. The main stalk teasel is called the "king," and is the male part of the plant. It blossoms first, beginning at its apex and gradually going toward the base, and while this is in operation it sheds a fine pollen over the other teasels, called queens, by which they are impregnated. They all blossom with a white flower, and as soon as this drops they are fit to cut. When taken from the fields they are placed in drying sheds built for the purpose, and cured. When they are ready for market they are bought by dealers, who take them into their factories and prepare them for the woollen mills. The preparation consists in clipping off by hand the beard that grows at the base of the teasels, cutting the stems to about three inches in length, sorting them into four different qualities, into eight different lengths, and gauging them by machinery into thirty-six different diameters. The different lengths, diameters and qualities are packed systematically in separate boxes measuring 3½x3½x5 feet. There are seven different houses engaged in shipping, employing from twenty to fifty hands each throughout the year, with trade extending from San Jose, Cal., on the west to St. Petersburg, Russia, on the east, including the Canadas and Mexico.

Blanching the Celery.

We last month described the manner of bringing the leaves of the celery into an upright position, or "handling," as the gardeners term it. The stalks are still green, and not fit for use until they have been whitened or "blanched." This is done by the complete exclusion of light, which is usually effected by a banking up of earth. Any other method that will completely shut out the light will answer. The banking up is done with a spade, one person on each side, taking the soil from between the rows and forming a steep bank against the planks, covering all except a few inches of the longest leaves; this bank is ten or twelve inches wide at the bottom, and should be compact and smooth. In three or four weeks after banking the celery may be used. Only that which is needed early requires to be banked; the stock for winter use is blanched in trenches or in boxes, and needs only the handling to bring the plants into the proper shape. A trench is dug in a dry place, ten inches wide, and deep enough to contain the whole plant, so that the top will be level with the surface. The celery is then placed in the trench, packing it as closely as possible, in an erect position. When cold weather comes the celery, which is not injured by a moderate frost, must be covered with straw or leaves, the thickness of which must be increased as the weather becomes colder. For family use, celery is often stored in boxes in the cellar, but the cellar must be cool. Boxes are made nine or ten inches wide, of any convenient length, and of a height a little less than that of the plants; the bottom is covered with an inch or two of sand or soil, and the celery placed in it as in the trenches. The taking up and storing of the main crop in the latitude of New York is left until the middle of next month, but in more northern localities it must always be done earlier.

WHAT FARMERS SHOULD KNOW.

Hints About the Farm.

According to the census there were, in 1879, 9765 hop growers in New York, who cultivated 39,072 acres in the crop, yielding 21,628,931 pounds. This year the quality of the crop is reported to be very good, and the shortage only from 18 to 20 per cent. Next to New York came Wisconsin, with a hop area of 4438 acres, and a product of 1,966,427 pounds. The acreage this year is reported much smaller than formerly, as many growers have become discouraged and ploughed up their yards; in what is left lice are reported to have done much damage, and not much over a quarter of a crop is expected to be gathered. After Wisconsin came California, with 1119 acres and 1,444,077 pounds, and then Washington Territory with a crop of 703,277 pounds, while Oregon yielded 244,371 pounds. The condition of the crop on the Pacific coast is reported to be fair this season. Michigan yielded 266,010 pounds in 1879, and this year a moderate crop is expected. In New England, Vermont took the lead, with 263 acres under hops, yielding 109,350 pounds; Maine came next, with a crop of 48,114 pounds; and then New Hampshire, with 23,955 pounds; and Massachusetts, with 9895 pounds. We have no report of the condition of the crop in these States the present year. Only eighteen States raise any hops, and of these five raise less than 10,000 pounds each. The high price of hops now is due less to the small shortage here than to the great deficiency in England and Germany.

Mr. J. J. Briggs of Cobden, Ill., who, during an eighteen years' residence in California trained "a great many all-wild horses" to the saddle, gives a summary of his effective system, in which he lays none too much stress on the importance of developing the walking gait: "First, I would show the saddle, let them look at it, examine it, touch it with their noses and become satisfied that it would not hurt them. Then very cautiously put it on the colt's back. When he would stand to have the saddle girthed I would slowly and cautiously get on. Then if the colt would walk off I would let him go almost any way he would until he got a little acquainted with the bridle. Then I would rein him little by little until I could rein him where I wanted him to go, but was always careful not to ride him too far the first two or three lessons to make him leg-weary and tired. For the better your colt feels the faster he will learn with proper training. After I could rein my colt anywhere, the next lesson was to teach him how to walk; and with a small whip in my right hand and the rein of the bridle in my left, I would urge my colt along in a walk as fast as he would go. I would keep this walking lesson up day after day, until my colt would walk four miles in an hour with ease. Then I would urge him into a lope or gallop, for we never trained horses to trot. If the colt was a spirited one, it was easy to start him into a lope by tapping lightly with whip and chuck at the same time; but be careful not to let him run. Hold the rein tight and teach him to lope slow. Let him lope for 100 yards, then let him walk a quarter or half a mile, then lope again. Keep this up day after day until you can lope your colt a mile without tiring him. Take the very best care of your colt; never ride him too far at one time."

Last fall, in October, I spaded up a little plot in the garden 12x6 feet in size, manured it well, smoothed it off, and planted onions, lettuce and spinach. Just before winter set in I top-dressed with well-rotted manure and spread some corn-fodder over it. Early in February I removed the fodder and part of the manure, made a frame of boards about the bed, and covered it with sash bought from a defunct greenhouse. The plants grew rapidly under the glass, and by the middle of March we had onions. The lettuce came in by the last of March. This was nearly two months in advance of that which was planted in the open ground. And during all this time, when "garden sass" tastes better than at any other time of the year, we enjoyed all the lettuce and onions we wanted, while those who planted in the open ground in April were waiting for theirs to grow. As we removed the onions we filled a part of the space with lettuce, and in another part we sowed tomato for early plants. We also put a few radishes in vacant places. Next time I mean to plant the radishes in the fall. I will mulch with straw, too, instead of fodder. My experience in this matter has been so happy and the cost so light that I heartily recommend my farmer friends to try it. It would pay if it cost five times as much.

It has been said that sorrel is the result of an effort of nature to throw off the acid in the soil, and the use of lime to sweeten the soil has been recommended. Most of our readers will not be ready to accept this statement, first, because the acid of plants comes, not from the soil, but from the atmosphere, and second, because sorrel has been known to grow near old lime-kilns and ash-heaps. If a liberal supply of lime or ashes be scattered over a field where sorrel is growing it may destroy it; but it is owing to the renewed vigor of growth imparted to the clover or meadow grasses, thus enabling them to reduce the sorrel to its normal condition of subjection. Sorrel is most abundant where grass has been winter killed, or where the soil has become exhausted by continual pasturage. We should recommend an application of lime or ashes, and if this does not give the weakened clover and grass root sufficient strength to overcome the growth of sorrel, a top-dressing of fine stable manure would be advisable. The grass roots or seeds, however, must be there, else the application will be of little avail.

The fact is noticed by many farmers that clover, after winter grain, endures the ensuing winter much better than that sown with spring barley or oats. For one reason the clover seed is usually sown earlier on winter grain, and is, therefore, generally stronger in the fall. Yet, where this is not the case, the superiority of clover sown on winter wheat or rye is very obvious the following spring, especially if the winter be favorable for heaving the roots out of the soil. It is probable that the different mechanical condition of the surface will explain these results. The ground that has not been ploughed for a twelvemonth has had its surface more compacted by heavy rains, while that ploughed the previous spring is porous, and holds much more water. Heavy rolling of the surface of spring sown grain after seeding will, perhaps, remedy this evil in part. If the surface in the fall continues very open the roller may again be used with advantage to make the soil less receptive of water. Clover, with oats, is more likely to be winter-killed than after barley, and the peculiarly fluffy or spongy surface left by a good oat crop on land abounding in vegetable matter is the cause.

The lowest valuation of the Indian corn crop of this country, for several years past, exceeds $600,000,000. The corn is chiefly "made" during 100 days, counting from the last week in May, in the largest corn-producing States. We may, however, reckon this crop as yielding to the producers nearly $700,000,000, whether sold in the kernel or condensed into pork, bacon and lard, and allow 117 days for the entire growth. In either case, it is an interesting thought that, on the average, there are $6,000,000 worth of corn silently gathered from the soil and air each day of the growing season. The thought is intensified when we remember that during many cold days hardly any progress is made, while on some hot days, succeeding a moderate rainfall the growth is three or four times as great as on average days. So those people were not very wide of the mark, who, when sweltering in a hot July or August day, consoled themselves and others with the remark, "Well, this day is worth $20,000,000 to our national crop," to say nothing of the benefit to other growing crops.

It stands to the credit of New York's mayor and Board of Aldermen that after October 1 it will be illegal to offer for sale here dressed poultry "unless the crops are free from food or other substance, and shrunken close to their bodies." Fowls exposed in the city markets in violation of this ordinance will be "seized and condemned," the tainted ones destroyed, the rest confiscated for the benefit of the public institutions. Disobedience to the law—which was passed last April—lays the offender liable to a fine of $5 for each chicken and turkey." This wholesome provision for the public health will render it necessary to deprive the fowls of food for at least twelve hours before killing, and thus save for legitimate uses a great deal of corn and other provender, which hitherto has been much worse than wasted. The next step should be compulsory against the presence of the entire inwards. Some time we may hope to become as civilized and decent in this matter as is Boston, which tolerates no "undrawn poultry." Meanwhile well-informed consumers will protect themselves against the corrupted flesh by letting it alone—and some of them do this, to our personal knowledge.

Our experience shows that two bushels of seed wheat per acre is not too much on the average, and we shall use this amount in the future, being careful not to exceed it, but rather fall short. Our yield from fourteen acres this season was 530 bushels, the amount of seed sown per acre being one and one-half bushels. The field was clover meadow, well prepared. There were places where the seed was not thick enough. It is evident that we must use more seed now than when the soil was first broken. Considering the prevailing drought it is a question whether to sow wheat at present or wait for rain. If the soil is apparently void of moisture I should wait, for I find that the seed loses vitality by lying dormant after being sown. Even if it comes up subsequently, after long delay, its growth is ever after feeble. I would rather have one acre of wheat on rich, well-drained, well-prepared soil than three acres put in on the slipshod system.—[Charles A. Green, Monroe county, N. Y.

Green Jamaica ginger root is in the market. It comes from Kingston by the way of New York, and by those who are acquainted with its merits it is much sought after. Its use is principally for preserves or to add flavor to all kinds of pickles. The principal purchasers are colored people from the West India Islands—there are many of them here—and others who have seen it used abroad. In New York City, with its large foreign population, the demand for Jamaica ginger root is quite large. It is said that it grows very much like our native flag root, or sweet flag, and it very much resembles that root in appearance. Its flavor is quite pungent, and it is highly aromatic in smell. Thus far the demand is limited to four or five barrels. The root is sold here at twenty cents per pound.

On a rich soil, winter wheat may be sown with good results up to the middle of October in many localities. The main point is to have the plants well rooted before freezing sets in. The time of putting in grain may be regulated somewhat by the character of the seed bed, its richness, mellowness and depth of culture. Late sowing has this in its favor, that it helps to escape the ravages of the Hessian fly, which often is very destructive to early-sown wheat. Any quick acting manure is of special value on wheat sown this month, as it stimulates the young plants at once to a rapid growth. Thus any salt of ammonia or nitric acid, as sulphate of ammonia, or nitrate of soda furnishes valuable nitrogen at once, and 150 pounds of either of these salts per acre may double the crop.

The chestnut is rapid in growth, and will in from eight to ten years begin to bear a crop of nuts from the seed. This seed, however, should be planted as soon as the fruit is ripe and before it becomes dry. A good selection of the American chestnut is the best. Our nuts are much superior in quality to the Spanish, French or Italian, though not nearly so large. There is always a market demand for the nuts greater than the supply or any supply likely to be furnished. The question is one of real interest in every section where scrub land is abundant and timber scarce; or as a means of profit with reference only to the fruit.

Motherwort is highly spoken of for a honey plant, and in the order of progress is destined to become very popular. Its blossoms make their appearance in July, and it remains constantly in bloom till frost, and its green leaves are among the first visible foliage in spring. The stalks are quite large and vigorous, and once well rooted it blooms and thrives under very adverse circumstances. Like catnip, it is not a great favorite with grazing animals, and may be planted on the roadsides and commons where stock are allowed to run at large. Four pounds of seed per acre are an abundance, and it may be sown at any time, after which it needs no further attention, and will replant itself. It thrives well among the timber or in open places.

This proves to be a most disastrous year for the English hop crop, while the German crop is now reported as falling 25 per cent. short of expectations. Fully one-half the new American crop has already passed from first hands at prices upwards of fifty cents per pound. As seventy cents per pound was paid for American hops in London last Saturday those growers who have not sold out can afford to await the results of the present excitement in hops, which may advance prices to a higher point than has been anticipated by the most sanguine producer.

There is little to do with the roots but to go through them, pull conspicuous weeds, and see them grow. Of late years caterpillars have been getting more and more abundant on beets, mangels, carrots, and even turnips. It would be quite worth while to experiment with some means for their destruction, for in a short time they may multiply so as to imperil the crops. The use of poison is dangerous, for cattle will eat the tops. Borax, white hellebore, sulphur and road dust are innocent, and fatal to many insects.

Pigs for slaughter should be confined and not allowed to forage for a living. They will fatten rapidly on little food. Small potatoes boiled, with a little meal added, will push them forward so that advantage may be taken of the market in case prices advance, or so that they will be well protected by fat against cold snaps should they come suddenly. It is truly said that nubbins will go further in October than sound corn in November.

There is always a time early in November, or before, when well-fattened poultry will sell for much more than fowls of the same quality will at Christmas. In fact, if the weather during the next month be raw and cold, pigs and poultry may be fed well and not only not gain at all in weight, but not sell for as much as they would bring now. After the holidays prices begin to advance again. When poultry are once fat, to keep them so at little cost they must be kept warm, fed at least three times a day, and always have fresh water.

If you are determined to burn the wheat straw, the best plan to pursue is to mix 100 pounds of finely-ground raw-bone meal with 400 pounds of the ashes. This is a sufficient amount for an acre of wheat. It can be sown broadcast before the last harrowing, or drilled in with the wheat.

Wheat straw is more valuable for feed than many suppose. When threshing see that it is stacked as well as hay usually is. Keep the middle full and well tramped. We hope to have more to say in regard to the comparative value of wheat straw in an early issue.

With a good cow to begin with, fed very liberally and given the best of care, a "one-acre farmer" says he makes 500 pounds of butter per year, leaving a snug margin of profit. He admits that if she were an inferior animal he could not afford to keep her.

It is an excellent plan to gather the apples that fall to the ground at least every day or two, and feed them to the hogs and cows. This is some trouble, but if the orchard is not in pasture it will pay, as there will not be so many wormy apples next year.

There is no farm work in the doing of which there is so much difference in men as in this. One man will husk two bushels while another is husking one. Employ good huskers, and pay them by the bushel, if possible. See personally that the bundles of stalks are well bound and stooked, if they are to be left in the field.

Though ensiloing may take place at any time before frost, the successful curing of corn fodder can only be done after the nights are cool, if not cold. It should stand until about the time of the first frosts before cutting, and after partly curing should be put in bundles and large stooks, to remain until the ground freezes.

Rations composed entirely of timothy hay, though not so good for horses as those mixed with clover, yet are preferred by horsemen, and clear timothy commands the highest price. Therefore, if hay is to be sold, timothy alone should be sown; but if wanted for home use, a mixture with clover is no detriment.

As timothy grass seed, if sown at the same time as winter wheat, is apt to crowd the grain too much; the better way is to wait three or four weeks until the wheat is well up before sowing the timothy. Sow just before a rain and no harrowing or bushing will be needed.

Notwithstanding the immense crop of wheat for the current year, an unusually large amount of winter wheat is being put in the ground this fall, and the indications are that the acreage for next year's crop will be decidedly increased.

Times will be good until the crash comes. The sun shines now, farmers; make hay. Be prudent, be economical, keep down expenses. Make every acre do its work, and clear off that mortgage.

APPOINTED FOR TWO WEEKS.

The Considerations by which Zach Chandler was Induced to Secure Clerkships for Unfortunate Females.

The postal department, writes "Gath" to the Cincinnati Enquirer, has been corrupt ever since I knew anything about Washington. It was no model of good behavior in the time of President Johnson, when Governor Randall of Wisconsin, a voluptuous, hearty, half-rowdy kind of a man controlled it. One day I was coming over in a railroad train from New York to Washington, when I was introduced to this Mr. Randall, and he told me a story about how members of Congress respected the postal service of the United States. He said that Senator Chandler of Michigan came into his office one morning decidedly under the influence of liquor, and said that he wanted an appointment of a lady, or rather a woman, made that day. Mr. Randall stated that he had no room, the department was full; that it would be vain to expect it.

"I don't care a d—n," exclaimed the Senator from Michigan. "I've got a gal I have promised to put in, and, by G—d! Aleck, you've got to put her in. I told her today that she should have the appointment, and you've got to make it, so you get ready to put her in somewhere, and I'm going to come to see you with her this afternoon."

According to the veracious ex-postmaster-general, therefore, Senator Chandler came the same afternoon on his way back from the holy places of the capital, having the young creature with him, and he demanded that she be given a place forthwith.

"Why, Chandler," said Randall, "I told you I had no place at all. It is useless to talk about making a place where I have got no appropriation, not a desk empty, no room for another clerk anywhere. We have so many people now on the government list that a number of them will have to take their work home to get a place to write, and others have been put on me and are drawing salary who have nothing to do at all."

"I don't care a d—n, Aleck," said the stentorian senator; "you've got to give this gal a place"—and then putting his head down by the side of the postmaster-general of the United States, the eminent senator said:

"Aleck, you can turn her out in two weeks, for I'll be done with her by that time."

Such was my introduction to the mysteries of the postal service nearly fourteen years ago, not by any irresponsible gossip reporting scandal about his superiors, but by the postmaster-general of the United States and the War Governor of Wisconsin.

"HIDDENITE."

An American Gem That Outrivals the Diamond in Brilliancy.

The most recent addition to the list of strictly American gems comes from North Carolina. In 1879 William E. Hidden, a young mineralogist in the employ of Mr. Edison, was travelling through that State looking for platinum, the mineral so much desired by the electrician to construct the carbon "horseshoes" in his incandescent light, when he was shown a brilliant stone somewhat resembling an emerald. He was assured that it was a native of that section and began search for other specimens. After a time he was convinced that the gem could be found in paying quantities in the vicinity of Statesville, Alexander county, and a tract of some 150 acres was secured. Coming North with his find he formed a partnership with Mr. Richard H. Roberts of New York and J. D. Yerrington, the New York agent of the Morse Diamond Cutting Company of this city, and immediately began operations. A tunnel through nearly 300 feet of rock has been cut and a vein of the new brilliant struck, which is yielding very good results. The gem has been named "Hiddenite" after its discoverer, and has been settled upon by scientifics as lithio emerald. Specimens of the stone, both cut and uncut, attract great attention among lovers of jewels. In color it is a dark, transparent green, of deep richness and beauty, and possesses the essential characteristics of a perfect gem, hardness and rarity. Such specimens as have been put upon the market have sold readily at $100 a karat, which is $25 more than the average price of the diamond.

The very best iron preparation, and the one having the largest sale, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

AMERICAN HUMOR.

The Letters of Major Jack Downing of Downingville.

Character and Influence of Those Productions.

Place of Washington Irving — The Biglow Papers—Sam Slick.

The depth and intensity of feeling upon all political subjects of national interest make the response to any humorous view immediate and general. Accordingly it is not surprising that the first distinctively humorous creation in our literature was a strong figure in this field. J. Downing, Major, of Downingville militia, Second Brigade, made his appearance during President Jackson's administration, and very soon set all the United States and a good part of England laughing at his exploits.

Washington Irving, gentle, genial, graceful writer, had, it is true, flourished before this, but he was not distinctively a humorous writer. A vein of humor runs through all his writings, sometimes larger, sometimes smaller, but always side by side with it there is one of sadness. And the melancholy and the pathos very often sink the humor quite out of sight. To be funny was not his primary intention. It was not even a means to reach an end. His sad smiling was a part of his temperament, and only found its way incidentally into his literary productions. Moreover, no American characteristics distinguished his humor. It bears no flavor of our soil, reflects no light from our skies. So that the honor of being the first American humorist, distinctively American in style and subject, and approaching his work with such intention, belongs to the author of the Downing letters, or, more accurately, the authors. For Major Jack was a double being, and to which one of his creators the above distinction belongs is a difficult matter to decide. One has precedence in time, the other in genius. Seba Smith, a Portland journalist, originated the idea, and Charles Augustus Davis, a member of the New York mercantile house of Brookes & Davis, made the character one worthy to be remembered in our literature.

In the winter of 1830

Political Feeling Ran High

in Maine. When the Legislature met the parties were so evenly divided, and each was so intent on gaining the supremacy, that the struggle which ensued was bitter and uncompromising when viewed from the inside, though ludicrous enough to one surveying it at a distance, either of interest or time. Seba Smith had just established the Portland Courier, which, as it was an independent paper, could easily see the amusing side of it all. He conceived the idea of letting the proceedings be seen through the eyes of a shrewd, sharp, though unsophisticated country lad coming to town with a load of country produce and blundering into the legislative halls. It proved a success. Portland, Boston and all New England were soon laughing at the straightforward, honest, blunt way, with all its ridiculous side lights, in which young Jack Downing described in his letters to the folks at home the Legislature, its members and its meetings. It was so decided a hit that Mr. Smith continued the letters, carrying the country lad through various experiences. He was made major of the Downingville militia, and finally went to Washington, where he soon became the confidential friend and trusted adviser of President Jackson. In 1833 these letters were published in book form. The volume had a large sale, going through ten editions in a short time. The letters continued in the Portland Courier for seven years, and after an interval of a few years they were resumed in the National Intelligencer at Washington, continuing until near the close of President Pierce's administration. They were all collected in book form and published in 1859 under the title of "My Thirty Years Out of the Senate."

The other Major Downing appeared before the public in the New York Daily Advertiser, in a series of letters to "my old friend, Mr. Dwight." The first one was published in June, 1833, when Major Downing, already of the Downingville militia, was accompanying President Jackson and his cabinet on their "grand tower," as the major styled it, through New England. They were continued at short intervals until February, 1834, and immediately afterward were published in book form. It certainly looks as if there were

Plagiarism on One Side

or the other. Mr. Davis' character, as it did not appear for three years after the other, is evidently an appropriation of it to his own use. Both are sent through nearly the same experiences, go on the same journeys and associate with the same people. But Mr. Davis' creation is so much the stronger, has in it so more real humor and goes so unerringly to the mark he intended to hit that he can almost be forgiven for the way in which he appears to have deliberately appropriated Mr. Smith's creation and made it over for his own use.

Mr. Davis' letters deserve to be considered a classic in our humorous literature. Although among the first of our humorous productions, we have since done nothing that excels them in keen portrayal of character and quick adaptation of humorous possibilities. Their humor, while it is not coarse, yet lacks the refined quality of our later productions. It is homespun in character and appearance, as was necessary to carry out faithfully the character represented. Major Jack Downing is one of the clearest drawn, the most faithful Yankee characters that ever travelled garrulously through printed pages. He appears first as the companion and confidant of President Jackson on his tour through New England in the summer of 1833. And he continues to occupy this place of intimacy through all the time of excitement concerning the United States bank. He is ostensibly a member of the President's party, but in his blunt, jovial way as he discourses garrulously concerning Jackson's policy he places it in the most absurd light. His letters had a great influence upon popular feeling. They were copied and read all over the country. The opposition, of course, fully appreciated them, and the members of the president's own party, while they secretly chafed over the keen characterization and the straightforward way of speaking of public matters, laughed over the humor of it all and enjoyed the perfect good nature in which everything was said. When the papers were printed in book form this was immediately

Republished in England,

where it received the highest praise. But with party feeling in this country at the pitch at which it then was, it is easy to imagine the effect such letters as these would have. The jovial good nature, the perfect good humor, the quaint simplicity with which the genial major gave his account of what "I and the Gineral" did gave the crowning touch to his humor. The book abounds in bits of the keenest, clearest characterization of public men—a whole character done up in a sentence or two. For instance, what could be better than this concerning Van Buren: "I never see such a curious cretur as he is; evrybody likes him, and he likes evrybody; and he is just like evrybody; and yet in all the droves of folks I've seen since I left Washington, I never saw anybody like Mr. Van Buren." That gentleman's oily suavity was also well taken off in the major's innocent relation of how Mr. Van Buren, in the presence of a large assembly, was thrown by a restive horse, and whirled over and over in the air, "but his feet struck first, and he stood there, making as handsome a bow to the folks as if nothing had happened." Such a thing as this must have greatly nettled Mr. Van Buren's partisans, while they could not refrain from enjoying its irresistible ludicrousness. About that time both politicians and people were greatly troubled over the question of "the succession" to the presidency, and the major makes a very palpable hit on the subject. In the midst of all the success and enthusiasm of the "grand tower" through New England, a dispute arose one day among the cabinet ministers and other public men accompanying the president, which it was decided the latter must settle. But he was asleep, and, as the only alternative they tried on his clothes with the understanding that the one whom they fitted best should decide the matter. The remarks attributed to each as he appeared in the garments are full of shrewd political wisdom. But the president appeared on the scene in the midst of it all

And in Great Displeasure

turned the procession back toward Washington at once.

The facility with which General Jackson absorbed power and throve upon it received many bright little touches, of which one of the best is the announcement that "the Gineral has nigh upon made his mind that there is no use to have any more Congress." A good deal of homely political wisdom appears in the pages, and there is no lack of ability in the handling of the financial questions of that day. As a whole, the book is a most characteristic specimen of American humor. It has been called a satire, but it is too good-natured for that. The writer keeps his temper throughout. The jovial, easy-going way in which he tells his story, masking every pungent allusion in his pleasant good-nature and innocent grotesqueness, made it particularly enjoyable by our countrymen. It would never have had such popularity if it had been more bitter in its quality, less good-natured in its manner of treating affairs.

A high English authority in criticism once declared that we are indebted to a foreigner for the original idea of what we have developed into the American school of humor; that Sam Slick of Slickville was the first character in the dramatic monologue style that most of our humorists have followed. But the high English authority was mistaken. Judge Thomas C. Hailburton of Nova Scotia did not begin his Sam Slick papers until 1835, several years after Major Jack Downing had become famous. Sam Slick was a foreign production, and was such a combination of imaginary characteristics as would naturally be gotten together by one who, to say the least, did not admire the Yankee character. His creation has done much to perpetuate false ideas concerning the Yankee dialect and character.

The next humorous character to appear on the scene was Hosea Biglow. This worthy, though illiterate, gentleman's opinions concerning slavery and the Mexican war will always form a work of much importance in

Our Humorous Literature,

although, as a matter of course, its humor will be less appreciated as the questions of which it treats are farther removed in our history. The Biglow papers are the best presentation that has ever been made of the Yankee dialect. Their keen, sharp humor, which is, nevertheless, always kindly and pleasant, comes largely from the homely setting and the concise expression that is given to moral truths. There is nothing grotesque here, nothing that is funny simply by grace of being ludicrous. It is all bright and sparkling and full of meaning. The shrewd countryman sees things in the light of his downright common sense and gives expression to what he sees in the allegory and allusion in which the countryman delights. Mr. Lowell is keener and sharper in this work, he makes it more satirical than our humor usually is. Hosea Biglow is not made a very definite character; neither he nor Birdofredum Sawin is considered so much a character to be developed as the mouthpiece of what the author wished to say. Considered merely as a piece of humorous character delineation, Homer Wilbur, the diffuse pastor who edits the manuscript, is superior to either.

The next paper will treat of the numerous humorists who began to appear soon after 1850. The American school was developing, and disciples began to multiply with great rapidity.

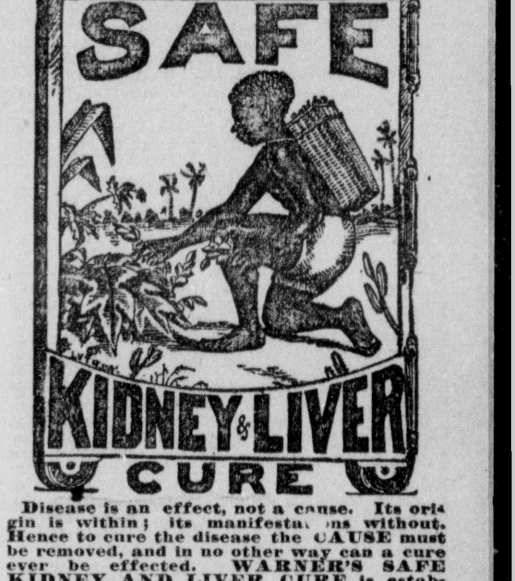
A RACE FOR LIFE.

Four Women, Chased by a Huge Grizzly, Barely Make Their Escape.

[Butte Miner.]

A party from this place two weeks since went out to Willow creek, upon Deer Lodge valley, Montana, for a pleasure trip, and it came near ending fatally for at least four ladies in the party. Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Duchan, Mrs. Staten and her mother were out berrying on the creek last week, when a monster grizzly bear rushed out of the willows and made towards them. The nearest house was at least half a mile distant, and they started at once for Purcell's ranch. Then came a race for life, and there is evidence that, although frightened near to death, the ladies made pretty good time. Baskets, bonnets, hats shoes and everything possible was thrown away that their flight might not be impeded, while the savage growls of the horrible monster told only too plainly that he had a deadly meaning. His mouth was wide open, and he bounded forward with all possible confidence in his ability to get a delicate morsel; but such was not to be, at least at that time, for the entire party reached the house in safety, but fearfully exhausted.

The bear was not over fifty yards behind when the party got into the house, and reared up on its hind legs and uttered savage yells at being robbed of his prey. Truly a narrow escape for the ladies, and as bears are quite plentiful in the valley it behooves those visiting isolated places to be very careful or there will be a more serious ending of some pleasure excursion.



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Phrenological Journal (with premiums)	2.25	2.80
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THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

A Change in the World of American Fashions—Fashion Echoes—Tidies, Laces, Patchwork, Etc., Etc.

A change that is coming about in the world of fashion in America holds a part, and no small one, in the development of American ideas. This is the discovery the American fashionable world is making, that Americans possess both skill and taste in the arts of millinery and dressmaking. The leading houses of Boston, New York and Philadelphia now design and make more of their costumes than they import. And the products of their houses show as much beauty and artistic taste as those that are imported. On opening days it is the American dresses rather than those imported from any of the famous Paris dressmakers that they point out with the greatest pride. It is much the same, too, with millinery, although not to the same extent. We are still rather prone to admire the bonnet that has come from across the water more than the one that is the product of home taste. But even in this a change is taking place. Fashionable people are beginning to recognize the taste in this line that actually exists in this country, and it is coming to be the fashion to be clothed in the products of American ideas. This is only one part of a harmonious national development. We followed foreign fashions in art and literatnre and a thousand small ways, until we had strength enough as a nation to set some of our own. And it is just the same in our attire. The tendency to look upon American ideas in dress with favor is but part of the growing national feeling to consider our products in other directions, notably in art, as worthy of consideration. A New York paper recently commented upon this subject, and in the course of the article gave the following interesting facts: "Fashion here is not set by any particular individual, but is the result of a thorough study of all that is new in European countries adapted to the special needs of American women. Costumes imported to this country from Worth's, for example, are modified by the leading dressmakers before they are seen at all by their patrons, and, while they retain the original idea, they alter or supplement it very materially before they offer it for approval. American taste in dress is so fully recognized that orders are now actually received by foremost houses in New York from Paris and London, and it is no uncommon thing for a leading actress to telegraph to this city for a costume to be worn upon a special representation."

Echoes.

Metallic threads, gold, silver and steel, in tinted effects, crop out in new braids.

The centre parting of the hair is now made as inconspicuous as possible, and many ladies obliterate it altogether by cross partings taken above the forehead, while the greater part of the chevelure is combed back without any parting at all.

Tidies, those misnamed articles of drawing-room adornment, are to be abolished; in their stead small squares of lace or muslin, or even of darker material, are fitted into the backs of chairs and securely fastened in position.

Painting upon mirrors is brought to great perfection by lady artists, and is much used now in decoration. In the London residence of the artist Boughton a beautiful calla lily seems to spring from the frame across the glass. It was ingeniously painted there by the artist himself to conceal a flaw in the glass.

A very strange material has been pressed into service for chair coverings, being nothing less than the saddle-bags used by travellers in crossing the great desert. The rough woollen material which forms the outside covers the front of the chair, while that which is the lining of the saddle-bag provides material for the back of the furniture. In appearance they are very quaint and handsome.

Jackets are made of mottled cloths, of ottoman repped cloths, of the twilled army cloth of dark blue shades, and the ribbed Jersey cloth. For light jackets ficelle and beige shades will be very dressy, with darker brown braid in great wheels or palms. The shapes are very simple, resembling that of Jersey jackets; they are of medium length and straight around the hips—not longer behind, though many have flat pleats introduced in the back seams, either at the waist line or just below it.

A new and very handsome style of art needlework is coming into vogue. The raised designs upon Indian scarfs and Persian wraps are cut out and appliqued on to plush or velvet to serve as screens, portieres, etc. The effect is really beautiful, the designs themselves are so fanciful and form most graceful combinations, looking even better upon the deep tones of the plush or velvet background than they do on the lighter Eastern fabrics.

Cloaks for walking and for carriage toilets are long enough to conceal the dress worn beneath them. They differ from those of last year in following the outlines of the figure more closely, and being more clinging, yet at the same time they are all made with reference to being worn over very large tournures. To accomplish this, and prevent the skirt of the garment from being too wide, a great many cloaks are open down the middle seam of the back from a point far enough below the waist to leave the tournure smoothly covered; others again have one large double box pleat to hold added fulness below the waist, while others have two box pleats that are rounded in shape instead of being flatly pressed, and the shape of these pleats is seen plainly the whole length of the skirt.

FANCY WORK.

Red and White Cotton Tidy.

Make a chain of the white of eight stitches, fasten the ends to make a ring.

First round—Twenty-four D C. in the ring.

Second round — Red, two D C. in one stich of first round, make one chain stich, skip one, two D C. in third stich of first round; repeat.

Third round—White, two D C. over the stich made in second round, make one, two D C. in same place, two D C, in the next stitch, make one, two D C., etc.

Fourth round—One S C. between the four, five D. C. where the stitch is made between the two D C. in third round, one S C. between the four; repeat.

Make thirty-six wheels in this way and twenty-five wheels with red in place of the white, and white where the red is in the above.

In sewing or crocheting together, two scallops of one wheel must touch two of the one next to it. First fasten three white ones in a row, then two on those, then one on the two; the whole to form a triangle. Make six of these triangles. Fasten nine red wheels in a straight strip and make four more straight strips with four in each. On two sides of one triangle fasten a red strip so that the middle wheel of the triangle will be between the second and third wheel of the strip; then a triangle on the other side of each strip in like manner. Now fasten the long strip across the two outside triangles and the two red wheels in the centre. The remaining two strips and three triangles may be united in the same way. Put a fringe around the whole—white on the triangle and red on the strips.

Child's Collar.

Use No. 60 cotton. Cast on twenty-eight stitches.

First round—Knit three, narrow, knit two, over, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two, narrow, knit four, narrow, knit two, over, knit one, over, narrow, over, knit one.

The second, fourth, and other even rows are purled.

Third round—Knit two, narrow, knit two, over, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two, narrow, knit two, narrow, knit two, over, knit three, over, narrow, over, knit one.

Fifth round—Knit one, narrow, knit two, over, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two, narrow twice, knit two, over, knit five, over, narrow, over, knit one.

Seventh round—Knit six, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, knit one, over, knit one, over, knit two, narrow, knit two, narrow, knit one, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow.

Ninth round—Knit five, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit three, over, knit two, narrow, knit two, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow.

Eleventh round—Knit four, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit five, over, knit two, narrow twice, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow.

Solid Point Lace.

Cast on sixteen stitches.

First round—Knit three plain, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit five.

Second round—Knit seven, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three.

Third round—Knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit thirteen.

Fourth round—Knit thirteen, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three.

Fifth round—Knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit five.

Sixth round—Knit seven, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three.

Seventh round—Knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit sixteen.

Eighth round—Bind off five stitches, or till you have sixteen stitches on both needles, knit ten, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three.

Commence at first row.

Japanese Patchwork.

This is a new style in which to piece silk, and one which wastes but little of the material. Cut a lining of calico or cotton, of about thirteen inches square, and if you remember how the log cabin quilts were pieced you will have the idea, only in that you had a square for the centre. But in this lay on such a piece of silk as you happen to have, not large, and no matter what shape, and just "catch" on to the cloth. Then take another piece of another color, and, putting right sides together, run together, turn over, and "catch down" as before. Continue this until the square is covered, pressing so as to be perfectly smooth, cutting off the extra silk left at edges. You will have an odd-looking square, but when you have feather-stitched over the seams with a contrasting-colored floss or silk, you will be astonished at the beauty of your work. There will be no two alike, and it will be a handsome quilt when completed. It is beautiful to join the squares by strips of black velvet.

Fancy Aprons.

A lawn tennis apron can be made of scarlet cashmere and trimmed with a silk-embroidered band, of any design. It is also very stylish as a school apron, made of white Nainsook and trimmed with colored Hamburg edging. It is a new pattern, and can can be made pretty enough, so as to add to one's toilet. The waist is cut 5/8 of a yard in length, and is gathered at the top, also at the waist. To this is sewed the front and set on like a ruffle (with a heading or not, as one may choose). Apron of white lawn is made with plaited frill of the same material, four inches deep. Above the frill is a crossway band of dark blue lawn, piped with red and sewed on with feather-stitching of red thread. Half-bodice of lawn, with plaited frill, and band of dark blue worked to correspond. Shoulder-straps and pocket, piped with blue and red, and worked in feather-stitch. Strings of lawn, to tie at the back.

To Make Raised Worsted Work.

Take a stiff hairpin, bend wires near or far apart, according to how large you want a leaf, wind the worsted around the wires, the threads close, continuing until you have it as long as you want a single leaf or part of a flower. Lay this on your cloth, or whatever you wish to put your work on, and sew through the middle, catching down each thread of worsted. Pull out the hairpin and you have a plain leaf, or cut in the middle of each loop on both sides, pick out until all stands up round, and trim with scissors, and you have a different-shaped leaf. For a rosebud, wind shaded worsted, the light at one end and dark at the other; over this wind green, a few threads over the light, and thicker over the dark, and you have a shaded bud with calyx outside. Vary shading and size according to taste.

Crocheted Skirt.

I always use star stitch, because it does not draw out of shape in washing. My plan is this: Take a skirt of the right size, and cut a pattern of half, folding in the middle of front and back. Begin at the lower edge, after allowing enough for a border, make a chain a little longer than required (the second row takes it up some), and crochet round and round, narrowing at each side and the middle of the back, every other round, till within two inches of the top. Leave an opening in the middle of the back. By measuring on the pattern you can tell if it is the proper shape. If it is becoming too narrow omit narrowing at the sides, if two wide narrow oftener at the back. Finish the lower edge with any fancy border and the upper with a band.

Border for Skirt.

Make a chain with the wool of twenty-three stitches; * draw up a loop through the four chain stitches, and draw four loops together, then through the two remaining loops on the hook make one stitch, one chain stitch, pass over one chain and work eight chain stitches, draw up a loop through four chain stitches, and draw four loops into one, then through the two remaining loops draw one stitch, make one chain, pass over one chain, and work eight chain stitches, and repeat from *.

Second row—One double crochet into every stitch. Repeat these rows five or six times, and edge with a small scallop or shell.

Three-Shell Mittens.

Cast on fifty-six stitches—twenty-four on one needle and sixteen on the other two.

First row—Knit plain.

Second row—Seam one, knit one, thread over; repeat until you have seven stitches with six loops between, seaming every eighth stitch, which makes seven rows of shells around the wrist.

Third row—Seam one, narrowing either side of the seams until you have the seven stitches between the seams. This torms one shell.

Repeat from second row until you have ten shells for the wrist, keeping up three rows of shells with seams each side all the way down the back.

Point Edging.

Cast on four stitches, knit one, pass thread round the needle twice, knit two together, knit one.

Second row—All plain except the second of the made stitches, which seam.

Third row—Three plain, thread around the needle twice, two plain.

Fourth row—All plain, but one seamed.

Fifth row—One plain, thread around needle twice, knit two together, the rest plain.

Sixth row—Same as the fourteenth.

Seventh row—All plain.

Eighth row—Slip and bind until but four stitches remain.

Border for Table Cover.

Cast on ninety stitches, knit one, bring the thread forward, slip one, knit two together, bring the thread forward, slip one, and so on to the end of the row, where but one stich remains to be knit after the last slipped stitch. Continue until you have the length desired, then bind off.

A LONG ISLAND MYSTERY.

A Sporting Man Suspected of Murdering His Mother—No Complaint Likely to be Made.

A case of poisoning occurred lately at Miller's Place, near Port Jefferson, Long Island, which came very near proving fatal, the victim being the widow of Jeremiah Rowland, a lady of almost 70 years. Mrs. Rowland has a son, Joseph, widely known among turfmen. He has owned many trotting horses, and the famous stallion Regulus was his property. When Jeremiah Rowland died his widow still owned valuable property, but much had been disposed of. Her son Joseph favored the society of sporting men, and became used to handling large sums of money. He married an estimable young lady, the daughter of a clergyman, and they had several children. His wife discovered some years ago that she could no longer live happily with him, and he gave her a house near the one occupied by his mother. Joseph's mother lived in a mansion which for size and elegance was superior to anything in that portion of Long Island. When it was first constructed it was talked of by the neighbors as "Rowland's Folly." Mrs. Rowland was kind and indulgent to her son, and it is said that her property is now well-nigh mortgaged for its full value in consequence of her son's liberality. At the time his wife separated from him it was common rumor that he insisted upon having the society of a woman from New York. This woman, it is said, he determined should live in the same house with his wife and mother. The wife indignantly declined any such association, and demanded that her husband should provide for her elsewhere. This the husband agreed to, and gave his wife the house in which she now lives. The mother entreated her son to save her from the disgrace which he threatened to visit upon her by making a home for the woman from New York in her house, but the son was determined to have his own way. The strange woman was duly installed in the house, and at first everybody in the county commented upon his conduct. As time passed they lost interest in the subject, but whenever Joseph's mother appealed to township officials for advice as to what action she should take regarding the strange woman, she was pitied and told to bar the doors of her house against the woman whenever that extraordinary person should happen to be outside. It was whispered among the neighbors that recently the strange woman had undertaken to drive Joseph's mother from the house at the point of a fork. Joseph was frequently absent from home. He continued his expenditures, spending money rapidly. His great trotting horse Regulus, for which, it was said, large sums were offered, died in his stables. His other trotting horses were sold in order that he might obtain ready money. Frequenters of race-tracks on Long Island were as familiar with his face as they were with the appearance of the tracks. A few evenings ago Mrs. Rowland was alone in the house at the supper table. She put some granulated sugar in her tea, and finding it very sweet removed the cup without drinking the tea. Then she ordered another cup. This time she placed less sugar in the tea. After drinking it she became very ill, having frequent spasms. A physician was called, and he said that she exhibited symptoms of poisoning. Mrs. Rowland, Joseph's wife, who had not spoken to his mother for a long period, visited the house and assisted the physician. Emetics were given, and the aged lady fully recovered. The sugar was analyzed and found to contain strychnine. Mrs. Rowland was quite ill until last Thursday. She is now regaining her usual health. Her son has visited her, and the strange woman returned to the house, but there seems to be a disposition upon the part of the son and this woman to absent themselves more frequently than was their wont. Mrs. Rowland will not talk to any stranger upon the subject, and desires not to be quoted as making accusations against any one. There is little probability that any complaint will be made.

Offering a Mother-in-Law for a Marriage Certificate.

[Woonsocket Reporter.]

A party of four, consisting of two ladies and two gentlemen, called at a local clergyman's residence yesterday morning at 3 o'clock, knocked loudly on the door, and not awakening the occupants, tried another door in the same domicile and succeeded in arousing "the man of the house," who asked them what they wanted. One of the men stated that he wanted to get married, but was informed that he was at the wrong door. The other door was again tried, and this time with success, as the minister responded, asking them the usual question in such cases, and learning their business, inquired if the expectant groom had procured a certificate, who answered that he had not, but that his intended mother-in-law was present, and wanted to know if she would not do as well as a written document. A negative reply was given, and the disconsolate visitors departed.

"It saved my wife from the grave or an asylum," writes a gentleman whose wife had been a fearful sufferer from Neuralgia. She had used Compound Oxygen for a few weeks. All information about this new agent of cure will be *sent free* by DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia.

WINTER FLOWERS.

October Among the Flowers—The Proper Soil—Ivy as a House Plant—A Cheap Fern Case.

October is also a rival of her fairer sister June, and a truer epitome of life, for it speaks to us of decay; and while the leaves brighten on the trees, and the flowers unfold their gorgeous petals only to droop; we know that soon all their beauty must fade away under the blighting touch of the frost—the terribly dreaded frost. Yet there is plenty of work to be done now among the flower-beds, and the weeds must be carefully kept away and the plants carefully staked and tended, so that the garden will present as neat an appearance in autumn as in the springtime; and now is the season to gather seeds from the largest and handsomest annuals and perennials. Tie up the brightest hued asters, zinnias, petunias, verbenas, etc., with colored yarn, and pick off all the smaller, inferior flowers upon the plants, so that the whole strength of the plant shall be thrown into one or two seed-pods or heads. The colored yarn will prevent any one from picking the flowers, and when the seeds have ripened they should be carefully gathered and stored away in paper bags, labelled with the variety and the year. Pansies from seed sown in August for winter and early spring flowering, should now have a light top-dressing of well-rotted manure, and all the weak plants thrown out, in order to give the more vigorous ones full opportunity for perfect development. Young plants may also be grown from cuttings that are taken from the young shoots, which push forth from the base of the old plants which were cut back in August. They will strike root quickly in damp sand, and when they are well rooted they can be potted for winter flowering, or can be placed in beds for next season. Select the cutting with three or four joints or buds, and cut them off close to a bud. When they have taken root pinch off three leaves, so that they will send more shoots and make bushy plants, filled with lovely flower faces. Chrysanthemums, grown in pots,

Should Now be Carefully Watered

with stimulants of some kind, for the development of their large trusses of flowers. These plants are special pets with the Chinese, and they hold yearly exhibitions of Chrysanthemums. All the wives of their high officials take great pains in cultivating them, and hundreds of potted plants are exhibited, the prizes being usually awarded to the plants of finest form and largest flowers; so they pinch out all the lateral branches and strive to make the plants grow very tall, and to produce only two or three flowers of extraordinary size and beauty. These "outside barbarians," as we in our ignorance call them, are rare cultivators of flowers, and they would consider our method of growing Chrysanthemums as devoid of all grace and beauty. Early in this month, in those parts of the United States where frost will soon appear, all the plants which are intended for winter flowering should be repotted, and the old growth cut back or pruned off and the plants trimmed into a graceful shape. Do not be afraid to use the pruning shears lavishly, as the removal of the branches will give the roots a chance to recover from being potted, and also to send up fresh shoots, which always bear the most flowers. Wet the soil about the plants thoroughly, and in shifting a plant from a smaller into a larger pot, take the stem between the fingers of the left hand and turn the pot upside down and knock the rim of it on the bench to loosen the ball of earth, which will then fall into your hand. If it is well covered and matted with roots on the outside tear them away a little and place into the larger pot, in which has been put some small bits of charcoal and rich compost.

Press the Earth Tightly About the Roots;

for tight planting is a sine qua non of success in potting plants. Rooted cuttings should be first planted in two-inch pots, and as they grow larger and the pots become too full of roots, they can be shifted into larger pots. But I find that geraniums and fuchsias will flower better in four or five inch pots during the winter; roses, heliotropes, begonias and bouvardias, however, like larger quarters. Small pots are better also for window gardens, as they can be more easily handled, and more of them can be kept. If geraniums, roses and fuchsias are too large for eight-inch pots, they will bloom more abundantly if they are taken out when nearly past flowering and a large part of their branches is cut off, and the root growth somewhat curtailed. Then give the best potting soil you can procure at the florist's, or from the compost heap, and add enough sand to make it friable and plant tightly. Keep the plants well moistened and in the shade for a few days, and they will soon renew their beauty. Formerly, the hole at the bottom of the pot was stopped up with a bit of a pot or shell, but now it is left open, and the moisture drains through the bits of charcoal and keeps the plants sweet and fresh. And always be sure to leave enough room at the top for watering, so that it will not run out as it is turned in. Fancy pots add much to the appearance of plant stands and window gardens; but if the common pottery is merely painted with Chinese vermilion and edged with a black stripe, it is much prettier than the color of burnt clay. Recently I have had 100 pots so painted, and they prove much more decorative than the old ones. There is no occupation which pays so well as the culture of flowers, and none that is more refining and elevating to the soul; while those who love flowers seem always more ready to offer deeds of kindness and cheering words to their friends and neighbors, and to make their own homes stepping places to Heaven. While preparing our winter supplies, therefore, let no one omit to cherish a stand of plants and bulbs, which will enliven the dreariest snow storm, and keep the heart fresh and green while nature is brown and sere.—[Floral Cabinet.

The Proper Soil.

The importance of having special soils for the different genera or species of plants is sadly overrated, and the different formulas that are found in the cultural instructions of nearly all flowering plants is a "delusion and a snare" that has prevented many from growing desired plants, both in the open and window gardens. Our American writers are relatively free from the follies in this direction that are so conspicuous in all the English works upon this subject. The soil "in which this plant thrives best is," etc., we find in every article on plants, whether in catalogues, magazines or dictionaries, that comes to us from Europe. So much has been written on these topics that we sometimes think the writers are in earnest; that they really believe it themselves. Whether they do or not their teachings have been great hindrances instead of helps in floriculture, from the fact that most of the soils recommended for certain plants cannot be obtained in most localities, excepting at an expense that amounts to prohibition. These formulas we see so often have, in many instances, become chronic, and make an otherwise readable article appear prefectly ridiculous; for instance, an English writer says: "To grow portulacca well it should be given a soil composed of turfy loam, leaf mould, well-rotted manure in equal parts, and a little silver sand added. This seems to require a considerable amount of labor, to say the least, even though the elements were at hand, and we venture to say that not one of a hundred would think of taking so much trouble for a favorite plant, much less a troublesome one like the portulacca, a plant that in this country will grow anywhere and under any circumstances. As the question of soil is so frequently presented to us, we wish now to say that the preparation of the soil has already been attended to, varying much in different localities; but in every locality where common garden vegetables will grow, flowers will grow, and that if the books say turfy loam, and you have a clayey soil, or a sandy loam, put in your seed, bulbs or plants, all the same, hoe frequently and thoroughly, and your labor will not be in vain. It is true

Some Soils are More Productive Than Others,

are easier or harder to till; some require more manure than others, yet the results will be the same. You will get good flowers wherever you can get good beans, beets or potatoes. But what is the best soil for plants in pots? The best you have, we say; and, if you have any soil at all, you have a good one. But is there no difference? Yes, decidedly, and the difference consists in how much you have already taken from the soil in proportion to what you have put back. You can no more draw out of your soil without making deposits than you can from your bank; if you overdraw in either case your drafts will be dishonored. As the amount of soil for plants in pots is of necessity limited, it should in all cases be made strong and rich, in order to keep up the supply of plant food. The best soil for this purpose, or for any purpose where plants are to be grown, can easily be procured or prepared at your own door. Take sods from the roadsides or meadow, pile them up in any convenient out-of-the-way place, and let them rot, then you will have a soil that contains all the elements that contribute to the growth of plants. The best time for this work is in early spring, when the turf is fresh and green, as the roots of the grass will die sooner than at any other time. It is by no means necessary for the roots of the grass to become thoroughly rotted; all that is required is to have them killed, then the coarser the soil the better for the plants, as the roots of the plants will consume the roots of the old turf as fast as it is decomposed. Plants grown in this soil will be strong and healthy, consequently floriferous. A more rapid growth will be induced if a liberal proportion, say one-fourth of well-rotted manure is added; in this case you will have more weeds and worms to contend with, but you will be amply repaid for all the trouble they will cause you by the increase in quantity and quality of bloom. We would advise the growing of young plants, such as are intended for the flower garden for summer blooming, to be grown in soil without manure, providing the sod was heavy and taken from rich soil. Plants grown in such a soil will be perfectly healthy and vigorous, and when planted out in the rich soil of the garden they will have strength to assimilate all the food in store for them, and they will make a far stronger and more rapid growth than if started in a very rich soil where all the other conditions of growth were unfavorable. We believe the almost universal satisfaction that the roses grown by the Dingee & Conard Co. give

Is Due to This One Cause,

of being grown when first taken from the propagating benches in soil, as above described, without manure. In their vast establishment they use this soil and no other for all their young plants. The same may be said of Peter Henderson, who grows plants in endless variety, and all without "special" soils. He has but one compost heap, and that is sod; he, however, we believe, for the sake of rapid growth, mixes some manure with the sod when it is piled up. This makes plants faster, but whether better is a question. We do not say that some soils are not better for certain plants than others, and that good peat or leaf mould would not materially benefit a stiff clayey soil for exotic plants. On the contrary, we say that certain plants are indigenous to certain soils and localities, and will thrive better in their native soil than any where else, yet a soil in which any plant is found in its native state is not necessary for its perfect development. And further, we know from our own experience that many plants will not succeed as well in a soil that is natural to them, if grown in a different country, where the climatic and other influences are entirely different; for instance, the cactus, or at least most of this genus, is found wild, growing in dry, arid wastes; now, introduce them into our greenhouses, and undertake to grow them in soil brought from their native habitats, and the result will be a failure. Why? Simply because the other conditions of growth are not the same; there are not the same elements in the atmosphere here as in their native homes; earth and air must work in harmony together to produce the plant. Again, we do not wish to be understood as saying that all plants can be grown in a clayey or sandy soil; we know very well they cannot. But we wish to say that the soil and atmosphere in any given locality are fitted for each other; so that any plant that you may wish to introduce into your garden will, if properly cared for, succeed quite as well, if not better, than if artificial soil was procured. Work well the soil you have; if poor, give it food; put out your plants at the proper time, and you will, if impossibilities are not expected, be satisfied with the results.

Ivy as a House Plant.

But it is as a house plant that the ivy is most esteemed with us, and justly, too, as it is ever green and cheerful, thrives well in heat or cold, in light or shade, in sitting-room or cellar. Kept in a shady corner of the room, we may extend its friendly wreaths around our picture frames, or train them where we will and they resent it not; dust does not affect them badly, for we can wash them clean again; they heed the parching breath of furnace or of stove less than do other plants, except cactuses; that is, if they are well watered at the root, for an ivy should never be allowed to get dry. Although under favorable conditions they may bear with impunity some 30° to 40° of cold, a sudden and considerable fall in temperature may affect them injuriously. They are easily propagated from cuttings at any time. They like a rich, open soil, and rather than shift them into larger pots each succeeding year, you may pick out a good deal of old surface soil and replace with fresh earth. In the summer time, if you do not want to keep them indoors, you may set them outside on the piazza or plunge their pots in the earth in a shady part of the garden and see to it that they get lots of water. Or, if you live in the city, where you have no outside garden, you may set your ivy in a window box and let it droop down over the wall like a mantle, for in an upright or downward position the ivy seems to grow equally well. If you winter it in the cellar keep it in a cool cellar if practicable, but cold or warm, never let its roots get dry. Ivy sometimes gets overrun with scale, and the only remedy for this is assiduous and repeated washings with soapy water and a sponge. So long as any scales are left so long will they increase in numbers. Dust and dirt of that sort may be

Washed Off with Water Applied Forcibly

by the hose or syringe, especially if the leaves have been kept wet for some hours before they are hosed; but no amount of hosing will remove the scale. If your ivy is sick cut it back considerably, turn it out of its pot and remove most of the old soil. Then re-pot it into a smaller pot, well drained and in fresh soil. Applying artificial fertilizers to an unhealthy ivy is merely hastening its death. Cut-off sprays of ivy are useful in floral decorations, and last a long time in good condition, and some pretty wreaths and other ornaments are made from ivy leaves. Shoots of ivy cut off and put into bottles of water, as we often do with wandering jew, root in the water, and live on and grow. There are many kinds of ivy, but the ivy we cultivate in our houses is, as a rule, the English ivy (botanically known as Hedera Helix) and its varieties. Of these varieties there are broad and narrow-leafed forms and kinds whose leaves are banded, spotted and blotched with silvery white, and sometimes tinted with rose. Besides the true ivies we cultivate several other plants also known as ivies; for instance, the coliseum or Kenilworth ivy, a delicate little toadflax, which should be hardy in the Middle States, and of which there is a beautiful variegated form; the ground ivy, a creeping herb nearly allied to catnip, and a good plant to grow as a carpet among ferns in a shady rockwork; the German ivy, so well known as a rampant-growing house plant for winter, and as a vine in vases in summer; the Virginian ivy, or Virginian creeper, so abundant in our woods, and so favored in our gardens as a fast-growing screen or drapery; and the Japanese ivy, which clings to walls of wood or stone as closely and tenaciously as does English ivy, but it is deciduous.

A Cheap Fern Case.

Procure from your carpenter a sound pine board of the dimensions you may wish for the use of your structure, which, by the way, should be about one-third longer than wide. Next obtain a suitable moulding (black walnut is the best), and fit it around the baseboard, standing up on edge, that is, the back or thick part of the moulding must be down and secured to the board, while the thin or rabbet edge must stand up, forming a shallow box. Moulding without a rabbet is best. Next have a zinc pan made to fit closely inside this shallow box, coming just to the top of the moulding. It is always best to make the moulding box first, as otherwise it would be difficult to have the pan fit closely. Have the pan painted on the inside with a good coat of tar, as the delicate roots of the plants dislike to come in contact with a metal surface. Next comes the glass for the sides and ends, and here is where lies our only danger of failure. The glass should stand about as high above the moulding as the base containing the pan is wide, and you should be sure to have it slide down just inside the pan—never outside between the moulding and the zinc, for then the moisture collecting on the glass would run down outside the pan to the woodwork, rotting it, and very likely between the moulding and baseboard, on to the table or what else the case rests on, causing much trouble. Also, in watering, the glass directs the water in like manner, with the same if not worse results. We now suppose you have the four pieces of glass making up the sides and ends of your case set into place in the base work. The glass

Must Fit Nicely Together at the Corners,

and the top must be exactly level to take on the plate-glass covering, soon to be mentioned. Now, with common flour paste secure narrow strips of cloth along the corners to hold the glass together after the manner of strips on cigar boxes. They may turn over the top and run an inch down on the inside. When dry, paste some dark paper over the cloth to hide it from view. Next fit on a neat plate-glass cover, which ought to project about one-fourth of an inch beyond the glass sides all around; and to prevent its cutting your hands while lifting it, you should paste a narrow strip of dark paper around its edges, the same as you pasted them up and down the corners, though in this case no cloth will be necessary. Next oil your moulding, and you have a fern case all complete, and one that you need not be ashamed of. Of course you understand that the zinc pan is to be filled with earth to receive the ferns. The usual plan is to first put upon the bottom of the pan fine gravel to the depth of about one inch. This leaves two inches still, as the pan is supposed to be about three inches deep. A little fine charcoal is sifted in with the gravel. Over this a thin layer of moss is spread, to prevent the earth washing into the drainage and choking it. Some cases have holes in the bottom and glass receptacles for superfluous water; but if care is used in watering this will be entirely unnecessary. For soil suitable to grow most plants likely to be in the fernery a mixture of one part sand, one part peat and one part garden loam.

A Vigorous Fight With a Fish.

[Providence Journal.]

Buttonwoods was the scene on Sunday of a prolonged oar-to-sword fight with a powerful swordfish. Willie Burgess, a boy of 14 years, first saw the fish swimming along the beach. He, believing it to be a shark, struck it with an oar. The fish returned the attention by powerful blows with his sword; but the young hero, nothing daunted, parried and returned blow for blow. A gentleman came to his assistance, and for a long time they waged a doubtful battle. When the swordfish charged clear up on the beach its adversaries had the advantage, but when they followed it into the water its chances were the best. Thus the fight continued for over 300 yards along the beach, the fish beating the water to foam, coloring it with its blood, and seeming to shake the solid ground in its fury. At last all of the combatants were exhausted, and while resting a large boat was brought up. "Ill fared it then" for the swordfish, though it was splendid to see him swimming about the boat, beating the water and making a thrust at the boat, only to be parried by a blow from an oar. Once it struck the boat and left in its side a few inches of its sword. Finally Willie gave it its death-blow, then, in its terrific dying struggles it swam swiftly around the boat, holding its sword and head pointing upward out of the water, while the waves became crimson. It was hauled ashore and measured over 7½ feet in length and 3½ feet in circumference, weighing, as was estimated, about 200 pounds.

Mementoes of Auld Lang Syne.

[Manchester Mirror.]

One of the most interesting articles on exhibition at the State fair was a needlebook made by John F. Burgum of Concord. The materials from which it was composed were from dresses worn by the Countess of Rumford while with her father at the court of Bavaria in 1792-6. It consisted of yellow satin which trimmed a white crape dress worn by the countess at a ball which she gave at the Baths of Tivoli in Paris in 1782, and drab silk from a dress worn by the mother of Dr. Ezra Carter in 1802. The yellow gimp was from a hatband worn by the countess' footman. The needlebook was sewed and furnished with needles purchased by Count Rumford in 1795, and the covers were made from an arithmetic published in 1802.

THE French cannot pronounce Cough, but they appreciate and use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

Autumn Leaves—Crazy Quilts—Decorative Notes—Bag for Soiled Fine Linen—Hair-Pin Work—Etc., Etc.

Much depends upon the selection of leaves. Many lose their beauty. The best I know are hard and soft maple, hickory, quivering aspen, cottonwood, pear, scrub and black and white oaks. White oak leaves are beautiful, but fade soon. Sumac leaves and the crimson leaves of the sassafras are the very best. Leaves can be preserved by pressing, and then dipping them in melted wax, or ironing them with a waxed iron. But the colors are much more brilliant when ironed and then well varnished, and they will keep their colors full as long. Gather the leaves and iron them the same day, and iron them dry. A little practice will teach you how hot to have your irons. You must have a good supply of leaves, as you will spoil many. For bouquets, bunches of leaves can be kept on the twigs by careful ironing. Frames must be large, or you must select very small leaves. Large frames will give most satisfaction. They need not be put together very neatly, as the leaves will hide all imperfections. Tack strips of pasteboard on the frame, as some leaves will not adhere to wood. If medium size, very heavy pasteboard alone will do. Put in your glass and picture first, and fasten firmly with strips of muslin pasted around the edge. Put common brown glue in a large baking-powder can and fill two-thirds full of water, soak over night, and then boil slowly. Have it thick and hot. Pour out a little in a saucer and dip in the lower half of the leaf, press it on the frame, leaving the upper half loose. They will curl slightly after a time and have a more natural appearance. If the frame is oval, begin at the top, and finish the bottom with a rosette of leaves, having several long, slender ones, like scrub oak or sumac. On square frames groups of leaves can be put on the top, bottom, sides and corners. For the centre of these use everlasting flowers, berries or acorns. To preserve choice leaves, arrange on cards, or form into bouquets on heavy paper and frame. A pretty design is a basket made of cones or moss, arranged to look as if filled with leaves and ferns. It must be framed flat against the glass. This arrangement will be sure to please. Ferns can also be made into many lovely designs. They must be gummed on paper or put into books, as ironed, or they will curl. The secret of success in pressing autumn leaves lies in ironing them dry and using plenty of varnish. White is usually recommended. I prefer common furniture varnish. Leaves for cards varnish on one side, for bouquets on both sides. Frame immediately after the work is done. Give two or three coats of varnish. Follow faithfully these directions, and you will be astonished at the brilliant beauty imparted to the leaves. They can hardly be distinguished from wax autumn leaves. Engravings look better framed in leaves than chromos and small oval frames, or wreaths of leaves look well hung on the long cord above large pictures. Wreaths of grasses and everlasting flowers can be hung in the same way."

Crazy Quilts.

First, I would recommend sorting the pieces into different boxes and bundles, putting the large pieces of silks and satins by themselves; then all the little scraps separate (no mater how tiny, they will all work in). The pieces of worsted or soiled or thin silks, put also in a bundle apart. They will serve to make an excellent afghan for your sitting-room lounge, or a bedspread for every day use. I have one such, and it is almost the handiest thing in the house. Thin or soiled silk may be worked over in herring-bone or Kensington, or even in cat stitch in coarse embroidery cotton, making it more durable as well as more beautiful. An outline pattern in Kate Greenaway style or gay Japanese fan or a spider web in gold or gray silk livens up a piece of dark cashmere or homely old-fashioned silk wonderfully. There are two ways of working on a crazy quilt, and each has its advantages. If it is to be used as a table or stand cover I consider it preferable to procure a piece of lining for foundation of the size required. Then beginning at one end set all your pieces on as they fit together, taking care not to let the lines get monotonous, or, in other words, do not put together too many pieces of the same size and shape; or commence in the middle with a large square or three-cornered piece and work each way from it. For a spread it is a good plan to border it with a straight piece of plush or velvet, or even silk, a hand's breadth or more from the edge, and outside more of the "crazy work." The edge may be finished with a ruffle, a fringe or a quaint and pretty effect may be produced by cutting the "crazy work" in points at the edge, each point being finished with a silk tassel or floss ball. It may also be simply finished by scalloping or binding with velvet or silk. Another way is to work in large sized blocks, and this has the advantage of being handier for "catch up" work. By putting in a thin layer of fine white cotton between the foundation and the silk, a soft, pretty effect is obtained. The blocks are sometimes set together plainly, sometimes embroidered together, turning the edges in, and I saw one which was set together with narrow black velvet ribbon, herring-boned down with embroidery silk. To make a block, baste on your foundation one piece after another of your silks, carefully turning in the edges, and harmonizing colors and shapes until your block looks like the inside of a kaleidoscope. The smaller pieces may be first made into some fanciful shape by themselves and embroidered on. A pretty way to use long, tapering pieces, be they ever so small, is to cat-stitch them together to form the shape of little fans. Use rather coarse silks for embroidering, and all colors and stitches imaginable, cat-stitch, herring-bone, Kensington point russe and all their different variations. These quilts may be made very pretty or very ugly, according to the taste and skill of the maker. Of course they must be lined throughout, after setting together, with some pretty and soft cotton or woollen material. The prettiest one I have seen was made of the very best satin and silks only, and mostly of small pieces, the largest being about the size of my hand. Very many of the pieces were exquisitely embroidered in different sorts of embroidery (besides the edges where they were set together); here, a sunflower and lily in filled-in embroidery; there, an out-line group from "Patience," and many were painted in oil or water colors, and the whole work was evidently done by an artist, so perfect was every detail. One of the prettiest pieces was simply caught down by rows of stitches in fan shapes all around the edge. The pieces were set together in blocks about a foot or so square, and every edge embroidered in heavy silks of different color. Merely as a specimen of the art of embroidery in the nineteenth century it was a treasure. The edge of the spread was finished with a scant ruffle of dark red satin, and the whole was lined with old gold satine. Lately I have been doing drawn-work on linen, the old Italian "punto tirato," or "deshilade," of the Spaniards. Much of it is too elaborate for describing without the aid of illustrations, but some of the stitches are simple and easy, and make a beautiful finish for tidies, the ends of towels, sideboard covers, or in fact any linen work.

Decorative Notes.

A handsome sofa pillow is made in light olive brown silk. The surface is treated in light brown silk floss, scarcely differing from the ground in tint, covering it with small oblong blocks in outline. These are crossed with diagonals, and all the points of intersection caught down with a crimson thread. This treatment covers the entire surface except the design, which is left, and consists of a graceful branching plant, with leaves and long drooping petals in the flowers. These are simply outlined with slight veining in brown, crimson and green silks, used apparently indiscriminately, and giving an agreeable sense of color. A small band of olive plush serves as a border, with a fuzzy silk trimming as a finish. A second piece is a white satin mouchoir case. On the upper side there is no decoration but a few branches of pinkish white clover, with the leaves lying across the lower right-hand corner. The embroidery is exquisitely wrought and the design simple, but faithful both in color and drawing. A third piece is a work-bag, the lower part of fine linen crash. On this are embroidered and illustrated the nursery legend of Elizabeth, Lisbeth, Betsy and Bess, in colored silks, with comical fidelity. There may be mentioned also sheets of cardboard, with an oval cut out of the centre suitable for a photograph. These are covered with yellow diagonal and dark red velvet, and embroidered about the oval with small branches of the palmetto in shaded browns. A scarf table-cover of yellow satin in diagonal has for the decoration of the border a band of scroll-work, which might have been taken from some elegant Renaissance design. It is worked in darned stitch with brown, yellow and pale red floselles. Below is a small border of pale red plush, with a heavy fringe of yellow. In a pretty little sitting-room we saw recently a table-cover made of a square of double-width dress flannel of deep wine color; the border was a stripe of heavy cretonne about six inches wide set fully six inches from the edge of the cloth. The ground was light blue covered with sprays of flowers. The cretonne was simply blind-stitched on, a fancy stitch would have detracted rather than added effectiveness. A fringe was made by slashing the edge of the flannel in quarter-inch widths two inches deep. A mantle lambrequin and scarf table-cover were made by using similar bands of cretonne on a foundation of Java canvas applied by fancy stitches in floselle of several colors.

A Sofa Pillow.

Among needlework novelties is a dainty pillow filled with down, and, to carry out the intention of perfect softness, should be made of undressed silk or any of the pliant satins, and ornamented with silk embroidery—the edge finished with a fine silk cord, avoiding carefully anything that will keep the cushion in shape, as its object is to be so soft and pliable as to yield to every movement. The Art Amateur describes one of these pillows as made a little more than half a yard square and covered with Indian silk in a crushed strawberry tint. On the face of the pillow were scattered a few interlaced discs enclosing small geometrical shapes, following the outline of designs in darning stitches taken close together—a small stitch upon the wrong side and a long one upon the right with old-gold silk. Some of the discs were filled by parallel lines of darning stitches covering the round; others left with a few touches of gold. By using floselles varying in hue from dull blue to deep red, old gold to brown, silver gray to dark blue gray, the designs were brought out charmingly and with but little work. Pongee in its natural color answers very well for a similar experiment. Any deep shade of yellow is desirable, as the effect is pleasing whether placed upon a tete-a-tete of blue or an easy-chair of Indian red. A simpler method of covering is with a width of one of the soft foulard satins, sold for dress purposes, choosing a pale ground work besprinkled with Pompadour bouquets in delicate colors. Where the cushion is to be habitually used a movable cover of linen should be put over the inner cover of silk, and for this drawn work in its numerous varieties is very effective, and the finer the material the more attractive the result.

Bag for Soiled Fine Linen.

This bag is of crash; it measures thirty-four inches in length and fifteen in breadth. This allows for a turn-down hem of two and a half inches in depth; the crash is folded and is sewn up at the edges; each side is ornamented with a cross-stitch design worked with three shades of olive and three of red crewel. A slide one inch in width is made in the hem, through which is run a red cord finished with balls of wool. In these days of fine art the method of making these balls is familiar to all. While this is a good description of a useful article, I have seen nothing described like my receptacle for soiled clothes, so I will give directions, hoping some one may find it as useful as I have. The materials required are two yards of cretonne or pretty calico, one yard of plain calico, one dress braid of any color and a flat stick one foot long and one inch wide. In the middle of each end of the cretonne cut a slit thirteen inches long, and bind the edges neatly with the braid. Fold down one inch at each end and baste firmly. Lay the plain calico on the wrong side of one-half (the upper edge can be run under the piece folded over), and fold the cretonne over evenly. This will give you the form of a bag, with the cretonne on the outside. Now bind all around, except the upper edges which are folded over, with the braid, leaving two inches at one upper corner to be finished later. Make a shir one inch from the top and one inch wide, pierce a small hole in each end of your stick, and run it into this shir. Now finish binding your corner. Take a few stitches with strong thread through the side of the bag and the hole in the stick at that end, and the same at the other, fasten a piece of braid at the two upper corners to hang it up by, and the bag is complete. There is never any trouble in finding the opening, and it will hang against the door or any small place. I use one side for collars and cuffs, the other for lrager pieces.

Silk Lamp Shade.

A pretty design for a lamp shade is of pink silk, decorated with velvet moths in applique and embroidery. The silk must be cut to fit exactly round the shade, allowing only enough for a seam. It is to be deep enough to hang about four inches below the glass globe and an inch above at the top. The lower edge is cut in deep points and the silk fringed from the tip to the base of the point. The upper edge also is to be fringed straight across half an inch deep. The moths are cut out of velvet, some brown, tan and gray. These are laid on the silk in a variety of positions, the edges fastened down with buttonhole stitch. The veining and eyes in the wings are worked with gay embroidery silks. When this is finished sew together the seam at the side with pink sewing silk, and with a double thread gather the upper edge half an inch below the fringe, drawing it up to fit closely over the top of the globe, but not allowing the silk to touch the chimney. The effect is very pretty, and the color of the silk casts a pretty light round the room.

A Table Scarf Etc.

Take a piece of cloth or felt, any desirable color, 1½ yards long and ½ or 5/8 of a yard wide, two pieces of black satin 6 inches wide and as long as the scarf is wide, cut out pretty cretonne flowers, after basting them carefully on the satin, and button-hole stitch the edges with embroidery silk. Then place the satin on the scarf, about ten inches from each end, and cover the edges, also the lengthwise edges of the scarf, with narrow black velvet ribbon, fastening with the embroidery silk, using any fancy stitch. Finish the ends with worsted fringe.

Hair-Pin Work.

Make a slip loop, pass it over one side of the pin, turn the pin around, and you will have a loop on each side; draw up a loop through the first loop, one chain, *take out the hook, turn the pin, and insert the hook in the loop from which it was withdrawn; one double under the left-hand loop. Repeat from * for the length required. Made on small pins it is used for edgings, on large ones (such as any tinner can make of strong, stiff wire), for bracket lambrequins, morning caps, fringes, etc.

Hanging Basket.

Make of round maple sticks, about one inch in diameter, eight inches in length at the bottom, increasing to fourteen at the top. In constructing begin at the bottom and build up, log-cabin fashion. Chink the openings with green moss, and line the whole basket with same. They are easily kept moist, and the plants droop and twine over them very gracefully.

Toothpick Receiver.

Cut from perforated cardboard, three pieces four inches square, work with some pretty stitch all around, paste an embossed picture on the centre of each, fasten the three together, one above the other, so they will hang in diamonds. On each outside corner and bottom crochet cord and balls. Fill with toothpicks and hang convenient to dining table.

TREATING TRAMPS.

Joe Howard in the Role of a Good Samaritan One Day and a Levite the Next.

As I came down town yesterday, writes Joe Howard from New York to the Philadelphia Times, I saw two bums or tramps toying with the empty kegs in front of a saloon, One tipped a keg and poured into a tomato can the dregs of beer. The other greedily grabbed the can and drained its contents. Then he served his friend. No bibulist of my acquaintance enjoys his Burgundy or his Pomeroy Sec, his Cliquot or his Chartreuse as those seedy tramps enjoyed that beer. They wanted it, they had it, and they longed for more. Did they get it? Certainly. On they walked and staggered to the next saloon, where they repeated. I stopped to look at them. Touching his tattered hat, one of them said: "Tell me, Cap, will you give me a nickle?"

"What for?"

"Beer."

You see there was no ceremony on either side. The tone was conversational, the phrases laconic.

"Wouldn't you prefer whiskey?"

"Don't mock me, Cap. Don't mock me."

"Answer me."

"Certainly I would, Cap, but how am I to get whiskey for five cents—even if I had 'em."

Poor devils! I argued with myself that it was wrong; that I had no right to tempt the man; that he might become drunk and be arrested; but, on the other hand, the old sentence, "Do unto others as you would be done by," came up, and I knew very well how I should have felt under the same circumstances. Turning to the two—for the other bum had pricked up his ears when I mentioned whiskey—I said: "I tell you what I'll do. Give me your word of honor that you will buy two beef sandwiches and a glass of whiskey each and I'll give you fifty cents." I wish you could have seen those men—for men they were, just as much as Grant or Webster or any other heavy drinker of modern times—jump. The tomato cans rolled and bumped against each other in the gutter. In an instant the first speaker had his hat in his hand and I could see hope at work in his breast. We walked down to Cherry street, for no decent place would permit them to enter, and, halting before a tenth-rate oyster-stand or booth, I gave my man the fifty cents. In they went. I would humiliate them by following or watching. Presently my fellow appeared at the door. His companion was close behind him. Each held a glass chock full of rot-gut whiskey in one hand and a huge sandwich in the other.

"Hurrah!" said my man.

"Thank you, sir," said the other.

"Pitch in," said I.

And they did—but they pitched the whiskey in first, and afterwards the sandwich.

Perhaps you think I played missionary and went in and talked with them, and induced them to sign a pledge, and bought them clothes, and gave them situations, and that now they are reputable citizens with thousands of dollars apiece. All right; keep on thinking so. I did nothing of the kind, but today, as I came along the same route, I saw the same men, filling the same tomato cans with the same sort of swill. Did I stop and speak with them, and invite them to the Fulton street prayer meeting to hear dear Doctor Talmage tell about hell? No, I didn't. I passed on the other side of the street and made believe I didn't see them. That's the kind of a Levite I am.

Don't Look for Gold Cents.

[Providence Journal.]

Dealers in and collectors of coins know probably that the penny pieces with nickel in them, dated 1856, are in demand. These coins are wanted because in the year 1856 the first nickel pennies were coined. In addition to this fact, the coin has taken spurious value because it was said that '56 pennies had gold in them. In coining them, as the story goes, a mistake was made and gold instead of the proper ingredient, was used. Inquiries have been made lately at the assay office as to the value of these pennies by persons who believed in the gold theory. All one-cent pieces are coined in Philadelphia, and the superintendent of the mint has replied to inquirers to the effect that the pennies of '56 contain no gold, but eighty-eight per cent. of copper and twelve per cent. of nickel. He says that there has been a popular delusion for a long time that the cent pieces of '56 and '57 contained gold. The first pieces of '56 were called pattern pieces, were few, and were sold at fifty cents and $1 each to numismatics, but on account of their rarity and not their intrinsic value, which was one cent. The same delusion was current in regard to the pennies of 1814. There are coin collectors and there are numismatics. For example, a coin collector might look for a penny piece coined in 1815. A numismatic would know that no pennies were coined in that year. Every man is a coin collector, and no one, as far as heard from, is satisfied.

Failing!

That is what a great many people are doing. They don't know just what is the matter, but they have a combination of pains and aches, and each month they grow worse.

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203 S. Paca St., Baltimore.
Nov. 28, 1881.

I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and for several weeks could eat nothing and was growing weaker every day. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, and am happy to say I now have a good appetite, and am getting stronger.

JOS. MCCAWLEY.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is *not* a drink and does not contain whiskey. It is the only preparation of Iron that causes no injurious effects. Get the genuine. Don't be imposed on with imitations.

A ROMANCE IN ARABI'S LIFE.

The Defeated Egyptian Leader a Slave to His Sweetheart, Giula, the Jewess.

The following romantic story is reported to a Cairo correspondent of the New York Herald:

I was talking yesterday to old Aja, of the Bazaar Emid, a man always scrupulous about speaking the truth, and he told me that once he had seen Arabi Pasha in the Coptic Catholic Church in the attitude of prayer. This inspired me to ask more questions and filling his narghileh with Stamboul tobacco, I asked him to tell me what is that which has made the life of Arabi what it is. Let me give you the dye merchant's own language as perhaps more expressive of the real aspect of affairs than mine can be.

Settling himself back against the wall of the kio and sending the blue smoke forth into the soft sunshine, the old man spoke in his quiet guttural.

"Arabi Pasha," he said, "was a soldier in high favor under Ismail. Noble and in the morning of life, ardent in his work and brave in the service, he was always near the heart of the Khedive. On the rein no hand so firm as his, in the battle no eye so steadfast, with the sword no one so sure. So swift was he to do his master's will, so eager to do his duty, that soon he arose to honorable place. His ambition was restless, and wealth and fame he coveted. There were years that passed, and the young Bey did not marry a wife. The soldiers railed him on not fearing any enemy, but still being afraid of woman. He took it good-naturedly, and in some way the impression got out that there was in far-off Spain one whom he had loved. Ismail—himself the lover of many women, grown old and gray with women and wine—he heard the voice of those who railed, and found the young man's failing. He saw that the soldier needed a home to make him happy, and he sought a wife for him. Among the women in the Khedive's harem was one not long there—a fair woman, whom the eye of Ismail had first seen in the Theatre el-Sonaat.

Our Ruler's Word was Law,

and he had taken her to himself. She went unwillingly, and though the time passed she had many excuses for not accepting his embraces. Though young and strangely beautiful there were other fair women, and while she pretended sickness the Khedive found others to love. Upon her he thought when he willed that Arabi should put aside his prejudices and marry. Our customs permitted that he should give her to his favorite as his wife, and so he did. She had seen the young Bey from the lattice, she had waved unknown kisses to the splendid soldier and she was glad to know that he was to be her husband. It was love, O, Effenni! and love in the land of Cleopatra is not like that of your Western country. As for Arabi, he received the Khedive's word with indifference at first, but when there came to him many stories of the beauty of his promised bride the thought of the splendor of that beauty awoke his love. Nay, Effendi, I never saw her, but from my sisters I know her a tall and a graceful woman, eyes full of love, and lips the portals for mad kisses. No surprise to me that the Bey should have easily loved such an one, though he could not see her face till she was his own. Great was the rejoicing in our city when the wedding of Arabi Bey and Giula, the beautiful, was announced, and great were the preparations for its celebration. There were feasts such as are given to princes; and Tewak, sitting at the head of his father's table, had Arabi at his side. All Cairo rang with music, and from the citadel to the distant gates a flood of song was floating. Yonder in the El-Mecho a palace was chosen for the bridegroom, and there on the morning of the marriage day he stood with Teles-Azar and a company of retainers and waited the coming of the procession that marched in state from the royal palace. Tewfik was at its head, and although the Eastern hills were not lit up with beacons, as is the custom when a prince marries, yet from Elephantine to the blue sea

All Egypt Knew That It Was a Royal Wedding.

We have had few so grand. Tewfik left the fair Giula with her husband and Telez-Azar and the company followed in the procession, and behind closed doors the soldier and his bride were alone. Next day there was told at the Khedive's palace, in the bazaars and in our homes a strange story. It transpired that the two had known each other before, but until then neither had suspected it. They knew each other's voices, they knew each other's eyes all in the moment when first they met. It is a long story, Effendi, but years before Arabi had been a Spanish soldier and had done good work at Tetuan. There he had met Giula, daughter of a Hebrew merchant. For her sake he deserted from the army after leaving Tetuan. He had gone back to her, and Christians had betrayed him and separated them. The lovers never saw each other again, but Giula knew that he had gone to Egypt, and thither she also fled. These were long years of sorrow for her, and meantime she had become so firm a hater of the Christians who had separated them, that bitter was her hatred toward all Christians, and in Constantinople, with the daughters of Abdul-Baluda, she had become a proselyte to our faith. Then when both of her patronesses had died, Ismail had taken her to his harem. In Cairo though she had heard of and seen Arabi Bey, she had not recognized him until they were alone in the bridal chamber."

The old man's narghileh had become empty, but when he had again filled it he resumed.

"Men there are who call Arabi Pasha a hypocrite," he said; "but hypocrite he is not. Like his wife, he also hates the Christian world, and their personal experience is that which has prompted the first steps of his insurgency and led the way to other motives and aspirations. Yea, she inspires him, and in her he believes. She is powerful. Some have called her a Turk, but though she is not there is blood of the Prophet in her veins."

American's Distinguishing Marks.

A letter from Saxony to the Chicago News says: "You frequently meet Americans on the streets of all the large German cities. You can tell that they are Americans at a glance. They do not wear spectacles, like the Germans. They do not look as though they smelled something burning, like the Frenchman. They have not the horse-jockey airs of the Englishman. There is a devil-may-care-I-don't-care-if-I-do sort of an expression on their facts which you cannot mistake. Besides this they always take the middle of the sidewalk."

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William E. Chandler's activity in New Hampshire politics is explained by the fact that his cabinet position is not so reliable a one as a seat in the Senate. William never did believe in having only one string to his political bow.

When the decisive vote on the river and harbor bill was in progress Congressman Kasson of Iowa is reported to have said to three Massachusetts men near him who favored the measure, "You will hear from your votes." Mr. Kasson will be proven a good prophet on election day. He has been thus far, as regards Mr. Crapo's vote.

The Advertiser says if Colonel Edgerly can put down bribery in New Hampshire he ought to be elected governor. He has promised that, if elected, he will do what he can towards that end. That is a long step in advance, especially in a State where the Republican party has kept itself in power from year to year by the corrupt use of money.

The old gang are again at the front in New York, just as they were when "Chet" Arthur ran the machine. According to the Evening Post the active managers of the machine are: "John F. Smyth, Tom Platt, Clint Wheeler, Steve French, Jake Patterson, Barney Biglin, Mike Cregan, Bob McCord, Jakey Worth, Jake Hess and Mike Dady."

Fraud and forgery were the weapons used by the administration "heelers" in securing the nomination of Judge Folger. We are now getting a glimpse at the methods by which Chester A. Arthur carried New York against Hancock. The spectacle of a national government with Mr. Arthur at the head—a man who came primarily into office by fraud and who was advanced to his present position by a heinous crime—is not edifying in this age of enlightenment.

The position of the Republican party in Ohio on the liquor question is somewhat similar to that of its brethren in Massachusetts. Governor Foster is travelling through the rural districts denouncing the manufacturers and dealers in beer, wines and spirits as agents or partners of Satan, while Sherman is "working" the cities on the modified license platform. At home we have Governor Long and Candidate Bishop travelling through the Berkshire and Hampshire hills drinking cold water and hobnobbing with the Prohibitionists, while Bennett and Crocker and other campaign workers are promising the brewers and dealers in beer and wines that they will be protected if Bishop is elected. Anything to catch votes is the cry of the managers.

"My dear Hubbell's" henchmen are either careless or they have caught from him some of the incalculable cheek which is his chief recommendation to fame. One of the circulars issued by the committee of political pirates was sent to William Burke of White Pine, Nev., demanding of him 2 per cent. of the $25 which he receives annually as salary for being postmaster at the end of a casual mail route. Mr. Burke wrote to Hubbell that he could not contribute 2 per cent. of his salary, as he had already given the whole of it to the Democratic State Central Committee. Mr. Burke being the Democratic candidate for lieutenant-governor of Nevada, it may be possible that he does not "look with dread upon the possible restoration of the Democratic party to power," as Mr. Hubbel suggests.

The surrender of Frank James, the outlaw, is another illustration of the fact that at last crime palls the appetite of its votary. He has become nauseated with his own career. No doubt it is true, as he avers, that he is not as bad as he has been painted, but that is a poor plea to make in extenuation of the life he has led. He asks for clemency on the ground that he is a reformed man. If he can prove that he is not a murderer he should be shown some leniency, but it seems preposterous to suppose that the law should not take due cognizance of the crimes he has committed. It is also probably impossible to calculate the injury which has been done to the youth of the country by the example he has set, thereby rendering possible hundreds of tales of Western life which should never have been allowed publication. Let his punishment be in proportion to his crimes. The example made of him will have a salutary effect on the minds of many giddy youths.

A fine example of what ability and energy will do for a man is the career of Thomas M. Waller of New London, Conn. At ten years of age he was a newsboy in the streets of New York, making the best for himself that he could, dependent entirely on his own resources. Mr. Waller is now only 40 years of age, and has long been known as one of the brightest lawyers in Eastern Connecticut, having appeared in many famous cases, notably the Hayden murder trial, where he was called in as assistant for the State; he has been mayor of the city of New London, speaker of the Connecticut House of Representatives, and is now candidate for governor of the State. He is without doubt the most popular man in Connecticut with the young and vigorous Democracy, and he has won all his honors and his popularity by downright hard work, not only in his profession but in every public cause that has enlisted his attention. Few men in the country have made the most of their opportunities to a better purpose than has Mr. Waller. Connecticut will do herself honor by placing him in the gubernatorial chair.

There is a tinge of the heroic in Mr. Folger's acceptance of the Republican nomination for governor of New York. Mr. Folger knows he will be defeated. The tone of his letter indicates this. But he is willing to go into the breach because the administration, of which he is a part, is committed to the fight. His nomination was procured by fraud and forgery. He is aware of this fact, and in his letter he makes the best defence of his position possible under the circumstances. He goes into the canvass handicapped with the commission by one of his workers of an indictable offence. He will be beaten. Of this there is not the slightest doubt. The best sentiment of his own party is opposed to him. The Democrats are thoroughly united. And with a united Democracy New York is anti-Republican by 50,000. We admire Judge Folger's pluck, but hold the same opinion about his judgment that the farmer entertained about the judgment of the bull which faced a locomotive under a full pressure of steam. The men who advised him to decline were his friends, but the administration wanted him to run and he has accepted. Grover Cleveland will be the next governor of New York. Mr. Folger and his friends may paste this in their hats.

GENERAL BUTLER'S PLATFORM.

General Butler's letter accepting the unanimous nomination of the Democratic party for governor of the Commonwealth is printed elsewhere in today's paper. We venture to assert that few public documents issued in this State have ever attracted that degree of keen and lively interest and anticipation, or were read with so much care and deliberation, as this will be. Every man in Massachusetts who has a vote to cast at the coming State election is interested to know where General Butler stands on the great questions that come up for settlement in this campaign. This is a year for plain talk between the candidate and the people. Party lines are not very closely drawn; the party yoke sits lightly on the shoulders of the average citizen. The rule of the caucus and the clique, the dictates of the party boss and the crack of the party whip have been shorn of their terrors. The people are abroad; they are thinking for themselves; they are shaking off the shackles which bound them for years to the machine. They are going to vote as they think, and not as other people think for them. And it is well that the man who aspires to public office should clearly and unequivocally tell the people what he proposes to do in case they honor him with an election.

General Butler seems to have been fully impressed with the propriety of this course, for he has discussed at length the leading questions upon which some men differ widely and others need information. No one subject will so deeply engage the attention of thinking men during the next few years as the proper adjustment of the tariff system and the taxation of the people for the carrying on of the affairs of government. General Butler's declarations on this vital issue will be found lucid, conservative, outspoken and eminently sound in principle. There is no attempt at dodging, or covering up, beneath a mass of dubious verbiage, his opinions. He boldly and clearly states his views, and we venture to say that they will meet with the approval of all honest reformers, who look with anxiety at the alarming increase of the public burdens, and the reckless manner in which the people's representatives squander the surplus funds in jobs and for campaign purposes. Those who have watched from year to year the gradual decline of American shipping, until our flag is almost wholly unknown on the seas, will agree with the Democratic candidate for governor in this broad declaration of a principle, the adoption of the converse of which has brought about the practical abolition of our merchant marine: "There is, however, one branch of American industry and enterprise upon which no internal, national or State tax or customs duties should be levied, because, from its very nature, it must be carried on in actual and exact competition with every other nation in the world—that is, American shipbuilding, American commercial navigation. Everything that goes into the building and sailing of American vessels should be free of all duties or its equivalent, a drawback allowed upon the material, so that American commerce should be actually untaxed either by State or nation."

General Butler's efforts in behalf of a rigid economy in the expenditure of the public funds are matter of history in this State. He has more than once forced the dominant party to bring about a retrenchment and to be more careful in handling the people's money. But they have gone back to their old habits, and the State tax now amounts to as much as it did before he pointed out the necessity of reform. On this subject General Butler once more proposes to go to the root of the evil, and, if elected, compel the strictest economy consistent with a proper administration of the public affairs of the Commonwealth.

On the questions of national expenditure and the institution of reforms in the civil service, General Butler will be found abreast of the times. His letter affords additional evidence of his wonderful grasp of public affairs, his masterly skill as a political teacher, and his sincerity and earnestness as a leader in the great movement for popular reform and for the liberation of the masses from the thraldom of corporate tyranny and the domination of political rings and factions. It should be read by every voter in the Commonwealth. It is the bugle call for a new march on the road to popular regeneration, and we mistake very much the signs of the times if it will not be found to contain the death knell of corrupt and hypocritical legislation in Massachusetts, and the glad tidings of the dawn of a new era in the history of our State government.

UNIVERSITY FEEDERS.

One of the most tangible proofs of the advance which is being made in the field of higher education in this country is the connection which is becoming every year stronger and closer between our universities and our large public schools. We use the term "public school" as it is employed in England, where Eton and Rugby and like institutions are known by that name. Perhaps "fitting schools" would be a better name with us, because, as we have half a dozen universities like Harvard, Yale, Columbia, etc., where England has but two, Oxford and Cambridge, so we have many feeders for these universities, while in England only Eton and Rugby are public in nature and fame.

The result of this closer connection between American universities and fitting schools is a systematic training from the time the boy first opens his Latin grammar till the man receives his A. B., and since in education, as in every walk of life, systematic effort produces the best results, it is a matter for congratulation with us that the method which has been used so successfully in England for centuries has gained at least a foothold in the United States. Exeter and Andover and the Roxbury Latin School, and all the rest have, to be sure, sent their graduates to Harvard and Yale for many years, but it has not been till recently that hearty co-operation has existed between the colleges themselves, and between the preparatory schools themselves, and between the two there is still much to be done in this direction; rivalry must be subordinated to common interests, aims and methods must be less diversified; but it is pleasant to note how much has already been accomplished.

For example, the Latin department of Harvard College six years or more ago decided to change their instruction in the pronunciation of Latin from what is known as the old or English method to the new or continental method. Immediately every large preparatory school in the vicinity of Boston made the same change, and today nearly every high school in Massachusetts uses the new method. Again, the instructors at Harvard in the classics decided about the same time to change the requirements of admission so that reading Latin and Greek at sight should play a much more important part than before; in fact, to make the ability to do this the important requisite where previously a knowledge of a certain definite number of pages of certain authors was demanded. The result has been that New England high schools, academies, and even colleges have followed in the wake, and the methods which the fathers, or even the older brothers and sisters of the youth of today were accustomed to use, are now antiquated and obsolete.

In connection with this influence which our largest university has over the schools of New England, it is curious to note that the main reason why Greek is not made an optional requirement for admission at Harvard is that the Greek department there fears that in case this were done every school that sends boys to Harvard would take advantage of it, and that elementary instruction in Greek in these schools would very quickly become a thing of the past. There is no doubt that if the study of that language, which most boys so detest, and which most parents think so useless, should become unnecessary for admission to Harvard, a stream would set in toward her portals which would force every college in America to take the same step, or to waste away and finally perish. But public opinion is so surely, even if it be slowly, putting the present above the past, making science its idol instead of literature, that the study of the dead languages must soon be relegated to the specialists, and educators must realize that the world no longer thinks a knowledge of them more essential to a gentleman's education than quaternions or embryology.

Of course, the instruction in our fitting schools is in great measure determined by the requisites for admission to the various colleges to which they send their graduates. One of the greatest hindrances to efficient systematic work in them has been the fact that these requisites have varied so greatly. The colleges recognized this, and two or three years ago the New England colleges appointed a committee to endeavor to establish a common standard. This committee, or rather its branches, held a few meetings, but nothing has been heard of it lately. Meanwhile the standards of the colleges have insensibly become more uniform, and no doubt ultimately will become identical. As a result, the fitting schools no longer send all their boys to one college, but their reputation as Harvard or Yale schools has been impaired and is slowly disappearing. Exeter, for instance, long a Harvard school, is sending many boys to Yale. Phillips, Andover, hitherto a Yale school, this year sends five boys to Harvard, and is likely to send fifteen next year. Williston, the largest feeder of Yale, last year sent more boys to Cambridge than to New Haven. It is understood that this destruction of the individual character of these schools is entirely in accord with the wishes of their officers, and is, in fact, largely due to their efforts.

These facts are straws which show which way the wind is blowing. To thoughtful minds it is evident that they indicate better things for our universities, and in the end a more general spread of higher education throughout the land.

WINNEMUCCA'S BRIDE.

Chief Winnemucca of the Piute nation, "heap old Winnemucca," whose royal visage was wrinkled like an old boot-leg when the white men first crossed the alkali plains of the Humboldt, is dying of a broken heart and general debility. A few moons ago the savage monarch, who probably was basking in the smiles of a dusky maiden and revelling in love's young dream when the nineteenth century dawned upon the world, took unto himself a new wife, a young widow of the tribe. The royal patriarch was happy in the reflection that the tender hand of woman would lead him gently down the declining years, smooth the pathway to the dark valley with gentle ministrations, and put in time between meals picking up wood for the palace fire, or gathering the toothsome grasshopper for the royal table. But alas! the kingly dream of love is o'er. Like Simon Cameron, old man Christiancy and other venerable statesmen, Winnemucca fell a victim in the sunset of life to the wiles of lovely but perfidious woman. There is no fire in the royal wickiup, no pine nuts, nor dessicated grasshoppers in the court larder and the king is too feeble to pull sagebrush for fuel or stalk tumble-bugs for dinner. The Piute widow left him and ran away with a handsomer man, was brought back by the young men of the tribe, and ran away again. Courtier Ochocho and a party of loyal retainers of the king followed the recreant queen, who did not appreciate the advantages of sharing a throne and skirmishing for grub, caught her in the mountains of Nevada, and in accordance with a time-honored custom of the tribe, stoned her to death, and none was there among them to say, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." It would have made no difference if there had been, for Ochocho et als. would have pelted the rocks anyway. You can't bluff a Piute with aphorisms. And now "heap old Winnemuc" is stumbling alone through the valley of the shadow of death, looking for his fathers, that he may be gathered to them. But he won't find them, for, like everything else in the land of the Piute, their bones dried up and blew away in a cloud of alkali dust years ago.

PROGRESS OF THE NEGRO.

The colored people of the South are not as a class considered thrifty or economical in their business or financial habits. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that since the war many of them have not amassed, if not large fortunes, at least enough upon which to live comfortably for many years. The plantations have in many places been divided into small farms and many of the ex-slaves gain a good living by tilling the soil, and have become the owners of their farms. Large numbers of them have gone into the cities of the South, and, judging by the researches of a writer in St. Louis, there are many colored citizens who have accumulated snug sums of money by their energy and business tact. In that city, it appears, in the graphic language of one of these residents, that "in the glorious democracy of commerce dar am no color line." The truth of this assertion is proven by the fact that in business circles the colored man has shown that he possesses the chief requisites of success, viz., pluck, perseverance, tact and economy. One colored barber recently died leaving $40,000, and there are other knights of the razor worth from $50,000 down to $5000. A carpenter and builder has laid by $60,000, a saloon-keeper has about $30,000, a river steward $30,000, an "aristocratic" lady about $100,000, a porter $15,000, a cashier $10,000, and thirty or more other individuals have banked from $3000 to $10,000. These are all colored people, and of course there are thousands of others, a majority of whom probably are making a good living. This condition of things speaks well for the race, and also shows their appreciation of the efforts being put forth to improve their condition. The thousands of colored people in the South who have not yet thrown off the yoke of idleness should emulate the example of those of their race who have chosen to rise in the world by their own exertions.

THE PROSPECT IN UTAH.

The Mormon question has again risen to the surface and is bubbling vigorously with good prospect that it will bubble still more vigorously in the immediate future. In Utah the excitement has reached a tempestuous state and the fact that the constitutionality of the proceedings of the Utah commission is to be questioned and tested gives to the discussion in other parts of the country a deeper interest than has attached to the ephemeral outbursts of indignation that have periodically made their appearance heretofore.

The gist of the question is whether an act of Congress or a territorial statute has higher authority. An amendment to an appropriation bill that was passed during the closing hours of Congress empowered the Governor of Utah to declare vacant all the territorial offices and appoint the successors of the outgoing incumbents. The usual August election not having been held, according to territorial statute the incumbents of the offices would have held over until the election next year. The reason for this amendment was that the Utah Commission could not revise the registry lists in time for the election, which would have been held in August. As all the local offices were held by staunch believers in the polygamous doctrines of the church, it was desirable, if the purpose of the Edmunds' bill was to be attained, that they should be superseded by non-polygamists, and without some such provisions, the former incumbents would hold over until next year. So at almost the last hour this amendment was added to the appropriations bill, and in accordance with it Governor Murray has published a list of his appointments to a large number of local offices. But the church authorities have entered upon a policy of resistance and defiance. The appointees are unable to get possession of the offices, and it is already evident that if the saints have not latterly deteriorated in the quantity and quality of backbone which they have shown on former occasions there is to be trouble in the near future.

The question will also probably be tested as to the right of Congress to appoint the commission and empower it with the functions which it exercised, on the ground that by so doing Congress arbitrarily and unconstitutionally superseded the election processes of the territory. And in addition it is possible that the question will be raised as to the right of Congress to disfranchise for belief in and practice of Mormon principles. Attacked from three points at once with all the vigor of the wealth, power and fanaticism of the Mormon church, aided somewhat by unwilling sympathy from conscientious, if extreme, opponents of congressional assumption of power, the Edmunds' bill will have a hard struggle from the first. It is too soon to forecast the results, for if these indications of resistance mean as much as such preparations in Utah always have meant, it will not have a chance to be tried for some time. Its provisions would disfranchise the leading men of the church, whose wealth, position, and influence not onlp shape its policy, but also determine in large measure the political affairs of the territory. It is not probable that these men will submit to such compulsory retirement without gathering up all the energies of the church in resistance.

A FIELD FOR EX-PRESIDENTS.

An enterprising Mexican tobacco seller has solved the problem which has so long troubled the people of the United States. To Senor Romero belongs the credit of finding a use for General Grant, and turning the immeasurable receptivity of the ex-hero to profitable account. Senor Romero sent his silency a few boxes of cigars, with a request to puff them, and the general promptly sat down and wrote a glowing tribute to the virtues of Mexican tobacco before he had bitten off the end of a single Maduro. Romero got his puff cheap, and Grant will take his puffs at leisure. There was nothing mean about the advertisement given by the general, either. He not only vouched for the cigars on his own hook, but he engaged that all his friends would vouch for them too.

This opens a field of usefulness for our ex-presidents, and relieves the country of all responsibility on their account. No more propositions need be considered by Congress for putting them on the pension list or creating special offices for them. They can find lucrative employment as advertising mediums for patent medicines and in writing testimonials for publication in the almanacs given away by druggists. When Grant gets the Mexican "racket" worked out, and there is no more money or railroad stock to be had for advertising the land of the greasers, he can hire himself out as a tobacconist's sign, and stand in front of a cigar store with a tomahawk in one hand, a bunch of basswood regalias in the other, and a 306 medal hung around his neck by a chain of bull-terriers' teeth. The only objection to this scheme is that the increase of ex-presidents would cause a collapse in the wooden Indian business.

The husband of Mrs. Hayes might earn a comparatively honest living by extolling the virtues of mineral waters and recommending collections of hymns for the use of Sunday schools. Then would appear the deceptive advertisement under misleading headlines, containing some such letter as this:

FREMONT, Ohio.

Songsmith Swankey, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—I desire to return sincere thanks for the copy of the "Harp of David" psalm-book which you sent me, and also a bill for four cents postage which you forgot to prepay. I have used the "Harp of David" in my family for three weeks with the most astonishing results. My youngest son, who was subject to catarrh, has been completely cured by the exercises for beginners, and Mrs. Hayes, who for years had been addicted to the pernicious habit of snoring, now sings sweetly through her nose, in the dim religious light of our chamber, that touching hymn on page 827, which seems to be set to the tune of "The Louisiana Lowlands." I have been so strengthened by the "Harp of David" that I am now able to draw the interest on Mr. Tilden's salary without noticing any strain upon my conscience, and my friends have noticed an added saintliness in the moral stories which I relate to delegations of Sabbath scholars. I cheerfully recommend the "Harp of David" for the use of families, churches, sewing circles and the unclassified godly.

Yours, sanctimoniously,
RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

Chester A. Arthur would be a good card for the dealers in fishing tackle after the 4th of March, 1885. For instance:

NEW YORK, June 1, 1885.

Messrs. Flyrod & Co.:

DEAR SIRS—I have used your patent Wheeler combination celluloid angle-worm with flattering results. Last week I visited Secor creek, New Jersey, which has been so dry for years that the trout choked themselves to death with the dust they kicked up in waggling their tails. As I vetoed the bill appropriating money to make Secor creek navigable for autumn leaves, by sinking artesian wells every five rods along the bottom, I naturally enough anticipated poor luck. Judge then, of my surprise, when in half an hour's fishing with your celluloid angle-worm, I caught 914 ten-pound trout, eight black bass, five sturgeon and an old hoopskirt. I can give no stronger recommendation of the wonderful properties of the celluloid angle-worm than is contained in the simple statement that even Congressman Robeson never succeeded in hooking anything out of this creek before. Yours, truthfully,
CHET ARTHUR.

Having illustrated by example the manner in which the ex-presidential problem may be solved, General Grant should be given the heartfelt thanks of the American people, in return for which he might write a neat puff certifying to the fact that republics are not always ungrateful.

Mayor Low, the reform chief magistrate of Brooklyn, has the right idea about the best kind of a candidate for office. He said in his speech to the citizens of Brooklyn Friday night: If I had to name in a few words the qualities that go to make up the good official I should say: First, the man must be honest, for that is, after all, the great thing. And it must be the honesty that is proof against great temptation. The next thing to be looked at is the fitness of the man. In the first convention I ever attended some one got up and proposed a man for some city or county office—I forget which—and said he was "one of the wheel-horses of the party." Of course, as that was my first convention, I felt that I must vote for that man. But the next speaker mentioned some other man and said: "This man ought to have the nomination, for he has been for many years the mainstay of the party in this country;" and not knowing the difference between a "wheel-horse" and a "mainstay," I cast my vote by chance. Parties nominate men that have fitness for the purposes of the parties. You must be able to say to the parties: "You may nominate whom you please, but when you bring your 'wheel-horse' or your 'mainstay' to the polls we are going to vote according to his fitness for our purposes. We are not going simply by the party label on the blanket of your 'wheelhorse' or the material of your 'mainstay,' whether of hemp or iron." Then you want men of character—men whose names carry with them the proof that they will fill the offices well.

Mahone, who, according to Senator Hoar, has taken the contract to keep Virginia's face towards the morning, has of late been enabled, if the reports be true, to pledge the Federal patronage not only of Virginia but of the District of Columbia in payment for assistance in his arduous task. Massachusetts Republicans, under the lead of Mr. Hoar, made strong pronouncements in favor of civil service reform, against the use of Federal patronage in election contests and campaign assessments. These things sound well in Massachusetts, but our leading public men who are in partnership with the great repudiationist of the Old Dominion should put a stop to such debasing practices. Mahone has out-Hubbelled Hubbell in the collection business, and now he is tumbling down the promising structure of civil service reform which Massachusetts has done so much towards constructing, by openly bartering public offices for political work and votes. Messrs. Hoar and Dawes should have this stopped, or retire from the firm.

The congressional committee appointed last winter to make inquiries about our foreign carrying trade will soon begin its sessions in New York. This is another Republican farce. The tonnage of American sailing vessels entered at our seaports increased from 1,502,204 tons in 1864 to 1,678,571 tons in 1881. During the same time the tonnage of foreign sailing vessels entered increased from 1,782,317 tons to 5,224,282. These figures have been printed so often that they are familiar to school children by this time. Nevertheless here is a congressional committee that will pretend to discover them for the first time and offer a remedy. The laws relating to American shipping need a thorough overhauling, but Congress and not commissions should have long ago attended to the business. The present body is on a par with the tariff commission so far as transacting any substantial work is concerned. Both were created by a Republican Congress, which shirked the duties expected of it by the merchants of the country.

Revivalist Barnes wisely observes that "we can much more easily trust God for eternal life than temporal." Mr. Barnes talks like a man who has just married and gone to housekeeping.

Arabi's cheek in fighting England ought to save his head, and probably would if the Khedive did not have the running of that Egyptian court-martial.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

"We want peace in the Republican party of St. Louis" is the cry of the Globe-Democrat. That seems to be the principal campaign issue of the Republicans all over the country this fall.

After supplying this country and Europe with wheat, it is estimated that there will be a surplus of over 100,000,000 bushels.

Within three years it is said that "Plunger" Walton has made $3,500,000. Now that he is in Wall street, it would be an easy matter for him to lose it in three minutes.

Beecher says that he is opposed to the meddling by the general government with the local affairs of New York or any other State. President Arthur is hearing a good deal of this kind of talk. He will do some tall thinking after the fall elections.

Chief Justice Coleridge of England says that four-fifths of the crime that comes into court results from drink, for which Britishers pay over $500,000,000 a year.

The Flathead Indians must have read about horse trades at Brighton. They wanted $1,000,000 for a strip of land through their reservation 200 feet wide, but a railroad company finally bought it for $23,000.

Every few days we hear of a new invention for testing milk. Many inventors forget that nature has provided this country with over 50,000,000 milk testers. The only trouble is to find any milk for them to test.

Senator Pendleton's new home in Washington has large gilded sunflowers at the top of the lightning rods. Is this in accord with his views on civil service reform?

A Pennsylvania cow walks with a wooden leg, but she finds it quite indifferent as an implement to kick with.

Grover Cleveland was a Connecticut boy. New England will come to the front in spite of everything.

A Toronto youth, aged 19, eloped with a 55-year-woman with eight children. Few young men care for such a wonderful start in life.

Ku-Kluxism died a natural death in the South a good while ago, but some Republican orators and journals pretend never to have heard of its decease. Voters know the truth about it, however, and cannot be gulled any longer.

A traveller was leaning at night against a railing at the Harper's Ferry railroad station. A locomotive came along, and he sprang lightly over the rail to escape possible danger. He thought it was a meadow on the other side, but knew his mistake when he struck in a muddy stream forty feet below. On being rescued he was asked his name. "I wouldn't tell you for $1000," he replied; "describe me simply as a fool."

The Republican platform reminds one of Satan rebuking sin, is the terse comment of the Newburyport Germ. A majority of the voters of Massachusetts are of the same opinion.

The time is coming when a decorated stove poker will be an actual necessity in every household. It will seem much more gentle to be whacked over the head with one than with the present uncouth, unornamented variety.

"What is the best time to propose to a girl?" When the absolute necessity of having her father support you presents itself most forcibly to you. But keep very dark about it.

"A distinguished physician says that the garments worn by women are preferable to those worn by men." A south End man is determined to impress his wife with that fact. He thinks she has sported the trousers long enough.

"Why don't you fat up that horse o' your'n? He's all skin and bone," inquired a farmer of a horse trader. "Fat him up? Why, all the grain in the world wouldn't fat him." "Not if there was a partition between the horse and the grain." They didn't trade horses that day.

The Egyptian troops haven't been paid in two years. How could they expect to have any fight in them.

The author of the "Sweet By and By" was not drunk when he wrote it; we have his word for it. Thus is another literary delusion knocked in the head. Would the song was in the same fix.

The Republican party has come down at last to the level of Hubbell, mournfully says the New York Times. It certainly looks like it.

Vanderbilt will soon erect two houses to cost nearly $1,000,000 for his two married daughters. A good many men who have to carry their dinners and hustle round after money to pay their rent would like to have such a father-in-law, and perhaps they will—in the next world.

The thief who makes it a business to prey upon the fruits of other people's labor is the most dexterous of practical magicians. He is a person of ample leisure, and spends nine-tenths of his time in devising plans for getting away with somebody else's property and the other tenth in putting them in execution. Others may toil, sweat, think, buy, sell and barter. He will have nothing to do with such vulgar vocations. His duty is to wait patiently while others, by toil, sweat, thought and exchange, mass the fruits of their labor in a compact, portable form, and, in one instant of frailty and forgetfulness, transfer them to his own pocket; and it must be admitted that he performs the difficult task with a success that excites increasing admiration and horror.—[Missouri Republican.

One million and a half profit in the Post Office Department. A good basis from which to argue for cheaper letter postage.

"How to make home happy," said a suburban husband, "that is my greatest trouble." "Well, dad," chipped in his youngest, "I guess if you stayed away from it most of the time you'd hit it. I heard ma'am say she 'wished you'd never come back' after you blowed so about that new fall cloak."

To the New York Republicans: You can Folger tents, like the Arabs, and quietly steal away.

Mahone is said to be losing ground in Virginia. Been taking a bath probably and washed off some of his filth.

"Here comes an Eastern detective," said a joker in a Deadwood church, as the congregation was kneeling in prayer. In seventeen seconds, says a witness of the scene, every worshipper, except the chief elder, had risen from his knees and slid out of the window.

Beecher pointedly says: "Where a few men represent more than $1,000,000,000 of movable capital, and can buy legislatures, courts and judges, is there no danger? Is there anything more to be watched than the use of large sums in political administration? Let men see, then, when the political wheel turns that the water which pours from it is not corrupt money."

This is a bad time for small stock speculators to expect to make any money. A few monopolists like Jay Gould can easily make thousands of men wish they had never heard of stock markets.

When a man gets very rich down in Mexico he proceeds to build a fortress to protect himself and his goods from the brigands. Up this way he generally gets religion or runs for office.

If there was anything needed to intensify the forlorn condition of the Republican party in New York it is supplied by the action of the anti-monopolists, who have decided to vote with the Democrats. This means the election of Mr. Cleveland by the largest majority a governor ever had in that State.

It is thought in London that a machine called a "glossograph," consisting of six levers, forming a sort of cage, each communicating with a tracing pencil, will eventually supersede the art of shorthand. The reporter repeats the words of the speaker with his tongue in the cage. A tongue-tied reporter would probably have to get religion before he tried to report a sermon.

Folger accepts his nomination because to decline would, he says, "produce the utter collapse of the Republican party." The collapse he pretends to fear occurred immediately after his nomination. No wonder Conkling declines to make any campaign speeches.

The Frenchman drinks his wine, the Irishman his whiskey, the Norwegian his alcohol, the German his beer and the Englishman his ale, but an American drinks everything, says Mrs. Foster, the Iowa temperance lecturer. This lady seems to be well posted.

The Zulu king has prohibited the sale of whiskey to his subjects. He prefers to be the only "horrible example" to the rising generation about him.

An Indian princess has an elephant for a pet. Natural feminine instinct. A woman is eternally packing things into a trunk.

The Philadelphia News argues that if a man had the strength of an insect in proportion to his size he could jump higher than a mountain. Yes. And think what a saving of horse-car fare when he put himself to long-distance jumping.

The chief of the London Fire Brigade who recently visited this country, according to the Halifax Chronicle, has this in his note book about American fire appliances: "Hose bad and high-priced; engines the same; firemen ill-disciplined; fire alarms unreliable; proportion of noise to work at fires ten to one; conceit in fire departments unlimited." P'Shaw!

It is high time for all good citizens, all honest men, to admit that our republic is too great and strong to be damaged by a transfer of power from one party to another. If this silly campaign fiction could be worked off for a fact our bonds would not be worth twenty-five cents on the dollar. If the party that elected Tilden in 1876, that cast about half the votes in 1880, that has been victorious in three out of four of the last elections for congressmen—if a party thus situated and likely to take the helm in 1885 were believed unfit to be trusted with our finances, we should have no credit as a nation, no standing as a people. Isn't it time for men who count as men to drop the foolish, played-out old slander?—Washington Post.

Some idea of the earnestness with which the campaign is being waged in Pennsylvania can be gained by the fact that Candidate Stewart broke one of his knuckles on a table while emphasizing his remarks at a meeting the other night. The Independents mean business.

Judging by present appearances, the Republicans will have a good-sized row on their hands in 1884. The one they are now engineering is not a small affair either.

A gravestone in Vincennes, Ind., contains this significant line: "His neighbor played the cornet."

Mahone's Richmond Whig says "Jesus Christ was a liberal Readjuster." If he were alive today the whip of small cords would be in use until Mahone's gang were driven from high places.

The hen that lays eggs all dated on the shell is living in Connecticut this year. This venerable fowl moves about from State to State, as she mistrusts the day of her sale as a "spring chicken."

"Do the subjects of the King of Dahomey keep Sunday?" was asked of a missionary. "Yes," he replied, "and everything else they can lay their hands on."

The latest advertising dodge is that of a lecturer who gets the ladies to weeping and then suddenly extols the virtues of a cough syrup.

As the comet is all "broke up," nervous people hope it will not take a drop in their vicinity.

When the doctors disagree one of two things happens—viz: either the patient recovers or an undertaker puts in an appearance.

Doorkeeper Fitzhugh would probably now say that Chandler is a "biger man than Old Arthur." The Stalwarts and the Half-Breeds are each claiming William as their right-hand man. But he is nothing else than William E. Chandler's best man.

Senator Voorhees predicts a 10,000 Democratic majority in Indiana.

At a great temperance gathering at Liverpool last week, Cardinal Manning spoke of wretched homes being the greatest temptation to drink, and declared that those owning house property are under a great responsibility, and are bound to make it fit for human habitation. The cardinal has not studied the temperance question in vain.

Sergeant Mason no longer believes he is a hero. "Betty and the baby" played the heoroic for all it was worth.

A horse chewed off the ear of Mr. Sharp of Athens, La., and swallowed it. Now we understand what it means to have "a stomach like a horse."

A Washington judge decides that a man cannot be called a broker for lending money. This decision must gladden the hearts of the "ten per centers" at the Capitol, and also make the clerks far from sad. Washington clerks love their uncles.

An English duke plants between 600,000 and 1,000,000 trees every year. There are fortunes for the men who will go into this business in the United States.

A Noted But Untitled Woman.

Messrs. Editors.

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only $1 per bottle or six for $5, and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of *either* sex this compound is unsurpassed, as abundant testimonials show.

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are *the best in the world* for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity.

All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy, whose sole ambition is to do good to others.

Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. A. M. D.

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TRADE KIDNEY-WORT MARK

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF

CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

42- ☞If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

TRADE KIDNEY-WORT MARK

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

"GOLDEN Medical Discovery" (trade-mark registered) is not only a sovereign remedy for consumption, but also for consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs, shortness of breath and kindred affections of the throat and chest. By druggists.

GENERAL BUTLER'S LETTERS

Accepting the Nominations of Democrats and Greenbackers.

A Vigorous Discussion of Civil Service, the Tariff,

The Famous River and Harbor Steal, and Other Issues.

Ever since the nomination of General B. F. Butler for the office of governor of Massachusetts there has been great interest manifested in regard to his acceptance and the form in which he would announce it. We herewith present his letters to the officers of the Democratic and the National Greenback-Labor conventions, in which he accepts their nominations, and discusses the questions at issue before the people:

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 3, 1882.

Hon. Josiah G. Abbott, president; Colonel J. W. Coveney, secretary, of the convention of the Democratic party, held at Boston, September 19, 1882.

GENTLEMEN: I acknowledge your courteous note, informing me of my nomination for Governor.

Made with such flattering and unforced unanimity, it touches every sensibility.

I had not desired to be a candidate for any office at the coming election. Business engagements, personal and professional, have therefore accumulated upon me to such extent as to seriously raise the question whether in good faith to my clients, and justice to my own affairs, they could be laid aside even for an election canvass, much more if, as your letter calls me to do, I am to serve the State for a year. To that service no divided energy or industry can be given.

After conference with friends and clients, waiving considerations of personal sacrifice, I think it my duty to accept the very high honor, and the opportunity to great service the convention has tendered me.

I fully concur with the declaration of principles and measures in the resolutions of the convention; they seem to me to enunciate the principles of the democracy of Jefferson, Madison and Jackson, under which the freedom, prosperity and stability of our infant republic have been assured, together with the light gained by the experience and trials of their theories of government during the political turbulance and strife of the present generation. Upon most of the declarations of your platform I have heretofore so frequently explained to the people of the Commonwealth my views that there is no need of elaboration of them here and now.

While I do sometimes change relations with those with whom I act politically, I am not conscious of ever having changed the principles upon which I have acted, save as I have learned to discard errors by riper judgment and instructed conscience.

All the issues of national politics of which the war was the result, or which grew out of it, and the adjustment of its consequences have now, or ought to have, passed away. Parties are actually divided upon questions of equality, of right of all men, governmental administration, economy in the expenditure of public money, both State and national, and methods of taxation.

The platforms of both parties agree in asserting the equal rights of all citizens and the necessity for economical expenditure of public money; and so far each might well subscribe to the other, so that only "by their fruits ye shall know them."

Civil Service Reform in Governmental Administration.

The public mind is exercised, if not enlightened, upon the subject of the tenure of office and mode of selection of persons for public employment and trusts.

Integrity, capability and efficiency in the incumbent have always seemed to me to ensure to the occupant the best tenure of office. This in a public life of more than a score of years, wherein I had influence more or less potential, and sometimes controlling, has always been my guide. So that I can assert that I have never asked an officer so qualified to give away to any appointee of my recommendation. Indeed, upon the desirability of this tenure, I can hardly believe there is not a substantial agreement in the minds of all good men.

As to the manner of selection of public officials, there is very much difference of opinion. Latterly a very considerable and well-educated class of citizens insist that the best mode of selection of persons for public trusts and administration is by competitive examination, and not otherwise.

Still, as the experiment is substantially untried, and as it is advocated by an intelligent body of men, I see no reason why the trial should not begin in Massachusetts. It is our boast that Massachusetts is always to the front in the inventions and practice of all political theories which promise better administration of government.

I have read in the platform of the Republican party lately adopted at Worcester that the "work of reforming the civil service (which!) was commenced by the Republican party, and in favor of which it alone stands committed in declaration and in any measure of practice." This seemed to me unwarranted by fact, as it was promulgated after the adoption of your platform, which demands a "thorough reform in the civil service"; and I had read the bill of Senator Pendleton, a Democrat, to provide by law for civil service reform, a Democratic measure which (or any other) has been refused enactment by a Republican Senate and a Republican House.

It certainly is not the fault of the Democratic party that they have not tried the experiment of selecting State and national public officers by competitive examinations during the last twenty years.

Besides, I remembered that the Republican party, which has had the domination of Massachusetts for the last quarter of a century, has not tried this mode of selection for public service, although claimed to have so much merit by that party's late platform, where we have so many commissions and other officers appointed by the executive, to which this mode of selection would have been so peculiarly applicable. Therefore I was forced to look upon this declaration as unsupported by truth and impudent in assertion. I hope, however, that the incoming Legislature will make provision to begin the trial of this experiment here upon the most searching scale; extending it, even, if it sees proper, to the selection of candidates to be proposed to the people by their primary assemblies. And to attest my own sincerity in this regard I am quite willing that competitive examination should be made of candidates for the highest office.

Tariff and Other Taxation.

This question, which has been brought into the present State canvass by the platforms of both leading parties, is one upon which statesmen, members of both, differ from their several party creeds.

Of absorbing interest to the laboring men and capitalists alike of the whole country, it is almost vital to Massachusetts that it should be permanently settled upon a proper and just basis.

Adopting fully the declaration upon that subject of your convention, I beg leave to give the views upon it upon which I have acted during my public life.

Theoretically, free trade, that is, buying what you need cheapest, and selling what you have dearest everywhere, would be true statesmanship in a country so situated that it might be carried out. But with the United States that is impossible.

For the supposed needs of the Federal government we collect much more than a *million dollars by taxation every day*, more than two-thirds of which is from customs revenue, and must continue to be so if it is to be raised at all. While I believe that the sum now raised very much exceeds what should be the proper expenditures of the government, yet for a long series of years an equal amount will be required to meet the necessities of our growth and extension, which must be raised by a tariff.

The genius of our institutions, the traditions of our government, and the instincts of our people, are opposed to direct taxation in time of peace. During the nearly a century of our existence direct taxation has been resorted to twice only, and then in periods of calamitous war—the war of 1812 with Great Baitain, and that of 1861. The first tax was speedily repealed; the second, though very onerous, has been maintained with some modification for twenty years.

The action of Congress, in its late futile attempt to reduce taxation, shows that the Western and Central States, upon which internal taxation bears heaviest, will not long submit to that burden. If I am right, therefore, for many years more than a man's life, so large a sum will be required to be raised by customs revenue, that all needed protection to American labor can be given to it within the limits of a tariff raised solely to meet the wants of the government.

I have yet to meet any thoughtful statesman who would seriously object in raising such needed revenue incidentally to protect, to any needed extent,

American Enterprise and American Labor.

A tariff, therefore, intelligently framed which should do this would have what enterprise and industry both need—the great element, stability; because nothing is so depressing to manufacturing or other enterprises as the fear of disturbance of the basis on which they were started, by reason of a change in the tariff laws which may foster them.

Over-protection of any business defeats its own purpose by so stimulating production that the home market is overstocked, and the undertaking becomes ruinous to its projectors.

In raising such revenue there should be no tax whatever on the necessaries of life, including in that term everything used by our whole people for their support, comfort and necessities.

The production or admission from abroad of such necessaries at the cheapest possible rate, adds so much to the wages of labor by making the comforts of life easy of attainment.

There should be no duty levied on raw material, which is to be wrought by our workmen, that is not the product of our own country, and the lightest possible duty consistent with a due regard to the interest of the producer should be laid upon the very small class of such raw materials which we cannot produce more cheaply than can be done elsewhere.

The highest duties up to the point of possible collection should be laid upon luxuries. Practically, the property of those who use them so sufficiently escapes taxation as not to make such tariff an undue burden.

There is, however, one branch of American industry and enterprise upon which no internal, national or State tax or customs duties should be levied, because, from its very nature, it must be carried on in actual and exact competition with every other nation in the world—that is American shipbuilding, American commercial navigation. Everything that goes into the building and sailing of American vessels should be free of all duties or its equivalent, a drawback allowed upon the material, so that American commerce should be actually untaxed either by State or nation.

And it is more than probable that our commerce should be aided now, as our fathers fostered and built it up by differential duties in favor of merchandise brought home in American bottoms.

These views are the result of very considerable thought, and I believe are all the principles of the "judicious tariff" which Jackson declared he favored in his administration as a Democratic doctrine, and which has been affirmed in your platform.

Extravagance in the Expenditure of Public Money.

There is no greater danger to the permanency of democratic and republican institutions than the steadily increasing tendency controlling men having in charge moneys not their own to use them in wasteful and lavish appropriation, not required by public convenience or necessity.

In this opinion I am confirmed by the highest authority, which ought to have been restraining at least to a Republican Congress. The President of the United States in his courageous and conservative message of reasons why he vetoed the late river and harbor bill says:

"The extravagant expenditure of public money is an evil not to be measured by the value of that money to the people who are taxed for it. They sustain a greater injury in the demoralizing effect produced upon those who are intrusted with official duty through all the ramifications of government."

Extravagance in works or buildings for the public use so surely induces corruption in the public service that no one can doubt that their very purpose is to reward political favorites or sustain the political fortune of those who make them. Shall I not do as I will with mine own is the highest expression of personal right; but when one is intrusted with the money and affairs of others he should be guided by the strictest economy and care.

The country has lately been shocked by a very startling exhibition of how far men, otherwise honorable and trusted, will go in the appropriation of the money of the people, raised by taxation on the eve of their re-election, to sustain their individual political interests.

A bill for the alleged improvement of rivers and harbors, appropriating specifically more than $18,700,000, besides providing for large expenditures for surveys for other projected improvements which give promise to the constituents of the members who passed it of still other large future expenditures, could hardly have been passed with very considerable unanimity over the veto of the President, except by a Congress of which quite one-third of the Senate and all of the House were preparing for their immediate re-election, and it is a striking fact that a large number of those who voted against it of both political parties live in districts where their majorities were so assured that they did not require the aid of this method of electioneering.

I suppose that no one would deny that proper and judicious appropriations for the improvement of the avenues of water-borne commerce are within the scope if not the duties of the general government. A constituency would not hold its representative too strictly accountable if his attention had not been called to the items of

River and Harbor Appropriations,

for he might well say he trusted to the committees which framed them; but how can any member excuse himself after his scrutiny of the character of the bill was forcibly demanded by the veto of the President, which veto informed Congress that he would approve reasonable appropriations. Then it became the imperative duty of every member of the House, and, for much stronger reasons, of the Senate, to examine the bill so returned to him, after which he voted upon it under the heaviest possible weight of responsibility.

I have already spoken of the danger to our country of this tendency to lavish expenditure, and dwell at some length upon this action of Congress because it itself is a striking illustration of how far peculiar interests sway the minds of honorable men. But here each aided his fellow, making the criticism of the President a just one. "Thus, as the bill becomes more objectionable, it secures more support."

No one can believe that any such act of relative proportions could have been passed in the earlier days of the republic through either house, and much less over the veto of the President.

In the Forty-second, Forty-third, Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth congresses, in the years 1873, 1875, 1877 and 1879, in which such congresses expired, there were $19,167,500 appropriated for rivers and harbors in the aggregate, less than $500,000 in excess of the appropriations of the present year.

The reasons for making the comparison of appropriations of those years with that of the present year are:

First, These acts were passed by the retiring members after their successors had been elected.

Second, Because one, that of 1877, wss a Democratic Congress, which passed no river and harbor bill at all.

And still the country flourished.

If I take the river and harbor appropriations passed in the other years of those congresses, just before the re-election of the members, as were the appropriations of this year, I find the amount of those appropriations to be $25,182,000.

This shows the effect of pending elections upon river and harbor bills, and justifies the criticism of the President, which I have before quoted.

The Monstrosity of the Amount

appropriated in one year, by one act, for one class of public expenditures, being scarcely less than that appropriated for four years, although that sum included the great improvement of the Mississippi river by jetties, costing several millions, has so attracted the attention of the people, that another act corelative in amounts and purposes which promoted it, has escaped observation. I refer to the sundry civil appropriation act of this year in which are appropriations for the purchase of sites for and the erection of new public buildings; that bill provides partly for sites to be purchased and partly for new buildings to be erected to the number of thirty-seven, being four less in number only than the entire number of public buildings appropriated for in the past ten years, and more than three times as many as were ever before appropriated for in any one year, and calling for a present outlay of over $6,000,000, and pledging the United States to the expenditure of probably three times as many millions more in order to finish them, and those public buildings, too, are exclusive of forts and buildings at Washington or elsewhere constructed under the direction of the officers of the State, War and Navy departments.

I am inclined to believe that an extended examination of the appropriations for public buildings by the present Congress will show more of that modern invention, by which legislation is effected, called "log-rolling," than appears even in the river and harbor bill, and less justification of public necessity.

Our own Commonwealth has not been free from the influences of this tendency and its results. My own views of the unnecessary and wasteful expenditures of public money in this State during many years are well known. I have heretofore brought them to the attention of every voter, and have no occasion to repeat them here.

My strictures upon expenditures were acknowledged to be just by the dominant party, which immediately thereafter made very considerable reductions of State expenditures in the interests of economy.

All very well so far as they went, and a tribute to the truthfulness of my criticism which I highly appreciate. The State tax by that name was immediately reduced from $2,000,000 to $500,000, with a promise of further reduction. Superfluous offices were abolished, salaries were reduced and questionable expenditures lessened to such degree that I felt that the State would hardly have need for my services in official position to bring about such reforms. But, alas! this tendency to extravagance and waste of public money was too strong. Within three years

The Appropriations Became Still Greater

than before. The "State tax" was brought back, and is now $2,000,000, as before my candidature. But this does not show all. The sum actually to be taken by direct State taxation this year is, as stated in the platform of your convention, nearly seven and a half million dollars. I have seen a criticism of this statement that a portion of the money raised by corporate taxation had been paid back to the cities and towns by the State, and therefore that this vast sum had not been raised by direct taxation. The fallacy of this can be shown in a word. It was not paid back to the taxpayers from whom it was taken.

In calling attention to these matters, I do not mean to criticise the personal acts of any man or set of men, from their surroundings, because of the influence of the tendency of which I have spoken made it too difficult for them to do otherwise. The salaries that were cut down were those of their friends, their supporters, their partisans. The expenditures cut off were so much withdrawn from the political funds which sustain their party. How could they do their duty to the State, when, deeming me to be out of the way, they felt themselves safe to listen to the cries and importunities of their own friends and relatives who clamored for restoration in all things which they had lost.

Is it not time, therefore, that the people of the State should again, in a more potential manner, call a halt in the burdens of taxation, and consider whether it is not better, in order to have reforms made and sustained, to employ the services so to do of those who inaugurate them?

If the confidence reposed in me by the great body of my fellow-citizens represented by your convention should be affirmed by the people at the polls I shall take upon me the office unpledged in anything save what is herein set forth. That all laws shall be faithfully executed to the utmost of my ability; that every interest of the Commonwealth and of its people shall be cared for so far as it may come within the power of my office; that every duty imposed upon me by the constitution and the laws shall be faithfully, industriously and earnestly done.

Indeed, how could I do otherwise? At this time in my life, what other ambition could I possibly have save to show myself worthy of the high trusts conferred upon me? And, therefore, I shall do all that in me lies to the honor of the Commonwealth and the interests and prosperity of its whole people.

Permit me to make full apology for the delay of this acceptance. I have before stated some of the causes which have led to it, and may only add that the very press of business of which I have spoken, has scarcely permitted me opportunity to discuss so fully as I ought the grave subjects presented to me.

With sentiments of the highest respect to you, gentlemen, personally, I am, very truly your friend and servant. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

IF you have any skin diseases or diseases of the hair or scalp, any itching or discolorations, sun burns, freckles, pimples, rough or dry harsh skin, you have in Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure a sure, perfect and elegant remedy. Sold by all druggists.

ANOTHER LETTER.

To the National Greenback-Labor Party of Massachusetts, Accepting Its Nomination.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 3, 1882.

Charles H. Litchman, President, Gustavus B. Hutchinson and George D. Stiles, secretaries, of the National Greenback-Labor Convention, held at Boston, August 8, 1882.

GENTLEMEN—My absence from home caused your note informing me of my nomination as the candidate of the National Greenback-Labor party of Massachusetts, for governor, to be received at the same time with a note informing me of my nomination by the Democratic convention.

Please accept my thanks for the confidence in my devotion to the cause of the rights and interests of labor everywhere, which your nomination implies.

I can congratulate your convention that hereafter you may well lay aside the word "Greenback" as a designation of your party, unless you keep it in remembrance of the fact that you took it upon you when conferred by your enemies as a title of reproach.

In behalf of the "Greenback" or legal tender note your labors are done, and the mission of your party is as completely fulfilled as is the mission of the Republican party, which was the abolition of slavery. The "greenback" is now the money of the United States, and is the equal of gold and silver. It has become irrevocably a part of the money of the United States by the *fiat* of Congress acting under the power delegated to it by he Constitution to "coin money and regulate the value thereof."

In a communication addressed this day to the convention of the Democratic party, I have discussed many of the issues—certainly all about which my views are not well known—that are between the two numerically leading parties of the country. To that discussion, so far as it may interest you, I beg leave to refer.

I trust I shall not be required by the workingmen of Massachusetts to restate my

Devotion to Their Interests,

their elevation and the education of their children. Thirty-four years ago, in the city of Lowell, where men, women and children were then toiling more than thirteen hours a day, I organized a political movement in favor of a law restricting labor to ten hours only. Since that time I have become an employer of working men and women in manufacturing establishments, and in no one wherein I had a controlling interest has any man or woman been required to labor more than ten hours a day, except when they volunteered so to do for extra pay.

Be assured that if the confidence of my fellow-citizens expressed at the ballot-box shall confirm your nomination I shall do everything that my office permits or enables me to do in behalf of the working men and women of Massachusetts.

I fully believe in the equal rights of the many and of the few, but not in the rights of the many against the few, nor in the rights of the few against the many, but that each should have a full share of the good gifts that God has permitted to His creatures upon earth according to their ability, industry and thrift. I believe that all laws should be so framed that the few shall not oppress the many, and all history shows that the many never have encroached upon the just rights of the few, save, possibly, in a single instance, where a long series of oppressions, outrages and tyrannies of the few drove the many to temporary madness.

If the working men and women stand together throughout the country, through the power of the ballot they can protect themselves against all wrong; and I am happy to believe that the disposition that has existed among a class of persons to trespass upon

The Rights of Labor.

the producer of all values, will soon pass away under the influence of wise legislation and of a higher civilization and an enlightened conscience in Christian duty.

I fully believe that all combinations and monopolies as to the necessaries of life, to regrate prices of anything required for the comforts of all, are illegal conspiracies to be suppressed and punished by laws rigorously executed. To this all good men will agree, and it is a happy omen that the public conscience is being so far enlightened that every conspiracy against the interests of the people will soon pass away.

With these views I hope, if called to the high place of trust which you propose for me, to demonstrate to the people of the Commonwealth that there ought to be and is no conflict between labor and capital, and that both can work together in harmony for the prosperity, honor and glory of the Commonwealth.

With thanks to your convention, and sentiments of respect, gentlemen, for you personally, I am,

Very truly,

Your friend and servant,

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

HOPS UP.

Ale and Beer Advancing in Price in Consequence of an Unprecedented Elevation in the Hop Market.

[New York Sun.]

The hop market has never before, according to old dealers, been so excited as it is now, and prices are unprecedentedly high. When it was certain that the hop harvests in England, Bohemia, and, in fact, throughout Europe were not up to half the ordinary production, English brewers and hop dealers at once cabled to the United States to secure a very large share of our hop crop, and some six weeks ago actually secured a quantity estimated at one-fourth of all on hand, even buying the ungathered hops in the fields. The price ran up in four days from 33 cents a pound to 55 cents. Ever since then it has been steadily advancing, until on Wednesday it reached 83@85 cents, and choice lots were sold Thursday for 90 cents. In a few days more it is expected that the price will go up to $1, and before the next crop is gathered it may very likely reach $1 50. A Williamsburg brewer, Mr. Abbott, contracted for a large lot of hops at 55 cents six weeks ago, and has since been offered $5000 to resign his contract. A dealer some time since got hold of a lot of old hops, five bales of them, that had been stored in a carriage house for nine years, and unsuccessfully offered them for sale at $12 50 a bale (250 pounds), but since the recent boom in prices he has disposed of them readily at $100 a bale. The immediate effect of this advance in hops will be a corresponding advance in the wholesale prices of ale and beer. The ale brewers have already resolved to put their prices up $1 a barrel, and the lager beer brewers are discussing a like advance. Another dollar will probably be added to the price of ale.

"The lucky farmers who held out against the English bids for their ungathered harvest will soon be Astors," said a dealer on Thursday, "but next year we anticipate that so many farmers will rush into hop culture, the prices will be lower than ever."

RAILWAY TRACK INSPECTION.

The Car Which Mr. P. H. Dudley Has Invented Now in the Eastern Railroad Yard.

Mr. P. H. Dudley's dynagroph and track inspecting car was in the Eastern railroad yard on Wednesday, preparatory to making an inspection of the entire line of the road today. This car, while running at the rate of twenty miles an hour, discovers and marks all defects in the track, of whatever nature, so that the track walker's attention may be called to the spot and the defect remedied. It shows the side irregularities of the rails, gauge of track, bad frogs, approximate alignment of the track, elevation of outer rail on curves and speed of the car. It mechanically sums up into feet and inches the various surface undulations of the rails as the car passes over the track and records the same. The car weighs twenty-six tons, and thus discovers many loose joints which would otherwise escape the attention of the trackmen until the rails became permanently bent and injured. The Boston & Albany railroad track has just been inspected by Mr. Dudley, and found in a very good condition. One end of the car is fitted up as a living apartment, in which the inventor finds comfortable quarters while travelling over the country inspecting the various roads. He has just completed a tour of inspection on some of the largest Western and Southern railroads, all of which require the services of his, or a like arrangement, in order to perfect their tracks.

An Undutiful and Vicious Son.

PORTLAND, Me., October 9.—Thursday Ivory Libby, aged 45, who lives in what is known as the "Hurricane Region," in Gorham, made an assault upon his mother, a very aged woman, almost choking her to death. Friday he took a dull knife and made desperate attempts to kill himself, inflicting several bad wounds on his throat and neck. In his desperation it seemed that he tried to inflict wounds enough so as to bleed to death, but did not succeed.

Reads Like a Fable.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn., October 9.—The annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Steel Manufacturers' Association was held here Wednesday. The report says that the increase in our product of steel from 160,108 net tons in 1872 to 1,778,912 tons in 1881, reads like a fable. The figures, however, are reliable, and they undoubtedly record the greatest metallurgic achievement ever accomplished by any country.

A Forger's Leap for Liberty.

CHICAGO, October 9.—J. W. Johnson, a forger from Iroquois county, while being taken to the jail at Watseka, in custody of a deputy sheriff, succeeded in escaping by jumping from the moving train through the window of a closet in the car.

If You Are Ruined

in health from any cause, especially from the use of any of the thousand nostrums that promise so largely, with long fictitious testimonials, have no fear. Resort to Hop Bitters at once, and in a short time you will have the most robust and blooming health.

ACKNOWLEDGED AT LAST.

The Electoral Fraud of 1876 Tardily Admitted.

A Stalwart Republican Organ Gives Away its Party.

Samuel J. Tilden Fairly Elected to the Presidency.

The following remarkable editorial is from that staunch Republican organ, the New York Commercial Advertiser: When, on the morning of November 8, 1876, the New York Times was the only paper in the United States to claim the election of R. B. Hayes, it was regarded as a piece of newspaper audacity rather than that of political prescience. In view of what afterward happened, the Democratic press declared that the Times, of all the papers in the country, was taken into the plot to steal the electoral votes of Florida, Louisiana, and South Carolina. At all events, a few hours after the appearance of the Times, Chairman Chandler of the National Committee claimed a Republican victory, and telegrams were sent to the three States named to hold them. It is interesting to recall this fact, because the New York Times now claims to be the special advocate of purity and fairness in politics, though it is on record as claiming, in the face of overwhelming evidence at the time, the election of a ticket the defeat of which the vast majority of the country believed in. The Times cannot claim credit for possessing the proof of the claims it made then, for it took long and exciting months of hard labor to collect it. That paper desperately put forth its claim for the mere purpose of defeating a Democratic president by any means. Naturally the Democrats grew excited; they saw what they regarded as

The Fruits of Their Victory

about to be wrested from them, and great excitement grew. Congress met and appointed the electoral commission, but its aliunde decisions and its declaration of the fact that John Watts being a postmaster in Oregon November 7, and on the same day A. B. Levisee, acting as United States commissioner in New Orleans, did not invalidate their right to act as presidential electors, the statute to the contrary, notwithstanding, did not bring forth a protest from the papers that are now waxing indignant over a forged proxy at Saratoga. The fact that Louisiana, on the face of the returns, had given over 6000 majority for the Tilden electors, whose credentials were signed by the representative of the party Hayes afterward recognized (thereby darkening his own title), was calmly ignored by the people who are now shrieking fraud and forgery when the electoral commission decided that that majority "did not count." Not one of those papers—not one of the men like Beecher, Woodford and Curtis, who are horrified by the late forgery, raised their voice in denunciation of the "great fraud," the proof of which was clearer and more incontestable than anything alleged to have been done in Saratoga. On the contrary, Stewart L. Woodford subsequently boasted that he had made arrangements to kidnap Tilden if he made any attempt to assert his rights, put him on a gunboat, and convey him to prison until he could be tried for high treason. Beecher, Curtis, and the rest, who are now so indignant over an alleged fraud that did not affect the convention's action,

Abused the Democrats

for daring to assume they had rights. It was left for a petty cheat that in no way influenced the final result in a State convention to arouse their fine sense of propriety and indignation. They could coolly and calmly see the country on the verge of civil war—for more than one-half of the people believed they had been cheated—and not one of the present indignant patriots had a word to say against the great wrong; but when a forged proxy is used in a meeting of a State committee, though it did not affect a single nomination, least of all decide who should fill a high office notwithstanding the people, they are ready to sacrifice the party! "Rather let us go down in defeat," they now say, "than succeed with an unexceptionable ticket nominated, it is alleged, with the aid of a forged proxy!" What consistency! What statesmanship! Mr. Tilden had an undisputed popular vote of 4,284,855, and Mr. Hayes 4,033,950—a clear majority of 250,935, and though this majority backed up their claims with evidence of the strongest kind, the Times and its allies refused to consider them. On the contrary, when the Potter committee was selected and Edward F. Noyes was specifically charged on the floor of the House of Representatives with stealing the vote of Florida, and John Sherman with doing the same with that of Louisiana, they declared the proceedings were an attack on the president's title, revolutionary in the extreme, and an endeavor to Mexicanize the government. That is how they looked at the fraud of 1876.

ONLY A GIRL,

But Capable at the Age of 14 of Committing the Most Daring Burglaries.

CHICAGO, Ill., October 9.—Mary Morris, a petite fourteen-year-old girl, with a remarkably sweet face, which seemed to beam with childlike innocence, was Thursday sentenced by Judge Moran to two years in the house of correction, she having pleaded guilty to fourteen indictments for burglary and larceny. The judge remarked it was one of the most astounding cases of which he ever heard. The sweet little darling is the most remarkable burglar of modern times. For the past two years she has plied her vocation, committing innumerable daring burglaries, and well-nigh filling the house of her parents with dress goods, jewelry, diamonds and other articles, aggregating $10,000. A large part of the plunder had been disposed of, the revenue supplying the entire family's wants. Eight hundred indictments could have been found. The story of her crimes and escapades would fill ponderous volumes. Her mother, Helen Morris, was sentenced to three and a half years to the penitentiary as an accessory.

THE MEAT MARKET.

Statistics of Exports and Receipts—The Live Cattle Market Slow.

The export of live stock and dressed meats to foreign markets for the week ending October 7, 1882, shows an increase in live cattle, live sheep and dressed meats. Advices received during the past week show the condition of the market for live cattle slow and values off. American refrigerator beef is reported off from 1 to 2c. per ℔; sheep remain firm, with no quotable change in values. While the cable and special advices by mail show the market for American live cattle off in values, it must, however, be remembered that the shippers of live cattle have for the past three weeks been exporting a grade of beeves that would warrant a decline on foreign markets. The high values placed upon prime native fat cattle would not allow shippers to export unless at a heavy loss, and also the advance in freight rates and insurance premiums has forced American exporters to ship cattle of a medium grade. Freight rates are being held at advanced rates, while underwriters will no doubt advance insurance premiums, the loss of 130 head on the steamer Kansas being the first large loss sustained during the present season. The shipments for the past week have been as follows: Live cattle, 1244; live sheep, 4400; beef quarters, 1581; mutton carcasses, 37. Trade at the stock yards during the past week has been slow for cattle, sheep and lambs; trade fair, with a decline in values of ½c. ⅌ ℔. There has been but a small showing of prime fat cattle on the market, mostly of ordinary grades; home slaughterers were pleading for concessions, but owing to the light receipts drovers were able to maintain the current values at one week ago. Trade at Boston market during the past week has been fair, with a decrease in values from ½@¾c. ⅌ ℔. Slaughterers having prime fat cattle were unable to obtain prices equal to those of inferior grade, the market being well supplied with beef of common grade. The following values were the current prices for the week ending October 7 for choice Brighton slaughtered beef: Whole steers, 11@11¼c. ⅌ ℔.; hind quarters, 13½@13¾c.; fore quarters, 7¼@7½c.; rumps and loins, 17@17½c.; loins, 22@23c.; rounds, 7¾@8c.; ribs, 8½@8¾c.; rattles, 7@7¼c.; rumps, 15@15½c.; rounds and rumps, 10@10½c.; five-rib cuts, 16@16½c.; chucks, 5¾@6c.

He Wanted to Shoot the President.

NEW YORK, October 9.—A boy about 18 years old called at police headquarters early Friday and asked for a permit to carry a pistol. He was asked what he wanted to carry a pistol for and replied: "To shoot President Arthur." He was taken to the Jefferson Market Court, where he seemed much excited. In answer to questions from the court, he said his name was William Martin, and that he lived at 117 East Eighty-fourth street, that President Arthur used to live in the same house with his father eighteen years ago, when he was a roundsman. He said he had just come from the penitentiary, where he served a term for larceny, and that when he did not steal he blacked boots. He was committed for examination as to his mental condition.

Prince Nicolas Tsherbatov,

flag lieutenant, imperial Russian navy, speaking of the efficiency of the Liebig Co.'s Cocoa Beef Tonic, says: "It is a most excellent tonic." Edwin Booth says: "Did me good." General Franz Siegel says: "Benefited me very much." Invaluable in debility, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, nervousness.

Jewelry—Diamonds.

Eighteen-Karat Rolled Gold Solid Jewelry, only $1. Unparalleled bargains offered by the well-known reliable firm of G. W. Pettibone & Co., whose advertisement appears in this paper. Read their advertisement carefully; the goods are unrivalled, and all that is claimed for them.

MONEY AND STOCKS.

BOSTON STOCK MARKET.

Modest Fluctuations With No Special Features.

STATE STREET, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, October 7, 1882.

There has been no particular change in the condition of the money market during the past week, except that owing to a call from the comptroller the rates for balances between banks are easier, and these institutions do not feel quite so tied up as regards loanable funds as they have recently; otherwise the condition is unchanged, although the feeling is favorable that the coming week will bring with it more ease and abundance, so far as the money market is concerned. Just now the banks are doing but little if anything beyond attending to the wants of their regular customers, which they do at a range of 6@6½ per cent. discount; but after all the above quotations are merely nominal, as borower and lender make the best terms they can. Dealings in prime factory paper are very limited, and this grade is quoted as held at 4½ per cent. discount. Collateral call loans range at 6@7 per cent. and up, according to the nature of the security, governments and prime municipal and railroad bonds as first choice. The note brokers are placing paper outside of the banks at a range of 6@7 per cent. discount, but report only a limited business doing. Out-of-town banks are supplying the wants of their regular customers at about city rates, while the applications of outside parties meet with an offer of accommodation at a rate which ranges from 6½@7½ per cent. Between banks the rate for balances has during the most of the week ranged between 7½@8 per cent., but towards the close the rate weakened, today ranging at 5@6 per cent. and ruling at 5½.

This morning at the clearing-house the gross exchanges were $12,656,834, and for the week $83,283,818; the balances today were $1,296,341, and for the week $10,263,267.

New York funds sold at a discount ranging from 10@17 cents per $1000.

Foreign exchange is lower in price, which has been marked down two or three times during the week, closing today at the following quotations: Sight, 4 85½; sixty days, 4 80¾@4 81; commercial bills, 4 78½; francs, sight, 5 18¾@5 20; sixty days, 5 23⅛@5 24⅜.

During the week the New York money market has not worked so close as it has done recently, although, perhaps, 7 has been the ruling rate; but today the market closes in comparative ease at 3@4 per cent., last loan at 3 per cent. It was very generally thought that the bank statement today would be a more favorable one, and these expectations were realized, as will be seen by the following figures:

Loans decrease	$4,901,900
Specie increase	1,980,600
Legal tenders decrease	33,200
Deposits decrease	2,447,400
Circulation increase	108,700
Reserve increase	2,559,250

The banks now hold $47,275 in excess of the legal requirements.

Government Bonds.

"Governments" show but little change from the quotations of last week, and dealings in these securities have been rather limited. It is reported that Secretary Folger intends to buy $5,000,000 of bonds weekly, in addition to redeeming a similar amount of called bonds. Of the 116th call, which matured October 1, and the 117th call, upon which prepayment of three months' interest has been offered, only about $4,000,000 have been received thus far.

Stock Exchange Dealings.

For the past few days trading in bonds has not been very large, and prices have not varied greatly, the only exception being Mexican Central 7s, the transactions in which nearly equal the entire aggregate dealings in the rest of the bond list; the closing today was steady. Hartfords have been rather passed by; but a single transaction in them reported during the week. Their cousins, the New York and New England railroad securities, have been steady with but limited dealings. Connotton Valley railroad securities and scrip have been slightly more inquired after of late, and the price appears to be tending upward. There have been no dealings in the Massachusetts Central 6s during the week, but 40 is firmly bid for them; the stock is weaker, having dropped back to 5. The statement to the bondholders is anxiously looked for, and may be expected within a week or ten days. Atchison has been quite active and has settled back to 90, sales and asked. The same clique identified with this stock appear to be now selling. Eastern is stronger, having rallied from 40 to 43½.

It is reported that a successful arrangement betweeen this road and the Boston & Maine, for a joint management, depends entirely upon the stockholders of the Eastern, who are, it is reported, dissatisfied with the offer of 4 per cent. on it, as offered by the Boston & Maine. The passenger rate war between the Eastern and Revere Beach & Lynn road continues to rage with bitter fury.

Little Rock sold up from 50½@53, but did not hold, settling back to 51.

Wisconsin Central rallied from 16¾ to 19, but has since settled off slightly, and is now offered at 18¾.

Prices of Stocks and Bonds at 2.30 P. M.

LAND COS.	Bid.	Asked	RAILROADS.	Bid.	Asked
Boston	7⅛	7⅜	Chi. B & Q	131¼	131½
Boston W P.	3¼	3½	Cen of Iowa	34	34½
BONDS.			Concord	100	—
A.T&SF 1sts	119	—	Cin. S & Clev	26⅜	27
KC.FS&G 7s	110¾	111	Eastern	42	43
KCSJ&CB 7s	113½	—	North'n. NH.	111¼	111½
L R & F S 7s	—	110	NY & NE	55	56
Mass Cen 6s	40	42	Old Colony	137	139
C.S&Clev 7s	104	—	Summit Br.	10¾	11
Eastern 6s	—	110¼	Union Pac.	108	108¼
NY & NE 7s	116	116½	Wor & Nash.	60	—
NY & NE 6s	105½	—	T, Del & B.	7¼	7⅜
H & E 7s	54½	—	Wis Central	18	18¼
Wis Cent 2ds	—	49	MexCen No 1	23½	—
Og&LC con 6s	92	94	MexCen No 2	24	26
A & P 6s	96	97	Connotton V.	7¼	—
A & P inc.	25	26	MINING COS.		
Mex Cen 1sts	78	78¼	Allouez	2¾	3
Sonora 7s	104⅞	105	Atlantic	15	—
T,D & B 1sts	—	64	Brunswk An	10	—
do incomes	17	—	Cal & Hecla	251	—
do SED 1sts	—	64½	Franklin	16	16¼
do incomes	17	—	Harshaw	1⅛	—
RAILROADS.			Huron	3	—
A, T & S F	90¼	90⅜	National	—	2
F&P Mar prf	95	96	Osceola	35	—
L R & F S	49½	50	Pewabic	12⅝	12¾
La & Mo Riv.	17½	18	Quincy	67	67
M. H & On.	67½	68	Silver Islet	12½	—
MassCentral	5	6	Bonanza	3½	3⅝
Bos & Alb	171	172	Crescent	47½c	50c
Bos & Lowell	—	102	MISCELLANEOUS.		
Bos & Maine	154¼	154¾	Bell Tele	169½	169½
Bos & Prov.	—	160	Mex Tel'phe.	4¼	4⅜
Cheshire pf.	60½	—	Pul Pal Car.	127½	128½

Government Bonds.

The following are the opening bids for government bonds today as compared with those of Saturday:

	Bid Oct.7.	Bid Oct.9.		Bid Oct.7.	Bid Oct.9.
Contin'd 5s,r	100	100⅝	US Cur6s,95	130	130
US4½s,91,r.	112⅝	112¾	US Cur6s,96	130	131
US4½s,91,c.	112½	112¾	US Cur6s,97	130	132
US4s,1907,r.	118½	118¾	US Cur6s,98	130	133
US4s,1907,r.	118½	118¾	US Cur6s,99	130	134

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, SATURDAY EVENING, October 7.

In all leading branches there is a satisfactory feeling in regard to the progress of the fall trade. Sales of Boots, Shoes, Dry Goods and Clothing for the past month make a better showing than at the same time last year. In Wool prices are well maintained. Cotton has been on the decline the greater part of the week, but became firmer, and it is now thought that the market has touched bottom. Hides are steadier. Leather is steady and selling moderately. Metals presents no new features. Chemicals are a little weaker. Flour has been in light trade, but prices are firmer; an improved demand is looked for soon. Corn is firm. Oats are also firm. Pork and Lard are firmer, in sympathy with Western markets, and the outlook is favorable for high prices on hog products. Groceries are quiet, with an easier tendency in Sugars The Fish trade is gradually improving. Butter and Cheese show a decided improvement. Choice grades of Butter have advanced 1@2c per pound, and receipts of fresh made are sold up close. Early made stock is not much called for as yet, but there is more inquiry and the outlook is promising. Cheese having advanced 1c per pound in the country is fully ½c per pound higher here than a week ago. Eggs and Beans are on a firmer basis. Potatoes being in large receipt, prices are lower. Other articles of produce sell about the same as last week.

The export for the week show a valuation of $1,251,476, against $1,097,933 for the corresponding week last year.

APPLES.—There is a scarcity of fancy Apples and command $3 50@4 ⅌ bbl, but most of the receipts are of a low grade. We quote sales of good to choice at $3 50@4 ⅌ bbl; common to good, $1@3 ⅌ bbl.

BEANS.—Receipts of new Beans continue light and the market is steadier, with a moderate demand. We quote: Northern Pea, hand-picked, $3 30@3 40 ⅌ bush; do do common to good, $2 90@3 25 ⅌ bush; medium choice hand-picked, $3 30@2 40 ⅌ bush; do, choice screened, $2 25@2 30 ⅌ bush; do, common to good, $2 00@2 20 ⅌ bush: improved Yellow Eyes, $3 30@3 35 ⅌ bush; do, choice flats, $3 25@3 30 ⅌ bush; do, common, $3 20@3 25 ⅌ bush; Red Kidneys, $2 25@2 50 ⅌ bush.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—The fall trade continues to hold out well, and although orders have almost ceased to come in, most of the shops are full of work, which will take a few weeks more to finish up. Stocks are sold up close, and very little will be carried over. Spring samples are receiving more attention, and manufacturers have no trouble in making contracts when disposed to accept last year's prices. An advance of 2½ to 5 ⅌ cent is usually asked. There is every indication that the distribution this season will be the largest ever known. Shipments are falling off a little, but still hold up at about 60,000 cases a week.

BUTTER.—The demand for choice grades has increased and prices of fine fresh creamery and dairy lots are 1c ⅌ ℔ higher than last week. Early made stock does not share in the advance, but it is more firmly held and receives more attention. We quote fine fresh made Northern creamery at 31@32c ⅌ ℔; do good to choice, 28@30c ⅌ ℔; do fair, 25@28c ⅌ ℔; fine fresh Franklin County dairy, 30@31c ⅌ ℔; fresh grades New York and Vermont dairy, 27@28c ⅌ ℔; do do straight dairies, 22@26c ⅌ ℔; do do common to fair grades, 18@21c ⅌ ℔. We quote Western—Fine fresh made creamery, 30@32c ⅌ ℔; good to choice, 25@29c ⅌ ℔; do common to fair, 20@24c ⅌ ℔; choice dairy, 20@22c ⅌ ℔; do fair to good, 17@19c ⅌ ℔; choice ladle packed, 19@20c ⅌ ℔; do fair to good, 16@17c ⅌ ℔; do common, 15@16c ⅌ ℔.

CHEESE.—There is an upward tendency, in sympathy with the rise in other markets, but buyers are not disposed to pay an advance. Sales of choice New York 12@12½c ⅌ ℔; choice Vermont, 11¾@12¼c ⅌ ℔; Northern fair to good, 10@11c ⅌ ℔; do common, 5@9c ⅌ ℔; choice Western, 11¼@12c ⅌ ℔; do fair to good, 8@10½c ⅌ ℔; do common, 4@7c ⅌ ℔.

COAL.—The sales of English Cannel Coal continue to be confined to small lots at $16 ⅌ ton. Nova Scotia Culm has been in demand, but other kinds have been quiet, Cumberland Coal has been active and shipments large. Gas Coals are quiet. Anthracite is dull at wholesale, but the retail demand is good at $6 25@6 50 ⅌ ton.

COFFEE.—There is nothing new to notice in the market for Rio, the demand continues moderate and the feeling very dull. Prices are unchanged. Mild grades are quiet. We quote the sales of Java at 13@24c ⅌ ℔; Mocha at 26@26½c ⅌ ℔; Maracaibo at 9@14c ⅌ ℔; and Rio, 7@11c ⅌ ℔ for inferior and prime.

COPPER.—We quote the last sales of Sheathing Copper at 28c ⅌ ℔; and Bolts and Braziers' Copper at 30@32c ⅌ ℔. Yellow Sheathing Metal sells at 20c ⅌ ℔, and Yellow Metal Bolts at 22c ⅌ ℔. Ingot Copper has been firm, with sales at 18⅛@18¼c ⅌ ℔.

CORN.—There is a firmer feeling for Corn and prices are higher, with a small stock and light receipts. Sales of the different grades have been at 80@83c ⅌ bush. To arrive there have been sales of No 2 and high mixed Corn at 74½@80c ⅌ bush, but high mixed is now held at 80c ⅌ bush to arrive from Chicago.

CRANBERRIES.—Sales of choice Cranberries have been made at $10@12 ⅌ bbl.

DRIED APPLES.—There continues a fair demand for Eastern and Northern quartered. Evaporated have been in good demand, with sales at 13@15c ⅌ ℔. We quote sales of Southern quartered at 4½@5c ⅌ ℔; do newsliced, 6@9c ⅌ ℔; New York quartered, 5½@6c ⅌ ℔; do sliced, 5½@6c ⅌ ℔; East and North quartered, 6@7c ⅌ ℔; do do sliced, 6@7c ⅌ ℔; choice evoporated, 13@15c ⅌ ℔; co common to good, 10@12c ⅌ ℔.

DRUGS, DYES AND CHEMICALS.—There has been very little change in articles under this head. We quote sales of Alcohol at $2 28 ⅌ gal; Sicily crude Brimstone ranges from $27 50@29 50 for seconds and thirds; Bleaching Powders at $1 10@1 1-½; Soda Ash at $1 67½@1 75 for the different brands; Sal Soda at $1 15@1 20; Caustic Soda at $3 17½@3 20; Alum at 2⅜@2⅝c; Sulphate Quinine at $2@2 10 for German, and American at $2 20; Opium is dull at $4 35@4 40; Gambier at 6½@7c in large and small lots; Oxalic Acid at 12½@12¾c; Citric Acid at 61@62c; Tartaric Acid at 48@50½c; Blue Vitriol at 6¼@6⅝c; Cutch at 7½@8c; Cream Tartar at 30@30½c for crystals, and 31@31½c for powdered; Balsam Tolu at 45@47½c; Cubebs at 90c@$1; Oil Peppermint at $2 50@3; Potato Starch at 4½@4¾c; Bichromate Potash at 15½c for American, and 16c for Scotch; Prussiate Potash at 24c for yellow and 50@51c for red; American Castor Oil at 13½@14c, in barrels and cases; Shellac at 28@34c for DC and common; and other articles have been taken in lots as wanted at previous prices.

DYEWOODS.—St Domingo Logwood continues in fair demand, and prices range from $20@24 ⅌ ton. All other Dyewoods have been quiet and prices are nominally the same.

DRY GOODS.—There has been a steady market for Cotton and Woollen goods, and a moderate business has been done.

EGGS.—The market for Eggs is quite firm, and we quote sales of Eastern at 25@26c ⅌ doz; Aroostook county, 24@25c ⅌ doz; New York and Vermont, 25c ⅌ doz; Northern, 24½@25c ⅌ doz; P E Island and Nova Scotia, 24@25 ⅌ doz; Western, 23@24c ⅌ doz.

FEED.—Sales of Shorts have been at $18@19 ⅌ ton. Fine Feed and Middlings are selling at $22@25 ⅌ ton. Cotton Seed Meal is scarce and prices are nominal.

FISH.—Codfish have been in good demand, and prices are steady and firm. We quote sales of large dry Bank at $6@6 37½ ⅌ qtl and medium at $4 75@5 ⅌ qtl; pickled cured Bank at $5 75@6 ⅌ qtl for large and $4 75 ⅌ qtl for medium; Nova Scotia pickle cured at $6 75 ⅌ qtl; and dry at $6 75@7 ⅌ qtl. Georges Codfish have been firm and selling at $7 50 for large and $6 for medium In Hake there have have been sales at $3 50; Haddock at $3 60@3 75, and Pollock at $3 50@4 ⅌ qtl. The market for Mackerel is firm, with light receipts. Sales of cargo lots have been made at $7, $10@13 ⅌ bbl for the different sizes; and P E Island have been sold at $8@8 50 for No 3; $10@10 50 for No 2, and $12@12 50 for No 1. Sales of jobbing lots have been at an advance on these prices. Pickled Herring have been in good demand, with sales of large shore splits at $5 50@5 62½, and small and medium at $3 25@3 50 ⅌ bbl. Large and small gibbed Herring have been sold at $3 25 and small at $2 62½ ⅌ bbl. Smoked Herring have been in demand and have been selling at 16c for No 1 and 23c for scaled Alewives and Salmon have been quiet.

FLOUR.—Sales in spring and winter wheat Flour have been considerable. Arrivals have been large, and the exports have also been large We quote Spring wheats—Western superfine, $3 75@4 00; common extras, $4 50@5 00; Wisconsin, $4 75@6 00; Minnesota bakers, $5 00@7 00; Minnesota and Wisconsin patents, $7 25@8 00. Winter wheats—Choice patents, $6 75@7 00; do common to good, $6 00@6 50; New York and Michigan roller straight, $5 75@5 85; Ohio, $5 25@5 75; Michigan, $5 00@5 50; Indiana, $5 25@5 75; Ohio and Indiana roller straights, $5 75@6 00; Illinois, $5 25@6 00; St Louis, $5 50@6 30; Southern family flour, $ ....@....; Cornmeal ⅌ bbl, $3 40@3 45; Rye flour, $4 00@4 50; Oatmeal common to good Western, $5 50@6 00; Oatmeal, fancy brands, $6 25@7 00.

FREIGHTS.—Ocean freights have been rather quiet. There has been a fair demand for room to California, and we quote rates on the basis of $9 dead weight. To Melbourne the rates are 20@22½c ⅌ foot for measurement goods; to Sydney 20@22½c ⅌ foot for measurement goods, and 20@22½c to Adelaide for measurement goods. To Brisbane 25c ⅌ foot for measurement goods; and to New Zealand ports 25c for measurement goods. By steam to Liverpool—Provisions, 15s 0d; butter and cheese, 17s 6d; cotton, 3-16; leather, 80s ⅌ ton; sack flour, 12s 6d ⅌ ton; measurement goods, ⅌ 40 cubic feet, 15@20s; corn, 3d ⅌ bush; barrel flour, 1s 6d ⅌ bbl; wheat, 3d ⅌ bbl. We quote rates to London—Bbl flour, 2s 0d; measurement goods, 20s 0d; sack flour, 18s 9d; corn, 4d; barrel flour, 2s ⅌ bbl; wheat, 4d ⅌ bush; butter and cheese, 25s 0d; provisions, 25s 0d ⅌ ton. To Glasgow—Corn, 4½d; wheat, 4½d ⅌ bush; provisions, 22s 6d; sack flour, 20s 6d; barrel flour, 2s 0d. Coal freights from Philadelphia have been at $1 50@1 55.

FRESH MEAT.—There has been a fair demand for all kinds of fresh meat and prices are easier. Mutton and Lamb are also easier. Veal is unchanged. We quote Beef, choice hindquarters, 12@13c ⅌ ℔; do common, 8@9c ⅌ ℔; do choice forequarters, 7@7½c ⅌ ℔; do common to good, 5@6c ⅌ ℔; extra Mutton, 7@7½c ⅌ ℔; common to good do, 3@4c ⅌ ℔; choice Spring Lamb, 8@10c ⅌ ℔; common to good do, 6@8c ⅌ ℔; choice Veal, 10@11c ⅌ ℔; fair to good do, 8@9c ⅌ ℔; common do, 4@5c ⅌ ℔; Worcester county choice do, 10@12c ⅌ ℔; Worcester county do, 7@9c ⅌ ℔.

FRUIT.—There has been a fair demand for Malaga Raisins and sales of new crop have been made at $2 30@2 40, and London layers at $2 60@2 70. Valencia Raisins have been selling at 8¼@8½c ⅌ ℔. Sultana Raisins have been selling at 11½@12c. New Smyrna Figs have been received and sold at 15@20c ⅌ ℔. Currants have been sold at 5½@5¾c ⅌ ℔. Citron has sold at 14c ⅌ ℔; Turkey Prunes at 5¾@6c ⅌ ℔. In Dates sales have been at 5¾@6c ⅌ ℔. Peanuts have been in steady demand, with sales at 8@11c ⅌ ℔ for Norfolk, as to quality. Lemons have been in steady demand, with sales at $5@7 50 ⅌ box, as to quality. The market continues bare of Oranges.

GUNNY BAGGING.—There is no change in domestic Bagging. We quote sales at 7¾c for 1½ ℔s average, 8¼c for 1¾ ℔s average, 9@9¼c for 2 ℔s average, and 10c for 2¼ ℔s average.

HAY AND STRAW.—Choice old Hay continues in good demand and firm. New Hay has been moving fairly. Rye Straw is rather quiet. We quote sales of Eastern and Northern choice coarse Hay at $18 00@20 00 ⅌ ton; choice coarse, $20@21 00 ⅌ ton; good, $17 00@18 00 ⅌ ton; fine, $15 00@17 00 ⅌ ton; poor, $12 00@14 00 ⅌ ton; Western Timothy, $17@19 ⅌ ton; Swale Hay, $9 00 ⅌ ton; choice Rye Straw, $15@16 ⅌ ton; do common to good, $13@14 ⅌ ton; Oat Straw $9 ⅌ ton.

HEMP.—Manila Hemp has been very dull, and there are no sales to report. Prices are nominally 11½@11¾c ⅌ ℔. Sisal Hemp has been quiet and sales have been at 5⅞@6c ⅌ ℔. There continues a fair demand for Jute Butts, with sales of paper to arrive at 2 5-16@2⅜c; and 1500 bales on the spot at 2½@2¾c ⅌ ℔ for paper and bagging grades.

HIDES.—The market for Hides has been steady and demand fair; holders are firm. Sales include dry salted Tamatane at 14½c; dry Zanzibar at 16c; dry salted Majengas at 10½c; dry salted Maintavora at 12c; dry Cordova at 23c; dry Buenos Ayres at 25½c; dry salted Sandwich Islands at 19½c; Buenos Ayres at 25¾c, and dry Southern at about 15½c ⅌ ℔. In Calcutta Hides and Skins there has been no movement.

HOPS.—The market is decidedly unsettled, under the influence of the excitement in the country, and prices are difficult to quote. Dealers are asking 60c for Eastern, but it is not easy to sell to the home trade at that price. In New York prices of State have been advanced to 70c ⅌ ℔. We quote nominally sales of good to prime Eastern, 1882, 55@60c ⅌ ℔; do 1881, 55@60c ⅌ ℔.

INDIA RUBBER.—Prices have ranged from 68c@$1 ⅌ ℔.

INDIGO.—We quote sales of Indigo as follows; Fine Bengal at $1 65@2 00; good consuming grades at $1 40@1 60; ordinary at $1 10@1 30; Guatemala at $1@1 25.

IRON.—There has been a better feeling for Pig Iron, and the sales of American Pig have been at $25 50@29 00 ⅌ ton, as to quality. In Scotch Pig sales have been at $24 00@28 00 ⅌ ton. Bar Iron has been sold at 2½@2¾c ⅌ ℔, for refined. Common Sheet Iron has been in good demand and sales have been at 4¼@5c ⅌ ℔, as to quality. Steel Rails have ranged in price from $46@47 ⅌ ton for contracts for early delivery, and light rails at $50.

LEAD.—Pig Lead has been firm, with sales at $5 15@5 25 ⅌ 100 ℔s. Lead Pipe has sold at 7½c ⅌ ℔; Sheet Lead at 8c ⅌ ℔; Tin-lined Pipe at 15c, and Block Tin Pipe at 45c ⅌ ℔. Old Lead has been taken in exchange for new at 4¾c for solid and 4¼c for tea.

LEATHER.—The market for Sole Leather is steady, and sales of Hemlock have been at 21@26c ⅌ ℔, as to quality. Union tanned ranges from 37@38½c for backs, and 32½@35c for crop. Rough Upper Leather has been in fair demand and sales have been at 23@28½c ⅌ ℔, as to quality, including selected lots. Rough Calf Skins remain unchanged, with sales at 45@53c; and finished Calf at 60@90c, as to quality. The different kinds of finished Leather have been in steady demand and prices remain as previously reported.

LIME.—There have been sales of Rockland at $1@1 05 ⅌ cask.

LUMBER.—We give the following as the quotations: Clear Pine, Nos 1 and 2, $50@60; No 3, $40@45; No 4, $32@38; No 5, $25@26. Coarse pine—No 5, $17@18; refuse, $..@....; shipping boards, $17@18. Spruce—Nos 1 and 2, $13 00@14 00; coarse and refuse, $....@...... Hemlock boards—Planed, $1 higher—Nos 1 and 2, $10 50@12 00; refuse, $...@......; Southern pine—Flooring boards, Nos 1 and 2, $32@34; flooring boards, ¼ and ½ step, $33 00@37 00; ship stock, $27@31; dimension factory, $22@25; random cargoes, assorted, $21@22; refuse two-thirds price; black walnut, $80@90; cherry, $60@70; white wood, inch, $30@33; do do 5/4, $25@28; oak, $38@42; ash, $38@42. Clapboards—Heart pine, $35@55; saps, $30@45; spruce, $18@30; shingles, $1 25@5 25; spruce laths, $1 85@2 00; pine do, $2@2 25. Prices are firm and demand steady.

MALT.—The market has been quiet for Malt and there have been no sales of any consequence. Prices of new have been in the range.

MOLASSES.—There has been a very quiet market for Molasses We quote common to choice Porto Rico at 36@55c ⅌ gal; Barbadoes at 40@42c ⅌ gal; Cienfuegos at 33@37c ⅌ gal; and boiling grades, 50 test, nominally at 30@3..c ⅌ gal. New Orleans has been quiet at unchanged prices.

NAILS.—The market has been firm, and we quote sales at $3 75 ⅌ keg for assorted sizes with the usual discount.

NAVAL STORES.—The market has become firmer for Spirits Turpentine, and sales have been at 48@...c ⅌ gal. Tar 1 unchanged and sales have been confined to small lots at previous prices. Rosin and Pitch are quiet and no sales of any consequence have been made.

NITRATE OF SODA.—Nitrate of Soda has been selling at $2 77@2 80 ⅌ 100 ℔s.

OATS.—The demand is steady for Oats and prices are higher. The market is well supplied with all kinds except choice grades. We quote sales of No 1 and extra white at 51@53c ⅌ bush; No 2 white at 49@50c ⅌ bush; No 3 white at 45@45½c ⅌ bush; and mixed at 40@45c ⅌ bush, as to quality.

OIL.—Linseed Oil is in moderate demand and the sales have been at 53c for Western; Calcutta, 59@...c. Lard Oil has been firmer, with the sales of Western and Boston extra at $1 00@1 05 ⅌ gal; No 1 at 78@80c ⅌ gal. In Red Oil sales have been at 57@60c for saponified and 52@...c for Elaine. Palm Oil is firm at 6@7½c ⅌ ℔. Fish Oils have been sold at 44@50c ⅌ gal. Menhaden Oil has been selling at ...@...c ⅌ gal. Sperm and Whale Oils have been in moderate demand at previous prices. Petroleum continues in good demand, and sales of refined have been at 7@8c ⅌ gal for 115@120 test, and high test brands at 11¼@11½c, bbls extra. Case Oil has sold at 10⅝@11⅝c ⅌ gal, tins included. Naphtha has been selling at 9@10c ⅌ gal for 70@76 gravity.

ONIONS.—We quote sales of Onions at $2 25@2 50 ⅌ bbl.

PEAS.—There has been a very steady demand for choice Canada Peas, and we quote at $1 25@1 30 ⅌ bush; do common, 90c@$1 00 ⅌ bush; Northern Green Peas, $1 20@1 30 ⅌ bush; do Western, $....@.... ⅌ bush.

POTATOES.—Potatoes have been arriving quite freely, but as most of the receipts are affected by the rot prices are lower and take a wide range. Sweets are lower. We quote sales of Northern at 55@7c ⅌ bush; Eastern at 50@75c ⅌ bush; Sweet Potatoes, $2 25@2 57 ⅌ bbl.

POULTRY AND GAME.—There has been a fair demand for fresh killed Chickens. We quote sales of choice Western Turkeys, 21@22c; fair to good, 18@20c; choice Chickens, 18@20c; fair to good, 19@17c; Scalded Poultry, 13@14; Northern—Choice Turkeys, 23@25c ⅌ ℔; fair to good, 20@23c; Chickens, 18@20c; fair to good, 16@17c; Live Fowl, 12@14c ⅌ ℔; Woodcock, 50@60c each; Wild Pigeons, $2 00@2 25 ⅌ doz; Partridges, 50@$1 ⅌ pair.

PROVISIONS.—The market is firm for Boston clear and backs, and sales have been at $29@30 50 ⅌ bbl. Western mess has been selling at $22 50@22 75 ⅌ bbl, Extra prime commands $21@21 50 ⅌ bbl. Beef has been in fair demand, and sales of Western extra have been at $14 50@15 ⅌ bbl; Western plate at $16 50@17 ⅌ bbl; and extra plate at $17 50@18 ⅌ bbl. Lard has been firmer and selling at 13@13¼c ⅌ ℔. Smoked Hams are in steady demand, with sales at 14½@15c ⅌ ℔.

RICE.—New Rice is coming in freely, and prices have declined 1c ⅌ ℔ from last week's prices. We quote Carolina at 6@7½c ⅌ ℔; Rangoon at 5¼c ⅌ ℔, and Patna at 5¾c ⅌ ℔.

RYE.—Sales have been limited and prices of new are nominally 80@85c ⅌ bush.

SALT.—The market has been very quiet and prices are unchanged. We quote jobbing prices: Liverpool at $1 50@1 60 ⅌ hhd, in bond; Trapani and Cadiz at $1 75@1 87½ ⅌ hhd, in bond, and Turks Island at $2@2 10 ⅌ hhd, duty paid.

SALTPETRE.—The market is quiet for Saltpetre, and sales have been at 5⅞@6c ⅌ ℔.

SEEDS.—Calcutta Linseed and Western Flaxseed are nominally the same. Grass Seeds are quiet and unchanged.

SPICES.—Nutmegs have been in fair demand and sell at 75@80c ⅌ ℔. Pepper, Cloves and other Spices have been in steady demand.

SPIRITS.—Foreign Spirits continue quiet at unchanged prices, Domestic Spirits are in steady demand. We quote sales of New England Rum at $1 45@1 55 ⅌ gal for new, and $1 60@5 for old, as to quality and age.

STARCH.—We quote the following as the current prices: Potato, 4½@4⅝c; Corn, 4@4½c; choice do, 4½@5c; Wheat, 7@8c.

SUGAR.—The market has been quiet but steady for raw Sugars and we quote sales of fair to good refining at 7½@7⅝c. Refined Sugars have been in fair demand and the market is steady. We quote sales of Cubes at 9⅝c; powdered at 9⅝c; granulated at 9⅛c; confectioners' A, 9¼c; standard A....c; extra yellow C, 8½c; yellow C, 7⅞c; golden yellow C, 7⅝c ⅌ ℔.

SUMAC.—We quote the sales of Sicily at $72 50@75 ⅌ ton. American Sumac has been selling at $42 50@45 ⅌ ton.

TALLOW.—We quote sales of rendered at 8½@8¾c ⅌ ℔. Grease has been selling at 6¾@7¼c ⅌ ℔, as to quality.

TEAS.—Gunpowder, 20@45c ⅌ ℔; Imperial, 20@45c ⅌ ℔; Hyson, 17@35c ⅌ ℔; Young Hyson, 15@40c ⅌ ℔; Twankay, 13@25c ⅌ ℔; Hyson Skin, 13@25c ⅌ ℔; Congou, 18@55c ⅌ ℔; Souchong, 18@55c ⅌ ℔; Oolong, 15@55c ⅌ ℔; Japans, $16@34c.

TIN.—The market is quiet, and we quote Straits at 25¼@25½c, and English at 24½@25c ⅌ ℔.

TIN PLATES.—There has been a good jobbing demand for Tin Plates, and sales have been at $5 25@8 ⅌ box, as to quality.

WOOL.—Fine fleeces have been in fair demand and prices continue to be maintained. Sales include Ohio X at 41@42c, X and above at 43c, XX at 42½@43c, and choice XX at 44c. Michigan wool has been in light request, with sales at 39@40c. In No 1 fleeces sales have ranged from 43@46c ⅌ ℔, including Michigan and Ohio. Combing and delaine selections have been in active demand, with sales of fine Michigan and Ohio delaine principally at 44@45c. Low Michigan combing has been sold at 40@42½c, and coarse and low combing at 33@37c ⅌ ℔. In unwashed combing sales have been confined to small lots at 22½c for low Kentucky and 28c for medium Western. Pulled wools are unchanged. Choice supers are scarce. Sales of choice Eastern and Maine supers have been at 44@49c, and low and good supers at 28@42c ⅌ ℔. Foreign wool has been sold mostly on private terms.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

SATURDAY, October 7.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Flour fairly active and steady. Corn meal steady but quiet. We quote: Flour—No. 2, $2 50@3 75; superfine, $3 10@4 10; common Minnesota, $3 95@4 75; clear, $5 10@6 75; city mills, $5 30@5 65; Western shipping extras, $4@4 40; patents, $5 75@8 40; Southern bakers' and family brands, $5 25@7 25; Southern shipping extras, $4 75@5 50. Rye flour—Superfine, $3 60@3 90. Corn meal, Western etc., $4 10@4 20; Brandywine, $4 25@4 30. Rye feed, $26@27; wheat feed, $15@19 for 40 to 80 ℔s, and $24@27 for fine. Buckwheat flour, $4@4 25.

COTTON.—Spots steady; sales, 1642 bales; middling uplands, 11⅜c; do Gulfs, 11 9-16c. Futures were decidedly lower, closing at 11.03c for October, 10.85c for November, 10.85c for December, 10.93c for January, 11.03c for February, 11.13c for March, 11.24c for April, 11.35c for May, 11.46c for June, 11.56c for July, and 11.64c for August; sales, 87,700 bales. Receipts at the ports, 21,231 bales.

PROVISIONS.—Pork was quiet but steady; mess on the spot $23; 250 bbls. October, $22 80. Bacon firm at 14¾@15c for long clear. Beef hams steady at $17@18. Cut meats steady; quoted; Pickled bellies, 14@15½c; pickled shoulders, 10c; pickled hams, 14⅜@14⅝c; smoked hams, 15⅝@16c; smoked shoulders, 11@11¼c. Beef steady; quoted: Barrels, plain mess, $12; extra mess, $13 50@14; packet, $15 50@17; tierced beef, city extra India mess, $28@30. Lard was lower, dull and irregular; spot—city, sale, 100 tierces at 12.75c; Western, sales, 120 tierces, at 13.02½@13.05c; refined—Continent, 13c; South America, 13½c; for future delivery, 17,000 tierces, including November, 12.60@12.70c; December, 11.92½@12.05c; year, 11.95@12c; January, 11.80@11.82½c; February, 11.75@11.80c; May, 11.75@11.80c. Dressed hogs, 10⅞c. Butter very firm; State and Western creamery, 24@35c; State dairy, half-firkins, etc, 24@32c; do Welsh tubs, 23@29c; Western dairy, 16@28c; do factory, 14½@17½c. Cheese quiet; State factory, 8@12½c; Ohio factory, 4½@11¾c; creamery, 2@7½c. Eggs steady; Jersey, 30c; Pennsylvania and State, 27@27½c; Western 24@26½c.

GRAIN.—Wheat was ½@¾c higher and fairly active; spot sales, 195,000 bush, at 89c@$1 13 for red, including No 1 at $1 13, No 2 at $1 08½@1 09¼ delivered, $1 08¼ in elevator, and No 3 at $1 05; 89c@$1 11¼ for white, including No 1 at $1 11¼, and No 2 at $1 06¼@1 07, and 97c@$1 06 for spring, including No 2 Chicago at $1 06; of options, sales, 1,648,000 bush No 2 red at $1 07¾@1 08½ for October, $1 08⅝@1 08⅞ for November, $1 10⅜@1 11⅜ for December, $1 08 for the year, $1 1¾@1 12¾ for January, and $1 11¾@1 13⅛ for February. Rye, barley and malt unchanged. Oats lower; sales 260,000 bush at 38@40c for mixed, and 40@53c for white including No 2 at 40c for mixed, and 46c for white; also No 2 mixed at 40c for October, 40¾@41⅛c for November, and 41⅝@42¼c for December. Corn higher; spot sales, 56,000 bush, at 68@74c for ungraded mixed; No 2 mixed, 73½@74c, in elevator and delivered; yellow, 75@76¼c; of options, 1,844,000 bush No 2 mixed at 72½@73¾c for October, 70⅞@71⅞c for November, 66¼@67c for December, 66¼@66⅞c for the year, 61¼@61¾ for January, and 59@59¾c for May. Closing prices—No 2 red wheat weak; cash, $1 09, delivered; October, $1 08; November, $1 09⅛; December, $1 10½; year, $1 08; January, $1 11¾; February, $1 13. Corn firmer; No 2 mixed, cash, 75c; October, 73¾c; November, 71⅞c; December, 67c; year, 67c; January, 61¾c; May, 59¼c. No 2 mixed oats steady; October, 40c; November, 41⅛c.

GROCERIES.—Rio coffee was firm, but on the spot quiet; fair cargoes, 9½@9¼c; 2000 bags for December sold at $6 60@6 65. Rice, molasses and raw sugar quiet and unchanged. Refined sugar generally steady; the changes were: Powdered, 9⅜@9½c; mould, "A," 9⅛@9¼c; confectioners' do, 9@9⅛c; standard do, 9c.

SUNDRIES.—Rosins quiet but firm at $1 87½@1 97½ for strained to good strained. Spirits of turpentine strong at 49@49½c in yard. Refined petroleum for export firm at 8⅛@8⅜c; home-trade lots, 9c. Crude certificates easier at 93⅝@93c; sales 7,575,000 bbls. Tallow firm; 55,000 ℔s prime sold at 8½@8 11-16c. Stearine quiet at 13⅜@13¾c for Western and city. Linseed oil easy at 53@55c for city. Prime lard oil, 40@41c. Crude menhaden oil, 40@41c. Hops very firm at 65@75c for new State and 85@$1 for foreign. Ocean freights were steady and quiet; grain to Liverpool by steam, 4¾d; bacon, 20@25s; cheese, 30@60s; cotton, 5-16d; flour, 15@17s 6d; grain to London by steam, 4½@5d; do to Glasgow by steam, 3¾d; do to Havre by steam, 13c; do to Oporto, 16c by sail; refined petroleum to London or Liverpool, 3s 4½d; do to Antwerp, 3s 6d; naphtha to London, 4s 3d; do to Antwerp, 4s 3d; do to United Kingdom, 4 1½d.

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

[Special Correspondence of The Sunday Globe.]

GLOUCESTER, October 7.—[For the week past.]—There have been 5 arrivals from Grand Banks, with about 800,000 pounds codfish and 3000 pounds halibut; 6 from Western Banks, with about 220,000 pounds codfish 9500 pounds halibut; 1 from Greenland, with 30,000 pounds codfish and 120,000 pounds fletched halibut; 2 from the Banks, with 100,000 pounds halibut, and 12 from mackerelling, with 2000 barrels mackerel. There have been no arrivals from Georges during the week, which is an unusual occurrence. The receipts of Bank codfish have been fair. We quote the sales as follows: Large Georges Cod, $7 25 per quintal; medium do, $5 50@6 00 per quintal; large Bank at $6 00 per quintal; medium Bank Codfish, $5 00@5 25 per quintal; large shore Cod, $6 75@7 per quintal; medium, $6 ⅌ qtl; large dry cured Bank Cod, $6 25@6 50 per quintal; medium dry cured Bank, $5 25 per quintal; Cusk, $5 ⅌ quintal; hake, $3 50@3 62½ ⅌ quintal; Pollock, $4 00 per quintal; Haddock, $3 50@3 75 ⅌ quintal. Fresh Halibut, last sales at 11c ⅌ ℔ for white and 8c ⅌ ℔ for gray. Salt Mackerel—Receipts light and but few on the market unsold. Last sales out of pickle have been made at $10 75@11 ⅌ 200 ℔s. barrel included. No 1 mackerel have sold at $13 50 ⅌ bbl; No 2 at $10 50 ⅌ bbl; No 3, $8 50 ⅌ bbl. The fall school of herring has partially struck, and the catch has been sold at $3 ⅌ bbl for bait; Halibut Heads, $3 ⅌ bbl; Halibut Fins, $8 00 ⅌ bbl; Fins and Napes, $4 25 ⅌ bbl; Cod Tongues, $8 ⅌ bbl; Tongues and Sounds, $11 ⅌ bbl; Pickled Haddock, $6 00 ⅌ bbl; Pickled Codfish, $7 ⅌ bbl; Swordfish, $12 ⅌ bbl; round Shore Herring, $4 50 ⅌ bbl; split Labrador Herring, $6 ⅌ bbl; scaled Herring, 18c ⅌ box; No 1 Herring, 15c ⅌ box; smoked Halibut, 12½c ⅌ ℔; boneless and prepared fish, 5½@9c ⅌ ℔; dry Hake Sounds, 65c ⅌ ℔; dry Cod Sounds, 30c ⅌ ℔. Fish Oils—Tanners oil, 38@40c ⅌ gal; Medicinal Oil, 75c ⅌ gal; Porgie Oil, 38c ⅌ gal; Blackfish Oil, 65c ⅌ gal; Livers, 35c ⅌ bucket; Fish Scrap, $16 ⅌ ton; Fish Skins, $14 50 ⅌ ton.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Brighton and Watertown Markets.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, October 6, 1882:

Western cattle, 1600; Eastern cattle, 97; Northern cattle, 1417. Total, 3114.

Western sheep and lambs, 6600; Northern sheep and lambs, 32; Eastern sheep and lambs, 11,201. Total, 17,833.

Swine, 20,675. Veals, 476. Horses, 165.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE PER 100 LBS. LIVE WEIGHT.

Extra quality	$7 37½@8 12½
First quality	6 25 @7 25
Second quality	5 37½@6 12½
Third quality	4 37½@5 12½
Poorest grade of coarse oxen, etc.	3 37½@4 25

PRICES OF HIDES AND TALLOW.

Brigh. hides	10 @ ⅌ ℔	Country tal.	5@ ⅌ ℔
Brigh. tallow	7⅛@8 ⅌ ℔	Calfskins ⅌ ℔.	@12½c
Countryhds.	7½@ ⅌ ℔	Sheepskins(ech)	60@90
do do h'vy.	9 @ ⅌ ℔	Lambskins	75c@$1 12½

Prices of beef cattle, ⅌ 100 pounds, dressed weight $5@10 00.

FORT AND FLEET.

An Old Man Fires the First Gun of the War.

The Romance and Reality of the Surrender of Sumter.

Anderson's Embarrassing Position—Nature of His Defence.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Daylight is breaking over Charleston.

It is the morning of the 12th of April, 1861—the most momentous morning in the history of America.

Fifteen thousand citizens of Charleston have crowded down to the esplanade, and every man has his face turned towards the sea. To the right, as they look down the harbor, is Morris island; to the left Sullivan's, and midway between is Fort Sumter, grim and silent and not even showing its flag.

The great crowd trembles with excitement and speaks in whispers. A bloody civil war is about to open. The young men are ready to hurrah over the prospect, but the older ones look grave, as they realize what war means.

Now the gray mist creeps up from the waters of the harbor and floats away, and the eastern horizon becomes tinged with red. You can see more plainly now; at the head of Sullivan's island is the floating iron battery, and it is to fire the first gun. Its echoes will awaken the huge iron monsters asleep in Forts Moultrie and Johnson—at Cummings' Point—at Point Pleasant, and other localities. There is a flag over each Confederate fort and battery, and with a good glass you can see men on the ramparts.

From December to April the Confederates have been busy trying to get possession of the grim and silent fort rising out of the waters of the harbor. All demands for surrender have been refused, and the only other way is now to be tried. Day by day batteries and forts have been erected, almost

Within Rifle-shot of Sumter's Walls,

and Major Anderson has been powerless. His orders are to hold the fort, and he has no authority to fire a gun until it becomes an act of self-defence. He has seen the forts rise—the great guns landed and mounted—the volunteers march in—the ammunition brought down from Charleston, and yet Federal policy kept his guns silent.

Silence now! In the floating battery is an old, gray-haired man—Edmund Ruffin. He has sought the privilege of firing the first gun of the war. The lanyard he holds in his hand is the rope which will ring the bell of destiny. When that bell strikes a mighty Republic will fall in fragments, and it will take the blood of a hundred battles to cement it.

"Boom!"

The bell has struck. At the word the old man has pulled the lanyard, and a solid shot whirrs across the water and strikes the brick wall of Fort Sumter with a heavy thud. For a long minute no one speaks. The echoes of that gun are fraught with mighty issues—the whirr of that shot means death to a quarter of a million soldiers. As the thunder rolls up and down the harbor and dies away 20,000 people cheer. The war has begun. There can be no backward step now. Old and young cheer and shout and shake hands and feel a glad relief. The Confederates had been all ready for a week. Every one of the fifty guns and mortars in position had been trained with mathematical precision to reach certain points with their fire. The order was to fire from left to right, beginning with the floating battery, and

The Gun Which Edmund Ruffin Fired

was soon answered by the next, and the fire swept clear around the circle until it came back to the same gun. The projectiles used were solid shot, shell and bombs, and every gun had the fort within easy range. At the time the first gun was fired a reporter of the Charleston Mercury—now on the staff of the News—was standing directly behind Mr. Ruffin, and to him I am indebted for many particulars of that attack never before published. He was one of the first in the fort after the surrender, and what he saw and made a note of can be depended on even when it clashes with the traditions of the historian. Taking up the firing in the order named, each gun was soon busy at work, and the tremendous cannonade shook Charleston from centre to circumference. One standing on the esplanade, three miles away, felt the ground tremble under his feet as if an earthquake was struggling to reach the surface. There was no excitement among the Confederates after the first five minutes. The guns were loaded and fired with coolness and regularity, and officers sought positions from which they could note with their glasses the work of every shot.

Major Anderson was not only expecting the attack, but was ready for it. With the echoes of the first gun all the men turned out, and the morning roll was called and the flag run up, with the iron balls pounding away on the walls, each one jarring the masonry for several yards around and sending up a cloud of dust. It was just after roll call that

A Gun Fired from Sullivan's Island

dismounted one of the monsters en barbette on the fort. The ball which struck and dismounted the gun broke in three pieces, two of which fell inside the fort. Anderson knew that it would be an all-day fight, and his first move was to send his men to breakfast. There was no particular excitement within the walls, as each one had been looking for the climax. It was during the morning meal, over an hour after the first gun was fired, that the first bomb-shell fell inside the walls. Others had fallen short or passed over, but the exact range had finally been obtained. After breakfast the handful of men were divided into reliefs, and the first went to the guns and opened fire in reply. As soon as the fort answered, the Confederate guns were ordered to fire one-third faster, and the result was that within an hour not one of the barbette or upper tier of guns in the fort could be used. One was struck in the muzzle and split down for four feet, and three or four were upset and hurled a dozen feet. Those left intact could not be worked on account of the enemy's fire. When a shell struck the wall anywhere within thirty feet of a gun a shower of mortar and pieces of brick were hurled clear over the fort, and solid shot were continuously passing over and around the guns. The dismounting of the guns was plainly noted by 100 men with glasses, and the announcement called forth cheers all around the circle. Anderson could not have had the faintest hopes of saving Sumter, and he seems to have fought more to gain time or in the way of duty than to silence any of the guns opposed.

His Firing for the First Two Hours was Very Wild,

and even in the afternoon not one shot hit where four missed. With the ordnance of 1864 he might have damaged Moultrie and the floating battery, but he could not have silenced them nor inflicted any great loss of life. So little were his cannon balls feared that hundreds of Confederates stood outside the works to get a better view of the fight. With so few men in the fort only a few guns could be worked, and those but slowly. Before noon the Confederates began using hot shot, and the third one which entered the fort set a building on fire. This emergency had been provided for, and the flames were quickly extinguished, but to be kindled again and again during the day by the same means. After the men had orders to desert the upper tier of guns and serve the next they were well protected, and fired with more regularity. When Fort Sumter was ready for occupancy it was pronounced by engineers and artillerists to be impregnable. From twenty to thirty feet of brick, stone, sand and earth stood between the balls of an enemy and the defenders within. Within an hour after the first gun was fired the fort was not only being knocked to pieces by old-fashioned ordnance, but was menaced by a danger never dreamed of by its builders—that of the mortar firing. While subsequent events proved that the stronghold could not be battered so badly but that it could be defended, it was a dozen times shown that bombs could be dropped into it from the sea as well as the land. As night fell,

Anderson Called His Men from the Guns,

and preparations were made for what was likely to occur during the long night. The last gun fired from Sumter that day was at the floating battery. The ball struck the water a hundred feet short, jumping over the battery, and missing a small boat by only two or three feet, sank out of sight. Some believed that because the fort had ceased firing it had surrendered, and there was intense interest to learn the truth. No one could set off in a boat and approach the fort on account of the Confederate fire, which did not slacken in the least as the target was lost sight of in the gloom of night. When a shell struck the walls and exploded a bright flash dispelled the darkness for an instant, and twice before midnight the bombs and hot shot renewed the conflagration inside. From the first gun in the morning until 7 o'clock in the evening, Fort Sumter had been struck over 1200 times. Every barbette gun was dismounted, almost every foot of the walls scarred and pounded, and there were several spots where the walls were dug out to a distance of ten feet. At least once every five minutes during the day a bomb fell into the inclosure, and it seemed a miracle that half the garrison had not been wiped out. When day broke again 20,000 pairs of eyes were strained to catch a sight of the fort. The flag was rippling in the morning breeze. Twenty-four hours of the most terrific pounding had failed to bring down the stars and stripes, or weaken the brave hearts of the defenders. The men went to breakfast, as before, were again tolled off into reliefs, and as day broke in all its glory

The Guns Began Bellowing Defiance.

Long before noon hot shot rekindled the fires, and at noon the barracks were burning fiercely. From this hour the guns were fired only at long intervals, every man in the fort being wanted elsewhere. Much of the powder was thrown out of the embrasures into the sea, followed by all the loaded shells which could be got at, but the explosions in the shell-room were plainly heard in Charleston. The flames from the burning barracks could be seen from Moultrie and other elevated points, and the Confederate fire was redoubled to push the garrison to desperation.

Utterly unmindful of the fight without, the garrison battled against the danger within. At one time during the afternoon the shell-room was on fire, the barracks burning, the main gate ablaze, and every wooden building inside the fort walls ready to go. Every four or five minutes a great bomb dropped from the sky and exploded with terrific violence, and it seemed wonderful that the garrison did not give up in despair. The remainder of the powder was wet down or thrown out, and then the men could only stand by and let the flames have full sweep.

"Have they surrendered?" was the query in the Confederate forts and batteries as the clouds of smoke hid the flag, but now and then the query was answered as the wind rolled the stifling curtain aside and the old flag was seen streaming out to the breeze.

Anderson Would Have Held Fort Sumter

another night at least had it rested with him to raise the white flag. But the flag came from the Confederates, borne by Wigfall. That the Senator was acting solely on his own account, and that he had not even conferred with Beauregard, was shown by the fact that he rowed to the fort under the fire of his friends, and that several balls fell around him as he waited at an embrasure for admittance. He had come to propose a surrender, and Anderson was ready to come to terms. Federal history finds the major in full uniform, clanking sword and stern dignity. He was begrimed with smoke, covered with cinders and received Wigfall with courtesy. The terms agreed upon had to be sanctioned by Beauregard, and they were far better terms than were ever subsequently accorded on either side.

It is not disputed that Anderson made a brave defence—for the opening of the war. Two years after he would have been cashiered for surrendering under like circumstances. In after days, when that island was no more than a brick-pile, men defended it against such bombardments as the world had never seen—defended it against attacks by small boats—held it in spite of not twenty-four hours' cannonade, but long weeks of bombardment. Anderson knew that the storm was coming, and he had ample time to purchase provisions for a siege of a week at least. He had time to tear down the barracks and make other preparations. Some commanders would have assumed the authority to act, even though the Washington government was handling the question with gloves. As to provisions, Headly says

The Men Ate Their Last Cracker

before the surrender. Tradition has it thus, and the truth will be an unpleasant revelation. Later on in the war 100 men would have lived for two weeks on the provisions left after the surrender, and no man would have been on half rations. While the fire was hot and long continued not a man was killed by it. While the fort was badly knocked about it did not receive one-half the damage inflicted by a Federal fleet in six hours one day in 1863. While Anderson received the fire of old-fashioned ordnance, the fort under a Confederate commander received such a pounding from new and enormous projectiles that the bursting of a shell against the walls made the whole island tremble. Major Anderson's position was an embarrassing one in every sense, and his surrender was probably considered the only alternative. Had he maintained the fight he could not have been bombarded out in a fortnight, but at the same time he could have inflicted no injury on the Confederates, and there was not a vessel in the Federal navy at that time which could have run the gauntlet and brought him succor.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

He Loved Her, and Would Fight for Her, but Work—Ah, No!

[Exchange.]

The autumn sun was slowly sinking in the West like a great ball of fire, lighting the heavens with a lurid glow, gilding the church spires with its golden light, and reflecting upon great masses of moving clouds, tinging them with myriad hues. The shrieking whistles and clanging bells told the hour of 6, and the great factories opening their ponderous doors released thousands of busy toilers, who, wending their way homeward, pass in a seemingly endless procession the palatial residence of Dennis Mulcahey, the millionaire milkman, from the casement of which over the stable door gazed forth a young girl, just budding into womanhood. She was very fair to look upon, this maiden with her complexion of dropped chalk, her hair of 1-o'clock-in-the-morning darkness, artistically bandolined in gushing montagues upon her temples, setting forth in bold relief the Parisian diamonds in her ears. By her side sat a yaller dog, whose feet presented that peculiar elongation consequent upon faithful attendance at the hind axle of a milk wagon. One hand of the maiden toyed gently with the one remaining fragment of an ear possessed by this faithful companion of her æsthetic life, while the other gently stroked her chin with a chamois powder-rag, pausing occasionally to give vent to a gentle sigh as some familiar form came into view, or taking a hasty glance at a hand mirror to make sure her frizzes were still in curl.

"Why comes he not?" sighed Gertrude Isabella Mulcahey. "Must I sit forever like Evangeline gazing upon these waves of humanity that bring not my love to me?

Shall No Dearer Chain Than This Rolled Plate,

ninety-nine cent store souvenir, bind us together? But see, he comes," and gulping down her emotion with a huge flap—like unto Barnum's rhinoceros catching flies, she relapsed into a state of seeming indifference that gave as little token as a Louisiana alligator basking in the sun, while the youth approaches the dairy door.

Gilbert Harold McNamara was, indeed, a noble youth. His "What-der-yoe-say" expression carried conviction to the minds of his rivals that it would be dangerous to tread on the lace of his girl's dress while dancing the racquet. The sample hairs of a long wished-for mustache languished in exquisite grace and scarcity upon the upper lip, which caressingly gripped a two-for-five cent cigar that pointed to the heavens like a street astronomer's telescope. Observing the object of his love at the window his nimble feet disdained to walk, and with a three-step run he swung himself on the door stoop with a style that would make a railroad brakeman die of envy.

"Why are you here?" said the maiden in tones of refrigerator quality that plainly told she too had aspired to play Juliet to Gilbert's Romeo.

"I came, my loved one, to plead my cause, to paint you pictures of future joy and bliss, to say oh, dearest, that my heart beats for you with the steady thump of an oil-well pump. I have loved thee, Gertrude, with all the fervor and chivalry of a medieval knight, and fain would I champion thee with armed knights in the arena."

"Wouldst thou battle for me there? Wouldst thou stand up before Sullivan like another Tug Wilson?

Wouldst Thou be a Creedmoor Target for My Sake?

"Aye, all this and more too would I do for thee."

"Wouldst thou take me for boat-rides on the lakes, dress me in surah satin and valenciennes lace, and take me to military balls and moonlight picnics?"

"Aye, even these, my loved one."

"Tell me, Gilbert," and the voice of the maiden sunk to a faint whisper, "wouldst thou labor for me, and win by thy industry my sustenance?"

A dark cloud suffused the face of the young man. The blood of the labor-disdaining hoodlum rose in mad frenzy, and, casting her from him, he strode wrathfully away. For a moment the girl stood amazed, stunned at the awful desolation she had wrought. Then calmly dividing her chewing gum with her little brother, she sent him around the corner after another fellow.

An Essay on the Vest.

[New York Graphic.]

The vest is a useless article of apparel worn by man. It is an incumbrance handed down from past generations and perpetuated only through pure stupidity. In old times it was termed a "waistcoat." It was then a veritable coat, intended for the protection of the body. The regular coat over it protected only the back and arms, being cut entirely away from the breast. The vest of today is a rudimentary garment. It is simply a vestige of a former fashion. In summer it would be gladly dispensed with did people dare to do so. It adds another thickness for the retention of animal heat. In winter an additional thickness of coat would serve the purpose of the vest. The vest as to use is simply a needless coat without arms. It is principally useful to tailors, enabling them to charge for an additional needless piece of cloth. Vests always survive other garments. A man will wear out three coats and four pairs of trousers to one vest. Such is the force of custom that no man would dare buy a suit of clothes without the vest, though cut and worn in such a manner that the vest is invisible perpetually. As for vest pockets, they are a nuisance. They become sink holes for old matches and notes thrust in a hurry, which one's wife finds, because she knows where to look for them. When robbers rob a man they show their contempt for the vest by not taking it. They will deprive a man of his trousers and his coat. They leave the vest. Of what use is a man clad only in a vest? The vest is only a cause and almost an excuse for a poor-fitting garment. Any man looks better in a buttoned-up coat a la militaire. But the vest perpetuates the frock, double-breasted coat (though why called double-breasted none can clearly tell), and the fit of such a coat never lasts over two months, since it depends almost entirely on the tailor's stiffening and smoothing-iron. These are stern facts. A bas the vest! Let us form a society for the abolition of the vest. The vest is useless even in charity. Who would give a beggar a vest? It would be mockery.

A Burning Lake.

There is in Russia a fountain of naphtha which has formed a lake four miles long by over a mile wide and two feet deep. This sheet of inflammable oil recently took fire, including the central fount, and the effect was most imposing. The quantity of naphtha on fire was estimated at 4,500,000 cubic feet, and it was feared that the flames would explode the subterranean sources. Even the earth saturated with oil was on fire, but no explosion occurred. The heat was intolerable except at a distance of 1000 yards from the edge of the fire, and the trees and buildings within three miles of it were coated with a thick layer of soot.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

Feminine Comment on Various Methods of Proposal.

Some Unique Ideas on Courtship—Anxiety or Assurance?

Testimony from Those Who Have "Been Through the Mill."

Matrimony is a nut
For every man's digestion;
When the shell is fairly cracked,
Pop! goes the question.

Pretty girls will sigh and blush,
Simper all they can, sir,
Till from out their pouting lips
Pop! goes the answer.

Cupid fans the holy flame—
Rankest kind of arson;
When the blaze has reached its height,
Pop! goes the parson.

The first love kiss on record established a precedent for the passive participant which neither fashions nor peoples have attempted to alter, because it is good. Rachel submitted in beautiful, indescribable silence, and has since occupied that place in the anatomy of history which corresponds to the blush of a maiden's cheek. Jacob by this osculation absorbed the cream of her emotions, which a moment later acted on his nature independent of indigenous promptings, and "he lifted up his voice and wept." Neither sacred nor profane writers have done his seemingly unnatural conduct succeeding the kiss the justice here tardily rendered him, and, in consequence, all subsequent wooers have been blamed for acting in such cases from whim or caprice instead of from fixed principles. Lovers who are also philosophers know that within the limits of good breeding there is no plan or principle they can hope to develop in the act of proposal which either her lip, eye, hand or gesture will not metamorphose into something delicious from its very unexpectedness. Ladies of discernment who experiment thus judiciously up to the hour of declaration can practically have a proposal to suit their individual tastes. With this fact in mind, a St. Louis reporter, who has been sensibly impressed by the fact that the census of a rival city is ridiculously in excess of that shown by St. Louis statistics, has patriotically endeavored to remove obstructions from the path of courtship by learning what the belles and other visible and invisible young women and widows of this city consider most desirable or convincing in the matter of proposals.

One Whose Offers Equal Her Years

in number attributed her triumphs to a careful cultivation of the premonitory symptons in her admirers. "I do not commit myself," she explains, "but I lawfully put them in the notion of saying tender nothings, which you know are the stepping-stones to proposals. For instance, a timid admirer is made to understand, by word or look, according to the progress he has made in my good graces, that I am glad to see him. If another caller should follow, I do not arouse No. 1's suspicions by treating him the same way, but give No. 2 my hand, and of course he feels what I intend him to—that No. 1 is a nuisance. It is rare that I have to manage three at once who have developed into the acute condition that would be spoiled by lack of tact on my part. If a third comes in later I am studiously indifferent until by a low aside I can gently find fault with him for not calling oftener or sooner. Whenever I observe that a proposal is impending I ward it off until I get into my favorite chair, that blue satin one with the very low back, which you see by the window. High-backed or side-arm chairs are often fatal to declarations of the tender passion, and attitude is an important matter. I manage to have a book or sketch of some sort in my hand. This brings him very close to me to see what I am pointing out. His left arm then has no alternative but to get out of the way, you understand, and if he has skill my right hand will be appropriated before he declares himself, so that I can't pretend any longer to doubt that he is in earnest. Then, of course, there is nothing for me to do but to become as graciously cool as I can under the circumstances. The only disagreeable thing for me is, that, having aroused and fed his emotion I feel such an interest in seeing a satisfactory conclusion that

The Brief Second I Enjoy the Climax

is far too short for my reward, and I dislike rapid transitions of feeling. Once while occupying a crimson rocking chair I was surprised by a gentleman whom I had thought but slightly interested in me dropping on his knees in a frenzied declaration. I think that lovers are unconsciously influenced by colors and that a woman should affect subdued or brilliant shades as he may be respectively impetuous or cautious, so as to preserve a harmonious balance."

A debutante says she doesn't like to be courted by sepulchres—old beaux with growing bald spots and ill-assorted teeth. They are always ready to criticise women for repairing deficiencies of figure or complexion; yet actually they do more making up in the end, and then expect the girls to be devoted to them. She likes live young men whose circulation is good and who are earnest lovers. So far she has not received an offer of marriage, but thinks she would enjoy that most where the lover in a romance comes up behind her as she stands in a conservatory or bay window and takes her in his arms as he whispers the words she has been hoping to hear. Then she would hide her face on his shoulder and experience the heroine's all-overish feeling that, one of the old girls insists, gives a woman a weak back, and isn't a good thing to practice.

The Laclede contains a pretty little widow, who declares that a man of sense rarely uses the word "adore" in courtship. Those who do generally adore no one but themselves. She recently received a written proposal from a strange gentleman whom she had noticed several times in the elevator, and she explains: "I didn't like it and refused to have an introduction afterwards. If he would only stop to think about it, he might understand how I feel. I don't believe in

Marriage Without Regard

on both sides, and if he had but managed to make my acquaintance discreetly by degrees, working up into that tumultuously delightful period of awakening interest which we call love, I might have given another answer. My first husband won me by sending a box of confections in which was hid a diamond ring with our initials cut inside an engraved link on the reverse side of the shaft. When he came that night I wore it on the proper finger, and though no words were exchanged on the subject we grew into the habit of discussing our wedding day, so that the end seemed perfectly natural. I like modesty in a man. The more he looks and the less he says in courtship the surer he may be of winning, and you know there's no time like a slow promenade in the moonlight to encourage sentiment."

One of the society girls, whose engagement has been announced, denies that the man said to be interested has ever proposed. Indeed, she doesn't know anything about it. "The pleasure of getting a love letter," she adds, "is only excelled, I fancy, by the act of answering it. But that hasn't been the way I have been approached by admirers. They seem to think that personal attentions are more impressive and safer. One of my friends received a written proposal, and the postscript said that if she refused his offer to please return him the letter. He had even inclosed two three-cent stamps, which made her so angry that she not only sent back the letter but the stamps, too. About three months afterwards one of the other girls in our set had a copy of that letter from him and brought it to show us. Of course she refused. He is one of those self-conceited creatures whose highest aim, next to getting a wife with money, is to cultivate a moustache and goatee."

Others Agree that Sighs Touch Their Sympathies

far sooner than cool assurance. One says her lover is certainly about to declare himself, for after returning with her from any entertainment or amusements he insists upon a farewell hand clasp at the door. If her glove is off he raises her hand to his lips in voiceless tenderness and vanishes without a word of good night. She expects to be wearing a solitaire ring not later than the Veiled Prophets' ball if she is any judge of courting, or understands when to keep her glove off.

Another regards hurried proposals while driving, riding or dancing as extremely vulgar, and nothing more than an outgrowth of the early practice of capturing women by force without considering it necessary to first consult their preference as to a husband. There should be an elegant repose about such a scene, which would allow of a deferential devotion on his part and a sweet embarrassment in her conduct that they could always remember with satisfaction, whether subsequently married or not. She thought the most delightful proposal would be something like the minuet dance, where the eyes look whole volumes of illuminated designs and the hands touch with what seems electrical affinity to the looker-on.

A spinster said that it was pure nonsense talking to women about such matters: that at the most she who marries these days must wed a pair of wine-stained pantaloons, an assortment of buttonless shirts, a gross of lily water, a chest of bottles labeled in Sanscrit, a broken constitution, with a brain which considers no woman virtuous and nothing good enough for his majesty.

One of the Most Curious Cases of Courtship

recorded happened about the close of the seventeenth century. The daughter of a Berkshire baronet, who disdained the numerous lovers who attempted to win her affections, finally fell in love with a poor attorney, when she met him for the first time, at a wedding in Reading. She sent him a challenge, alleging that he must give satisfaction for injuries received at his hands. She appeared masked and gave him the choice of either fighting or marrying her. His second, who also was unaware of the woman's identity or the cause of her strange conduct, advised his principal to marry her. After the ceremony, during which she still wore the mask, they drove to her rich home, and after withdrawing a few moments she returned and at once captivated her husband by her beauty and tasteful dress. This man, Benjamin Child, was afterward made high sheriff of the town. Popping the question at table has made the name of modest little Mr. Parr to fill a niche in the histories of sentiment. He loved Miss Annie Marr, but had not courage to declare himself. One day, as he was dining in her company, a Parmesan cheese sat just before his plate. She was opposite on the other side with a dish of marmalade in front of her plate. Suddenly Cupid inspired him. He fastened his eyes meaningly on her face and said: "Will you have a little Parr, Miss Anne?" at the same time handing her the cheese. She comprehended his meaning, and replied saucily: "Yes, if you are for Marr, my lad," holding toward him meanwhile the dish of marmalade. They were married soon after, and at all recurring anniversaries a Paremsan cheese graced the feast.

"The History of Women,"

an English work published in 1779, details various methods of courtship then practised in some of the European colonies of America. It has this curious statement, which beaux and belles will find it difficult to believe:

"When two Pennsylvania lovers meet with any remarkable opposition from their friends they go off together on horseback, the lady riding before and the gentleman behind her. In this situation they present themselves before a magistrate, to whom she declares that she has run away with her lover and has brought him there to be married. So solemn an avowal the magistrate is not at liberty to reject, and they are married accordingly."

THE ART OF WHISTLING.

Its Use and Abuse—Peculiarities of Experts in All Grades.

Blessings on thee, little man—
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan,
With thy turned-up pantaloons
And thy merry-whistled tunes.
—[Whittier.

O whistler! if thou hast no faculty for performing on musical instruments, from the fiddle to the tom-tom, and if nature, whilst giving thee a sensitive membrana tympani, has withheld from thee the gift of song, thou mayst rejoice and be glad that a whistle in thine inheritance, wherewith to treat the ear in solitude to fragments of melody and rare snatches of song, writes Harold Van Santvoord in "Outing." It is the whistle, the crucial test of melody, the perfect organ, with no affinity for the labyrinthian windings and classic tournour of the symphony, the chaos of philharmonic recitals, the music of the future (that vast cataclysm of noise) that sketches our musical ideas in clear and vivid outlines, and sets forth melody undefiled. It is the whistle that popularizes current ballads, strips them of their framework, as an anatomist lays bare the bones and sinews of the human system, and fills the air with an epitome of the reigning opera and skeletons of the latest songs.

How merrily it blends with the voice of the lark in the first flush of the morning, when old bachelors with blue noses, who have no aptitude for early rising, are musing in bed; and how the birds take it up and fashion it into matins with roulades and trills! How instinctively we fall into the refrain as we leave our couch and bustle about for mug and razor; and what man, to whom music is a strange language, can withstand the infection of whistling, an influence as strange and resistless as the motion that entices his thoughts into rythm, the clanking and clatter that makes the most matter-of-fact man a poet in a railroad car! Find the man who does not whistle, whose lips refuse to pipe the blithe street minstrelsy, and point out to him the swill-boy (a face familiar to local pedestrians), whose

Sunny Smile, Bright Eye and Cheery Whistle,

as he trundles along his swill-cart, convince the sour hypochondriac that the world is not so bleak and drear as it appears through the begrimed spectacles of his philosophy. Stop that censorious-looking fellow over there, at cross purposes with his own nature and bid him relax the stern expression of his face and whistle away his vapors: pitch the key for him; let it be a quickstep, and a lively one, too. Let us whistle at work or play, and take our cue from the feathered songsters. When on the street, it times our paces until we jog into the military step, as though inspired by the wry-necked fife. Would life be worth living were it not for whistling—were we not at liberty to vent our spirits as well as our spleen?

Men with the whistling propensity are numerically in excess of ascetic people who never whistle. Among whistlers is the single-speech Hamilton, who pipes but one melody. We know another class of whistlers who have little sense of time and tune. They do not affect more than one canticle, and, like the music-blind poet and essayist who practised "God Save the Queen" all his life, they "fail to arrive within many quavers of it." The comic aspect of men who pucker up their mouths and can't whistle would move one to pity did not their grimaces put one in mind of a Hogarthian caricature.

But a word to the bore—the whistler who is always whistling and has a command of all the keys; who no sooner finishes one tune than he starts up another, and screwing his mouth into a key-hole trills out the "Mocking Bird" and "Shower of Pearls" in shrill and piercing tones. He vies with the wind, the screaming locomotive, the ear-splitting tootings of the fife. He soars like the sky-lark, imitates the boatswain, and mocks the liquid notes of whistling birds. Obviously, there is

The Use and Abuse of the Whistle;

and if the whistler be in a merry humor, and nature in a minor mood, his whistle sounds like a musical instrument in an orchestra played out of tune. So strong is this ruling passion for whistling, that an old man whose soul had taken its flight, was aroused from his deep sleep by the remnants of a frozen melody that lingered within him, whistling it through his shrunken lips as he lay in the calm embrace of death.

If whistling were taught and made a study, and the child were given instruction in the cradle, as Pliny the elder received his first lesson in oratory, there is no telling how proficient he would become when he arrived at the estate of man. The whistler might develop into a silver-toned flute and become a valuable auxiliary of the much-abused piano, or fill a chink in an orchestra—even in the present state of musical culture, music-loving people would scarcely regret the fact were it substituted for the shrill-toned piccolo, which fails of its avowed purpose, the imitation of birds. As it was customary in feudal times to retain a jester, the modern baron, who has no taste for gibes and gambols, might give employment to the whistler, and as a natural consequence, whistling contests would come into vogue. But there is not a decided taste among autocrats for whistling. Whilst many are known to wet their whistles on suitable occasions, they show a disclination to put it to a musical test, except when threading the woods as solitary foot passengers, or turning their thoughts in sequestered places and lonesome paths.

By and By.

There is music enough in these three little words for the burden of a song. They are full of hope—hope for the future—hope felt by many a human heart—hope bright and glowing in anticipation of the joys of happy days.

"By and by." Familiar words! We heard them long ago, when but a child ourself, as to a baby-brother just commencing brief journeys from chair to chair, mother said, "By and by." "By and by" lisps the little boy as he looks forward to the time of exchanging his frocks and pantalets for trousers and jacket. "By and by" thinks the youth, as the last term of his school days is ending. "By and by" ponders the young man while at his trade or in his clerkship. "By and by" again is heard as his plans of life are forming. And "by and by" whispers the maiden. "By and by" and the locks are silvered o'er.

Sometimes these words sound like a song, sometimes like a sigh or a sob; but "by and by" has more sweetness than sorrow. The burden of its theme is anticipation; and though thrice and oft the reality eludes the grasp, fresh hopes succeed, and phantom-like and flitting they lure onward. Many times have these little words beguiled us, and still the memory of that silvery "by and by," like the sunrise of Ossian, is pleasant but mournful to the soul.

A Hunting Horse Drops Into a Well.

[London Times.]

Last week, while the West Kent fox hounds were out cub hunting on the estate of Mr. George Wood, at West Court, Southfleet, a singular accident took place. T. Dawson, the huntsman, was leading the hounds, when his horse suddenly disappeared from under him, dropping into a draw well twenty-five feet deep. The rider fortunately saved himself by clinging to the boughs of a tree. Two fox hounds and a fox terrier went with the horse below, and it was naturally anticipated that the animals would be killed. The assistance of a number of laborers was secured and a man was lowered into the well by means of ropes. He soon attached lifting gear to the unfortunate horse, which was then hauled to the surface by mere physical strength on the part of the laborers, without guys or mechanical appliances, the animal materially assisting in his own extrication by pawing at the sides with his feet as he was being lifted. On reaching the surface it was found that the horse had sustained no injury. The fox hounds were also recovered uninjured, but the fox terrier sustained a broken leg and had to be destroyed.

A Conflict Between Religion and Æstheticism.

Ira Campbell is a deacon in the Methodist Episcopal Church at North Volney, N. Y., where the young people are in the habit of wearing sunflowers. On a recent night he expelled from prayer meeting two boys who came in wearing the tawny flowers as boutonnieres, and gave notice that thereafter no one would be admitted to the church wearing those badges of æstheticism. On a Sunday he publicly reprimanded young Mr. Bartlett, who wore a sunflower into the church. The following Sunday Bartlett again wore one of the leonine blossoms. Parson Brown, who joins Deacon Campbell in his crusade against this form of wickedness, drove Mr. Bartlett out of the church. There is great excitement and diversity of opinion in the community as to whether the sunflower is really a sinful plant.

The Bride of a Day.

Under the head of "married" appeared in the advertising columns of the Philadelphia papers last Saturday morning the notice of the wedding of William H. Cope and Mary O'Neill. In the same column, under the head of "deaths," appeared Mr. Cope's name. Two weeks ago he contracted a severe cold, but immediately sought a physician, and was to all appearances rapidly improving until the day set for the wedding, when he complained of feeling badly. The ceremony went on, however, and in the evening he was taken ill with pneumonia. He lingered until Wednesday morning, when death ensued.

DOG STORIES,

By an Enthusiastic Student of the Species,

Illustrating Their Almost Human Reasoning Faculty.

One Who Believes They Think and Understand What is Said.

An old gray-haired gentleman, who is an enthusiast on the dog question, and is a firm believer that dogs, as well as human animals, have the power of thinking, can understand what is said to them, and know right from wrong, relates the following anecdotes in support of his belief or theory. His statements, for the truth of which he vouches, are given in his own words:

"Of course every one has heard or read of the wonderful feats performed by dogs, and many have witnessed the almost impossible performances of trained canines in theatres and circuses, but these are educated dogs; those, however, that I shall speak of are simply intelligent dogs, and were never trained to perform tricks, run errands or anything of the kind. When I lived in Knoxville, Knox county, Ill., I had a small and very handsome thoroughbred pointer named Nellie. I lived at the edge of the town and Nellie usually accompanied me while going to the office up town. She was very timid and when any dog happened along she would drop her tail and skirt a long distance out around to avoid the strange dog, and her eyes exhibited unmistakable evidence of great fear or timidity. One afternoon my two older boys, one five and the other four years old, begged their mother to let them go up town, a distance of nearly half a mile, to see me and return in the evening with me. Their mother objected for the reason that there was no one to go with them. The older one said Nellie would go with them. The children were washed and dressed and the dog called. My wife

Told the Dog What Was Wanted of Her

and the three started. Nellie at once took her position between the children with her head and tail up, looking as brave as a lion. Several dogs were met on the way, but Nellie showed her teeth and kept them at a distance from the youngsters. Quite a number of my acquaintances stopped to speak to the children and the dog, but Nellie would not let them even touch the boys. The dog's peculiar actions were noticed and talked of by a number of my friends, who told me of it: Nellie evidently knew the great responsibility that had been placed upon her and was equal to the emergency. On the way home, however, I was with the party and then Nellie was just as timid as usual. I subsequently had photographs taken of the children when under the care of the dog and distributed them among friends. I was very fond of prairie chicken shooting, and as I only had a couple of miles to reach the hunting ground I frequently went. One morning, just as day was breaking, I dressed myself hurriedly, took my gun, game-bag and other equipments, and lunch prepared the night before, all of which I had placed on the table in readiness. After reaching the stubblefield, with a grassy slough running through it, I sat down by a hedge and ate my lunch, which I divided with my dog, took a plentiful swig of good whiskey, and was about to begin the morning's sport, but thought I would take a chew of fine-cut first. On feeling for my tobacco pouch I discovered that it was missing—I had left it lying on the table at home. What to do I did not know, as

Tobacco Was One of the Necessaries of Life

to me, and it would be useless to undertake to shoot without it. While I was feeling in every pocket for my pouch Nellie stood gazing at me very intently, and, as I thought, with a peculiar expression in her eyes, as if she understood the situation. I didn't want to foot it back home, and I couldn't get along without the tobacco. I concluded to try an experiment with Nellie, although I had never trained her to fetch or carry or run errands. I sat down, took out a slip of paper and pencil and wrote a note to my wife, telling her that if Nellie arrived home to tie my rubber tobacco pouch to her collar and send her back with it. All the time I was writing the dog was prancing up and down before me, her eyes sparkling with joy and intelligence. I then tied the note to the dog's collar, and talked to her just as I would have done to a boy. She listened with great deference and a look of profound wisdom, just as if she knew every word I uttered. I then told her to go and hurry back. I had no idea, however, of success, but when I told her to go she started off in the direction of home at her fleetest speed and was soon out of sight. I did not wait a great while till I heard a joyous bark in the distance, and then saw her coming at a lively gait and soon had the pouch in my pocket. My wife told me afterward that she was greatly frightened when the dog arrived home without me; thought perhaps I had accidentally shot myself, or or something terrible had happened. She told me she heard a knock at the front door. By the way, Nellie had a trick of raising herself on her hind feet, resting one fore paw on the door and knocking with the other, the

Same as a Human Being Would Knock,

when she wanted to get in the house. Well, my wife opened the door and in sprang the dog, seized the fore leg of a chair, dragged it to the table, got up on it and then on the table, and had the pouch in her mouth before my wife could get a chance to untie the note I had sent. The dog seemed to be in great hurry to get out, and knocked repeatedly to have the door opened. After reading the note my wife with great difficulty got the pouch out of Nellie's mouth, tied it to the collar and opened the door. The dog sprang out, ran swiftly over the grass plat, and, with a tremendous bound, cleared the front fence and was soon out of sight. As I said before, Nellie had never been trained, and it is perfectly clear to my mind that she had superior intelligence and even reasoning powers. In Aurora, Ill., I owned a fine setter named Dash, or rather three of us owned him. When Dash was a half-starved pup of about six months he had a habit of poking around in back yards and porches among slop pails to find something to eat. On one of these forays an ancient German woman, whose slop bucket had been upset two or three times on the clean porch, heard the dog and getting a large pan full of boiling water threw it all over one side and haunch, scalding him so that the hair come off. It was just after this that I became acquainted with Dash. Two friends and myself used frequently to go out hunting together, and I had expressed a wish to have a dog of my own. Walker, one of my two friends, told me about the scalded puppy and said I could buy him cheap, and together we visited the owner; his price was $5. Walker said if I would buy the dog

He Would Nurse and Doctor Him

and he believed he would get well. I paid for him, and Walker carried him in his arms down to the shoe shop where he worked. Robinson, the proprietor, laughed at us for our speculation, and said he didn't want any scalded and half-dead pups about his shop, but finally consented to let him remain for a one-third interest in him. Walker was to have a third interest for his medical services. This was early in the spring, and by the time prairie chickens were ripe in the fall, the dog was sound and hearty and under Walker's training, Robinson and myself being along, he got to be the best hunter in the town. Dash would sometimes follow a man with a gun on his shoulder but when he got to the shooting ground he would hunt to suit himself, and no threats or entreaties would make him do differently. He would hunt splendidly for either one of his three owners and obey promptly. Sometimes we would lend him to a friend. On these occasions either one of us would call the dog up and introduce Dash to the friend and instruct him to go along and do his duty well, and Dash would do so; but if the man happened to miss the first two or three birds, Dash would become disgusted, and at the first opportunity would slink off out of sight and make a break for home, on reaching which he would hunt one of us up, and with his tail between his legs, a sorrowful expression on his countenance and a drooping head stand as if expecting punishment, but a slight twist of one of his ears was about the worst punishment he ever got, after which he would

Jump and Frisk About as Lively as a Kitten.

In Aurora there was an engineer of the C. B. & Q. road who had twin daughters about 13 years of age, and as the father was out on the road a large portion of the time and the mother an invalid, Joe, the engineer, concluded the girls ought to have a protector, therefore he bought two beautiful black Newfoundland puppies, also twins, and gave one to each of the girls to raise. The girls and the puppies all thrived, and after the latter got to be five or six months' old, whenever the girls went down town, the dogs always accompanied them, each dog walking beside his mistress with as much dignity as a gallant, never quitting their sides to indulge in a romp with any other dogs or persons. Acquaintances could stop and talk with the girls, but the canine guardians never permitted any familiarities, not even to taking the arm of a gentleman. Sometimes, just for the fun of the thing, the girls would take the arms of gentlemen, upon seeing which the dogs would crowd in between their mistresses and their escorts in such a manner as to prevent walking, and sometimes they would get so tangled up with the legs of the gentlemen as to throw them down. It was a very unsafe thing for a strange gentleman to stop or even speak to the girls, and on several occasions suits of clothes were completely ruined by the dogs. Ladies, however, could stop and talk as much as they chose and would not be molested. By the time the dogs were a year old they were of immense size, covered with long, shaggy coats of shiny black hair, and although $200 was offered for them it was disdainfully declined by their owner. These dogs were

Never Trained to Do as They Did,

but took to it naturally, seeming to think that their special mission on earth was to look after and protect their mistresses. During the late war my regiment—the Eighty-third Illinois—was stationed at Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland river, or rather half a mile above the old rebel fort. There we remained for nearly three years because of a brilliant battle we fought and won, but we had frequent excursions of a portion of the force into the surrounding country to rid it of guerillas. On returning from one of these raids the command was accompanied by a large brown-brindle dog, which, on arriving at camp, proceeded to headquarters with the officer in command of the expedition, and from that day on made himself comfortable at headquarters, and, by his even temper and uniform good nature, soon became a great pet with every one. On the first morning after the dog's arrival he went out to witness guard mounting, and as soon as that was finished he immediately attached himself to the 'officer of the day,' and went with him wherever he went, the first trip being to relieve pickets. At midnight when the 'grand rounds' was made the dog (Bob) preceded the officer by about thirty steps, and by his vigilance more than once prevented the officer from being shot by some lurking would-be assassin. Of course there was a different officer every day, but this made no difference to Bob, as he always changed from the retiring officer to the one just going on duty. This round of duty he kept up till the regiment was mustered out of service in July, 1865, at which time Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. Brott was the commander of the post. Colonel Brott was very

Anxious to Take Bob Home With Him,

and managed to get him on board the steamer when leaving, but at Hillman's furnace, where the boat landed for a short time, Bob went ashore, and that was the last seen of him by us, notwithstanding Colonel Brott left a standing reward of $100 to any one who would secure and send the dog to him at his home in Illinois. From Captain Flood, who remained at the post, I afterward learned that Bob returned to the post in three days after leaving the boat, having travelled a distance of some forty miles. Now, the question is, how should a strange dog be able to distinguish, without previous experience or education, the 'officer of the day,' there being some twenty changes in as many days, and all strangers to him? Spaniels are very intelligent dogs, and can be educated to a very high degree. When I lived at Galesburg, Ill., quite a number of us were in the habit of going down the C., B. & Q. road to the bottom lands just opposite Burlington, Iowa, to hunt and fish. There were several lakes between Oquawka Junction and the Mississippi river, and in the spring and fall there were millions of duck, geese and brant there to be found, together with an occasional swan and a large number of sand-hill cranes, which afforded fine sport for all hands. On one of these trips, I took with me a spaniel puppy, about ten months old—one that I had raised. As there are no streams, lakes nor ponds for miles around Galesburg, I had no opportunity of instructing him in water hunting; he was an excellent retriever, however, on land. Having made arrangements with the conductor and engineer, the train slowed up when we reached the 'Eagle Nest,' and we jumped off, leaving our boats, tents, cooking utensils, provisions, etc., at the junction, to be brought down in wagons.

Soon After We Had Got Off the Train

a small flock of geese came flying very low, the day being dark and dismal, with a drizzling rain coming down. I was crouched under a willow bush where the geese could not see me, and at the right moment I fired first one barrel and then the other, and got a goose with each barrel, the first being killed outright and the second winged and falling in the lake. I told the dog (Dan) to fetch it, and in he plunged, and swimming up to the wounded goose undertook to seize it, but with the sound wing the goose kept up a continuous striking and splashing, repulsing and very nearly drowning the dog. Dan was awfully tired, but had no idea of giving up the game. He swam off about twenty feet and turned around to take a survey of the situation, do some thinking and get somewhat rested. After several minutes of profound contemplation Dan started for the goose, which was keeping its eyes open ready for an attack. When within a few feet of the goose Dan dived, which considerably mystified the goose. After remaining under water some time Dan came to the surface on the sound wing side of the goose, and seizing the wing just at the shoulder easily towed the goose on shore, where I killed it. All of the party watched the struggle with intense interest, and one or two wanted to give the goose another barrel while in the water, and thus terminate the contest. But I would not permit it, as I wished Dan to obtain some wisdom by experience, and he never forgot the lesson. It is as plain as a, b, c to me that the dog reflected, thought, and finally devised a plan by which he could capture that goose without danger to himself."

BY HER WALK.

How a Lady's Gait Is an Index to Her Character.

[Philadelphia Record.]

Female gaits are just as much the subject of fashion's caprices as are bonnets and bustles. Of necessity they must be, for the width and length of skirts, whether it be bouffant or serpentine, and a dozen other things, which are regulated solely by the prevailing mode, determine the proper caper in pedestrianism. The conventional girl has to bring her adaptability into play just as much when she selects her style of walk as she does in deciding upon the style of her hat or the stuff for her gown. Congruity, too, plays an important part in her street appearance and is an important factor in her success. The plump girl, who is all rich, ripe, round curves and massiveness, can bound along with a quick, elastic step that would be ridiculously out of place in her lank and sweetly æsthetic sister. The first can travel with that easy, springing sway that is as suggestive of physical luxury and solid comfort as a pineapple-fiber hammock under an apple tree; the other must glide—her very appearance suggests the frailties of her structure and the possibilities of her being jarred out of shape in the bounding process. Between these two extremes of gait there is the happy mean that is much less obtrusive, as it is more graceful than either of the others; it is, too, much more rare. These three constitute the generic gaits; the specific ones are as numerous as the girls who go them.

Every woman has a peculiarity of gait essentially her own—a sort of warping of the general principle to her idiosyncrasies. It may result from almost anything, from a bow leg to a splayed foot, but it will give a clew to her character, from which much may be gathered with proper observation. To one who watches the crowd it becomes a question whether, with a proper description of the steps and motions of the body, it would not be possible to classify each girl with a tolerable degree of accuracy. The matter-of-fact girl brings down her feet with such prosaic force that she is readily distinguished. So, too is the romantic young lady, whose step is in itself suggestive of rope ladders and mysterious moonlight. There is a go-out-among-the-heathen goodness of gait that will mark the evangelistic damsel ten blocks from a prayer meeting, and the step of the literary woman has another onomatopœia about it that proclaims her at once. So it is throughout the whole catalogue of female traits, and no one who studies the subject with any degree of care can help being convinced that a woman's walk is not an obscure factor in the grand results of her street victories.

Slow Travelling.

[Traveller's Magazine.]

On some of the Western roads they attach a passenger car to a freight train and call it "mixed." It isn't in the order of things that such trains should travel very rapidly, and sometimes there is considerable growling among the "traffic."

"Are we most there, conductor?" asked a nervous man for the hundredth time. "Remember, my wife's sick, and I'm anxious."

"We'll get there on time," replied the conductor, stolidly.

Half an hour later the nervous man approached him again.

"I guess she's dead now," said he, mournfully, "but I'd give little something extra if you could manage to catch up with the funeral. Maybe she won't be so decomposed but what I would recognize her."

The conductor growled at him, and the man subsided.

"Conductor," said he, after an hour's silence, "conductor, if the wind isn't dead ahead, I wish you would put on some steam. I would like to see where my wife is buried, before the tombstone crumbles to pieces. Put yourself in my place for a moment."

The conductor shook him off, and the man relapsed into profound melancholy.

"I say, conductor," said he, after a long pause, "I've got a note coming due in three months. Can't you fix it so as to rattle along a little?"

"If you come near me again I'll knock you down!" snorted the conductor savagely.

The nervous man eyed him sadly and went to his seat. Two hours later the conductor saw him chatting gayly and laughing heartily with a brother victim, and approached him:

"Don't feel so badly about your wife's death?"

"Time heals all wounds," sighed the nervous man.

"And you are not so particular about the note," sneered the conductor.

"Not now. That's all right. Don't worry. I've been figuring up, and I find that the note was outlawed since I spoke to you last."

Qualities of a Successful Salesman.

[Chicago Herald.]

To be a successful salesman in a large retail cigar store a man must be an excellent actor. He must possess a powerful memory, and, above all, he must always keep his temper. There is the customer for whom the clerk must have a smile, the man who always expects to be congratulated on his looks, and the weather fiend, to whom the clerk must say: "Is this hot enough for you?" To address this query to a wrong customer would be very disastrous. There are others who have smoked the same brand of cigars for years. They enter the door, deposit a quarter or half dollar, pick up their cigars and depart without a word.

Bar and Bolt and Lock the Gates.

[Utica Observer.]

You may believe what the candidate says on the stump; you may believe what a man tells you in a horse trade; you may believe the army liar and you may believe the snake liar, but when a man takes a cigar from his lips and with a simple prefix of a place and date starts in on a trout story, bar and bolt and lock and double lock the gates of your belief when he gets to the place. Under the shadow of the trout truth dies, and the man who fishes four days and only hooks one lone trout, so small that he loses it in his empty basket, comes home the biggest liar of them all.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

October.

October's child is born of woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast,
And hope will lull those woes to rest.

The Man in the Moon.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

Nobody lives in the moon except the one lone, traditional man. No rivers flow across the barren plains, no verdure touches the desolate crates and the gloomy mountain heights. Silent craters, barren wastes, mighty desolations, universal solitude, insufferable, blinding light of day, rayless, starless, impenetrable darkness by night; there is no cloud, no drop of rain, no breath of air, no atmosphere; nothing but loneliness and dreariness. Often, by the aid of powerful telescopes, the man in the moon has been heard to say that he felt like a greenback convention.

Hope.

[Anon.]

In hope a king doth go to war,
In hope a lover lives full long;
In hope a merchant sails full far,
In hope just men do suffer wrong;
In hope the ploughman sows his seed;
Thus hope helps thousands at their need.
Then faint not, heart, among the rest;
Whatever chance, hope thou the best.

All in Due Season.

[San Francisco Wasp.]

Now is about the time for the city Nimrod who probes around in the chaparel with the butt-end of his cocked gun, seeking the quail that didn't drop there, to skip heavenward along with the discreet and cautious hunter who pulled the right-hand trigger and held on to the left-hand hammer just as his companion's head got accurately in line. O, it is a merry, merry time for the quail-killers. There is a goose, or rather gander, self-slaughtered for every six quail that fall, and the shrill pipings of the feathered prizes have a taunting and triumphant resonance along the hillsides as they contemplate the slain.

The Family.

[Anon.]

The family is like a book—
The children are the leaves,
The parents are the covers, that
Protective beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book
Are blank and purely fair,
But time soon writeth memories,
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust;
O, break it not, lest all the leaves
Shall scatter and be lost.

Arithmetic of the Times.

[Detroit Free Press.]

James and Henry go fishing and agree to divide. James has two nibbles and a bite from a dog, and Henry gets two duckings and loses a twelve-shilling hat. What is the share of each?....Six men put in their capital to start a co-operative store. What was left after the manager got into Canada was valued at $250, and this represented one-fifth of what each man put in. How much did the manager get away with?....One person out of every five in the United States has one or more corns, and the cost of effecting a cure is $1 30. What is the number of corn victims, and what would be the cost of placing every person on a sound footing?....It costs a political candidate $25 per head to retain thirty loafers to slug him through a convention and $150 for incidental expenses. How much is he out altogether, and in case he is left how long will it take him to make himself good by hoeing corn at $1 per day?

The Mother's Song.

[Barry Cornwall.]

Sleep! the ghostly winds are blowing;
No moon's abroad, no star is glowing;
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going!
We are going afar,
Beyond moon or star,
To the land where the sinless angels are!

I lost my heart to your heartless sire;
('Twas melted away by his looks of fire);
Forgot my God and my father's ire,
All for the sake of a man's desire;
But now we'll go
Where the waters flow,
And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel; the world's untrue;
Our foes are many; our friends are few;
No work, no bread, however we sue!
What is there left for us to do—
But fly—fly,
From the cruel sky,
And ride in the deepest depths and die!

Getting Ahead of the Children.

[Detroit Post.]

There is a hotel in this city where the children are so well-behaved and so decorous in their walk and talk that strangers are astonished until they learn the reason. The landlord, who is a good judge of human nature, has printed placards put up through the house, which read as follows: "Children will please slide down the banisters"; "Children will play in the parlors"; "Boys will climb the posts in the corridors"; "Children will be particular to leave the doors open." "Boys are requested to make as much noise as possible." "Matches must be struck on the walls and the legs of the furniture." "Small children requested to lean out of the fifth story windows." The consequence is all that can be desired; with the contrariety of sweet childhood the little darlings refrain from doing what they are asked to, and peace reigns in that house.

In the Tunnel.

[Anon.]

By what good chance I cannot tell,
We sat so that I faced her,
And when the tunnel's shadow fell,
I caught her and embraced her.
Said she, half angry, struggling hard
And struggling to draw back,
"I think you'd better call the guard,
Your mouth is off the track!"

But still I held her closer still,
And called her "sweetheart," "sister,"
And still she struggled with a will,
And still I kissed and kissed her.
And as each sweet collision came
I blessed the sweet eclipse
That turned my spirit into flame
And telescoped our lips.

It's all of twenty years gone by,
The facts that I've related,
And my fair tunnel mate and I
Have twenty years been mated,
And she and I are still content,
Though we have long been lashed,
And still we bless the accident
In which we both were "mashed."

They Curbed Their Woe.

[Laramie Boomerang.]

They say that Brigham Young's grave is looking as bare and desolate as a boulevard now. At first, while her grief was fresh, his widow used to march out there five abreast and just naturally deluge the grave with scalding tears, and at that time the green grass grew luxuriantly and the pig weed waved in the soft summer air, but as she learned to control her emotions the humidity of the atmosphere disappeared and grief's grand irrigation failed to give down. We should learn from this that the man who flatters himself that in marrying a whole precinct during life he is piling up for the future a large invoice of ungovernable woe is liable to get left. The prophet's tomb looks today like a deserted buffalo wallow, while his widow has dried her tears and is trying to make a mash on the Utah commission. Let us be thankful for what we have instead of yearning for a great wealth of wife. Then the life insurance will not have to be scattered so, and our friends will be spared the humiliating spectacle of a bereft and sorrowing herd of widow, turned loose by the cold hand of death to monkey o'er our tomb.

A Star Dream.

[Rennell Rodd.]

There was a night when you and I
Looked up from where we lay,
When we were children, and the sky
Was not so far away.

We looked toward the deep dark blue
Beyond our window bars,
And into all our dreaming drew
The spirit of the stars.

We did not see the world asleep—
We were already there!
We did not find the way so steep
To climb that starry stair.

And faint at first and fitfully,
Then sweet and shrill and near,
We heard the eternal harmony
That only angels hear.

And many a hue of many a gem
We found for you to wear,
And many a shining diadem
To bind about your hair.

We saw beneath us faint and far
The little cloudlets strewn.
And I became a wandering star,
And you became my moon.

Ah! have you found our starry skies,
Where are you all the years?
Oh, moon of many memories!
Oh, star of many tears!

It Didn't Bust.

[Detroit Free Press.]

When McClellan reached Malvern Hill in his retrograde movement he had the Federal gunboats at his back. They took position in Turkey Bend, a mile and a half above the hill, and from this spot they sent their monster shells over the Federals and into the woods where the Confederates were forming. One of the shells fell in front of a brigadier-general from Georgia and two aides, and came rolling to their very feet. Like lightning each of the trio threw himself flat on the ground, rolled over once or twice, and then hugged the ground and waited. They could hear the sputter of the burning fuse, and the chances of being wiped out were ninety-nine in a hundred. In this situation one of the aides called out:

"Gentlemen, I believe secession is wrong, and I'm sorry I took up arms."

"And I know that rebellion is wicked, and I'm ready to resign!" groaned the other aide.

It was then the general's turn to say something, and while they were waiting to hear him declare himself, he suddenly called out:

"Get up, gentlemen, get up—the dum thing isn't going to bust at all!"

NEVER TOO LATE TO FORGIVE;

OR,

A WIFE'S REPENTANCE.

FROM AN ENGLISH DETECTIVE'S DIARY.

CHAPTER X.

DOGGED BY THE HOUNDS OF LAW.

The half-hour mentioned by Lady Marsden has flown by.

They have, indeed, hardly noticed how the time has gone until a voice, well known now to both, smites once more upon their ears.

"Are you ready?" asks Lady Marsden, in a hurried tone, emerging from amongst the trees. "There is no time to be lost. They are on our track. Lyons came and told me of this not an hour ago. They—they have discovered about me, and I, too, am under suspicion. Lady Audrey"—turning to the girl who is standing pale and frozen by the news—"tell him to come now—at once! It is your father has signed the warrant for my arrest!"

Audrey utters a low cry. She lays her hand on Maximilian's arm, and silently implores him to make no further delay.

He holds her closely to his heart for a little while, and then, releasing her, leads her towards the house, where he parts from her with one farewell glance that is fixed on her mind for many a day.

Max and Lady Marsden immediately hurry to the station, which is apparently deserted. Only one solitary figure, clothed in a most innocent-looking ulster, can be seen.

"We are safe, I think," she says, turning to her son with a sigh of relief.

The man in the ulster, who is also apparently waiting for the up train, coming close to him, makes a strong effort to enter into conversation.

"Beastly night," he says, genially.

"Ye-es," says Max, uncertainly, his thoughts being far distant with his dying father.

"You're bound for Lennon yourself, I think?" says the man, so boldly, yet so agreeably, that Max feels compelled to answer.

"I am going there," he says, quietly.

"To the Langham, perhaps? First-class accommodation there."

"No—to Claridge's," replied Max, off his guard. "My mother is with me, you see."

"Ah!" says the man in the ulster, sympathetically. "Nice quiet place, Claridge's."

At this moment the bell rings, the up-train appears, and Max, handing his mother into a first-class carriage, follows and seats himself beside her.

"Ah, so!" says the man in the ulster, meditatively, and entering the compartment next to theirs, he settles himself comfortably behind his Times, and disposes himself for sleep.

Arrived at Paddington Station, he rouses himself and looks anxiously from his window, as though expecting to be met by somebody or bodies, but no one greets him as he lands on the platform.

Has he been forgotten by the immaculate Scotland Yard, or has his telegram miscarried? The man in the dark ulster is for a moment utterly routed and disconsolate. But he keeps his eye on Lady Marsden and Maximilian, who have also alighted from the train.

Lady Marsden in her turn watches him! After a somewhat lengthened survey, she leans towards Max and says, hurriedly but softly, "Max, we are watched!"

As she says this she moves forward, and almost pushing aside the detective in the dark ulster, stands calmly beneath the glare of a gas-lamp, and with indomitable courage addresses a porter for the benefit of the detective.

"Take care of those bags," she says, with perfect unconcern. Then, turning to Maximilian, "My dear George," she says, lightly, "do exert yourself a little! We shall be all night here if you don't hasten the men. Too bad the carriage failed to meet us! But I dare say a cab can be found even at this hour."

"Here is one, ma'am," says a porter at this moment.

Lady Marsden goes towards it, followed by Max, who is acquiescent but somewhat mystified.

Putting his mother into the cab, he seats himself beside her.

"Claridge's!" says Lady Marsden, in a loud tone; and presently they find themselves moving slowly out of the station.

"I think you are mistaken," Max says, quietly, looking at his mother. "I could see no one."

"I was not mistaken," replies she, calmly. "Look out of your window now" (they have not yet quite left the station) "and tell me what you see."

"Only the man in the dark ulster who travelled up with us."

"Ah! just so! Well, he is our enemy. Look at him carefully that you may surely know him again. And, when we have gone a little way, stop the cabman, and tell him to take us to the Grosvenor, not to Claridge's."

"Very well," says Max, wearily.

"There is something else," says Lady Marsden, turning suddenly to him as though fearful he will dispute the sense of what she is going to say. "You must make up your mind not to cross to France tomorrow night. It is out of the question. We can no longer hope to escape without disguises, and it will take some time to procure them."

"My poor father," says Max in a broken voice; "how will he hear the disappointment, hoping, as he will be, to see me in a few hours?"

"Unless you follow my directions he will not see you at all," says Lady Marsden, grimly.

All next day is passed in agonizing suspense. Each step upon the stairs seems to Maximilian to belong to some one eager to deliver him up to the tender mercies of the law.

Lady Marsden, closely veiled, goes out, and manages to bring back, after a few hours' search, two disguises sufficiently artful to deceive any detective who may be on the watch.

When at length the hour comes for them to start, and when Dover is reached and the boat gained, some feeling of hope fills their breasts.

Some of the other passengers make room for the tall, bent, decrepid old woman, who strives feebly, by means of the railings belonging to the gangway, to gain the deck of the boat. Some turn aside to look at the middle-aged foreigner, who, with sallow skin and spectacled eyes, walks briskly towards his cabin, and, though silent, appears to command the assistance of all the officers and sailors near him.

He is apparently unconnected with the gaunt, bent old lady who has preceded him.

There was one other person to be noticed before the boat started—a very ordinary person, clad in a dark ulster, and with keen gray eyes. Some of the passengers, whispering amongst themselves, tell how this quiet figure is a detective on the lookout for a criminal.

Such gossip fills them all with consternation, especially the old woman, who shows much terror at the idea of a criminal being a fellow-passenger. The foreigner alone laughs the thought to scorn, and declares, in broken English, his opinion that assassins, as a rule, are always found out, and that he, for his part, thinks little of the English, seeing that they cannot capture a rascally rogue when he is positively under their nose.

The detective moves backwards and forwards, puzzled, yet determined. The Frenchman, going up to him, touches his arm lightly, and enters into animated conversation with him.

Yes; the detective professes himself "baffled." Last night he was here, too, but with no result. In all probability the two he has been sent to apprehend have made their escape in some subtle fashion, and will have to be sought for in some other quarter.

The foreigner, turning away from the detective in the dark ulster, bids him adieu in a gracious manner, with an outspoken hope that he may be more successful some other day, and passing out of his sight, manages to walk very close to where the elderly dame is still sitting waiting for the starting of the boat.

As if by chance, he stumbles against her, and so compels her attention. She has been looking the other way, and so has not noticed his approach.

"A thousand pardons, madame," he says, apologetically, and then bending over her, he says, quickly, "I believe we shall manage it after all. He seems quite off the scent. Courage! We shall yet achieve our end."

CHAPTER XI.

BESIDE THE BED OF DEATH.

Inside a small room, plainly if comfortably furnished, a low bed, a dying man, the sighing as of many winds, and the dismal pattering of rain drops against the window panes.

Lord Marsden, the occupant of the bed, at this moment sighs heavily, and lifts his head with a movement of excessive weariness. From time to time he so raises himself to ask in a tone of great anxiety, if "He is come yet?" to which question the nurse, with gentle sympathy, as though reluctantly, returns ever the same answer, "No, monsieur."

The dying man is growing weaker and weaker. His nurse, in her high Normandy cap that stands far above her head, tells her beads nervously, with all the air of a good Catholic, but wishes in her secret soul that the wind would be good enough to howl a little less loudly.

Yet now, just as hope has almost abandoned them, the sound of wheels falls upon the ear.

The dying man, his senses growing suddenly acute, starts up in bed.

The rolling of the wheels has stopped, and presently the coming of feet can be heard upon the wooden stairs.

Then the door opens, and in another moment Maximilian is kneeling by the bed with his father's arms around him.

"I knew you would come," says Lord Marsden, slowly, languidly.

"Ah! I felt I could not die without seeing you again," he adds, finding Max is too overcome to make an answer to his first speech.

"Do not speak to me like that," says Max, sadly. Never, in all his life, has he loved his stern, self-contained father as he loves him now—now when he must lose him forever!

Presently Lord Marsden speaks again, but even more feebly than before. Death is coming nearer, nearer. "There is something I must say," he whispers, wearily. "It is about your mother."

The door of the room is partly open, and a woman draped in black standing on the threshold outside in an attitude of rapt attention.

As Marsden's last words reach her she starts visibly, and lays her hand upon her heart.

He sinks back exhausted upon his pillow, and as he does so a sob, suppressed, but audible in the intense silence of the room, makes itself heard.

"What is that?" asks Lord Marsden, in an agitated tone, coming back to life once more, as though recalled by this unexpected sound. He tries vainly to lift himself in bed.

"Promise not to excite yourself," entreats Maximilian, earnestly, pressing him into his former position, "and you shall know all."

But at this Marsden grows even more disturbed.

"Is it—is it she?" he asks, in a panting whisper, unable to control himself; and Max, seeing how the suspense is telling on his wasted frame, thinks it wisest to declare the truth at once.

"Yes, it is my mother," he says. "She wants to see you, to entreat your pardon. If too great a trial for you, say so, and she will leave. If not, grant her your pardon, even as you hope to obtain yours where you are going."

A long silence follows—a silence that means increased agony to the shivering figure at the door, and then Marsden speaks.

"Let her come here, where I can see her," he says, in an indescribable tone.

Max leads his mother gently to the bedside, and then turns as if to go to the window. But, with a gesture of fear, she detains him.

"Come nearer," says Marsden, weakly.

Still holding her son's hand, she sinks on her knees near the bed, and buries her head in the coverlet.

"Nay, let me look at you," says Lord Marsden; and, so commanded, she at last lifts her head, and confronts him.

"What are you going to do now? What plans have you formed?" asks he at last, after a lengthened examination of the features that have still all the remains of extreme beauty.

"Think of yourself now, not of me," returns she.

"I must think of many things," says Marsden, because my time is short; "and of you particularly."

At this she breaks into bitter weeping, and hides her face once more.

"I leave you to your son," says Marsden solemnly. "He will see that you never want for anything."

"How noble of you to think of me at all!" cries she, with an hysterical sob. "Do not! Your kindness breaks my heart. It is more than I can bear. All I ask, all I crave," passionately, "is your forgiveness. Can you—will you grant it?"

There is a short pause, and then Marsden, in a low tone, says, "I forgive you, solemnly—entirely!"

He cannot say more. As though now quite overcome by the effort of making this speech, he falls back upon the bed, as if already he had ceased to exist.

Lady Marsden, rising impulsively, places her arm beneath his head, and raises him.

"Oh, do not leave us yet, until I have told you how bitterly I repent!" she says, desperately. "Reginald, try to hear me!"

His name, once so dear to him, falling upon his sinking senses, rouses him as if by magic, and compels him again to open his eyes.

"I believe you," he says, faintly. And then there falls upon the room a silence full of peace.

For a long hour it lasts, during which Lord Marsden seems to doze quietly. At the end of that time he sighs a little, and, moving his head, fixes his gaze on Max.

"I know all you would have done for me," he says; "how you would have taken my crime upon yourself, and, if need be, have suffered in my stead. But I have exonerated you from participation in my guilt. I have written a full statement of all that occurred. Here it is. It has been signed by the doctor of this town, and by the mayor. You will find all correct. Take it. It will set you right with the world, and you will go back to your home with no stain upon your name, except that which I most unhappily placed there."

He takes from beneath his pillow a written document, which he hands to Max, who accepts it mechanically, whilst his mournful gaze is fixed on the sinking form before him.

"You are talking too much. You are distressing yourself," says Max, quickly. "Try to sleep again."

"I shall soon fall into that sleep from which there is no awaking," returns he. "Now,"—turning again to his wife,—"let us decide about your future."

"Take no thought of that. My future has arranged itself," says Lady Marsden, calmly. "I intend entering a convent. There shall be my home until the grave claims me."

"You have quite decided? You believe this will be for your good?"

"I know it. Think no more of my welfare. To efface myself from the world, and devote my last days to prayer, is all that I desire."

"It is well," says Lord Marsden, with a look of content.

After a while he holds out his hand to Max. It seems as though the power of speech is gone from him, and that all the remaining life left to him concentrates itself in a desire to die gazing on his beloved son.

Max bending down, places his ear to his father's lips; but, alas! no smallest sigh can be felt or heard. He is gone!

Approaching his mother, who is still kneeling by the bed, he touches her on the shoulder.

"Come with me," he whispers, gently, trying to raise and lead her from the room.

"Not yet," she says, imploringly. "Let me stay with him until the end."

"The end has come," returns he, solemnly.

She shudders, and casts a quick glance towards the bed. Then her color changes; she sways heavily forward, and would, perhaps, have fainted but for a terrible interruption that now takes place.

The door is suddenly flung wide open, and a small body of police, led by a man whose features are in some far-off way familiar to Max, appears upon the threshold.

The man advances. He is the mysterious stranger in the dark ulster, who had tracked them from the home station to Paddington, and from thence to Dover.

Going up to Maximillian, the inspector lays his hand upon his arm, and says, quietly, "Maximilian Marsden, I arrest you on the charge of wilful murder!"

"You have made a mistake, sir," exclaims Lady Marsden, pathetically; "your real prisoner—the one you seek—lies *there!*"—pointing to the bed.

At this Halket, the inspector, removes his hand from Maximilian's arm, and turns his gaze upon the bed. A strong shudder passes over him, and an expression full of uncertainty covers his face.

"My instructions—" he begins, looking once more at Max.

"Nay, sir, perhaps this will explain matters to you more clearly," says Lady Marsden, in a trembling tone, taking from her son's hand, before he can prevent her, the written confession of Lord Marsden relating to the crime, signed by the mayor of the town and others.

Halket examines it attentively.

"These witnesses can be produced, no doubt?" he says to Lady Marsden, presently.

"They are in the village, and may easily be seen," replies she, anxiously.

Halket, bowing in silence, beckons to his men, who follow him gently from the chamber.

Some orders he gives them outside, and they trouble Lady Marsden and her son no longer with their presence.

When they are once more alone she breaks into bitter weeping; and, bending over her dead husband, entreats him in pitiable tones, to wake again and listen to her earnest grief.

Then she braced herself for the yet more trying ordeal—to part from her son.

"There is time enough for that," says Max, quickly.

"No," she answers; "this is our last meeting. From this hour forth I shall be dead to you, and you to me. But now, Max, when separation is so near, I will ask you to give me what a better and happier mother might justly claim."

"Ask me anything; it is granted beforehand," says Max, a choking feeling in his throat rendering his voice husky.

"One embrace; that is all," murmurs she, in a tone almost inaudible.

For a moment, she clings to him as if her heart was breaking; then going down the stairs, is lost to him for ever.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ACCIDENT.

Some months have gone by. Lord Marsden is lying in his lonely grave in a foreign land; Lady Marsden has entered the convent, from which she will come forth no more until the last great summons shall be heard.

After a lonely and most melancholy tour through the principal parts of Italy and Switzerland, Maximilian has at last returned to the Ferns, though sadly desolated by grief and the knowledge that he has been deprived of a very chief possession.

Last night he arrived, quietly, unexpectedly, comforted by the thought that no one in the immediate neighborhood knew of his coming. Sad and out of spirits, he is pleased to think that he can hide himself for a little time from public observation.

To stay abroad would have been better for this purpose; but some secret longing—a passionate desire to revisit again the home of his youth—has driven him back to the Ferns, though there is grief in every corner of the old place.

The familiar figure that once, with bowed head, used to roam about the gardens now is absent. Never again shall that gaunt and silent form be seen by lake or fountain.

Even in the thought of the woman he so deeply loves Marsden can find no balm. He feels himself forever separated from her by the force of circumstances in which he has had no part. Surely in his case the sins of the father have been visited upon the child!

Today is like one of Herbert's sweetest imaginings. It is

"So cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky."

Overhead, the sun, though late in the year, is blazing hotly—almost one forgets that summer is at an end; yet in reality winter is far advanced, and Christmas close at hand.

Max, tired of his many hours indoors, and sick and sorry at heart, orders his horse, and mounting him, rides slowly, and without purpose, out through the gates.

Instinctively, almost, indeed, unconsciously, he takes the road that leads him past Scarsdale Manor. Some thought of beautiful Audrey may have been in his heart, but certainly—so engrossed is he with other meditations—he is hardly aware of the fact of his close proximity to his beloved's home until the sound of approaching carriage wheels makes him lift his head.

Then he sees he is at the entrance to the manor, and on the avenue, coming towards him, is a landau, drawn by a pair of matchless grays, in which he can see sitting the Earl of Scarsdale, with Audrey beside him, looking ill and unhappy. Lord Alfred Wyot and Angela Rivers are seated opposite to them.

Marsden's heart beats wildly, his pulses throb, a film rises before his eyes. He cannot meet her, his beautiful love, like this, without one word of preparation!

He tightens his hand upon his horse's rein with unwonted violence, and the highly-bred creature, unaccustomed to restraint of any kind, resenting the touch, rears madly.

Then ensues a fierce struggle between master and brute that lasts for fully a minute, after which the horse, falling heavily backwards, carries the rider with him to the ground. In the dust, almost at Audrey's feet, lies Max, a crushed and insensible object!

All has occurred, indeed, within full view of the occupants of the carriage. Some one screams, the earl and Wyot utter an exclamation, the coachman pulls up the horses, and all is dread and confusion!

And then, before any one is aware of her intention, Audrey has sprung from the carriage and is on her knees in the road beside the prostrate form of Marsden.

She has lifted his wounded head, and has laid it on her lap. A little trickling stream from his forehead is dying crimson all her pretty cream-white gown, but she heeds not that. Her father and the others following hastily look at her half frightened, so terrible in its agony is the expression of her features.

"He is not dead!" she cries, sharply, as one might who is desirous of convincing her own heart against her better judgment. "He cannot be dead! Give him help, father—Angela! Will no one aid me?"

She appears half frenzied. It is too remarkable that in her despair she has called upon each one except her future husband to help her in succoring Marsden!

Her tone strikes her father as being too impassioned for the occasion. He therefore regards her keenly. So does Wyot. Angela, kneeling beside her, lays her hand upon her arm in friendly warning.

"Remember!" she says, softly, but with meaning.

Lady Audrey refuses to be warned. She cannot think of anything but the awful fact that the man lying motionless at her feet—her lover—may be dead or dying!

"I remember nothing," she says, in answer to Angela, "but that he is hurt—nay, perhaps beyond all mortal assistance! Oh, Angela, help me!"

Tears come into Miss Rivers' eyes.

"I will do what I can," she says. "You know you can trust me."

She understands quite clearly that her cousin wishes him to be brought to Scarsdale without delay.

Lord Scarsdale looks at Wyot. That young man returns the glance, but with an air of carefully assumed unconcern. Lady Audrey's extreme agitation and its cause is to the earl a problem yet to be solved.

"Audrey is so very excitable," he says to Lord Alfred, apologetically.

"Very," says Wyot, drily, but certainly not unkindly.

"It is a most unhappy accident," says Lord Scarsdale again, nervously.

"Ye-es," says Lord Alfred, more because he is evidently expected to say something than because he thinks it.

To him, indeed, this accident (though he wishes no ill to Marsden) is a very happy one, for many reasons.

As he speaks he looks at Angela, and she having at this moment chanced to raise her pretty head from Max's motionless form, their eyes meet. Something in the expression of his causes her to blush crimson, and return to her examination of Marsden.

"Ah! See! He stirs!" exclaims Audrey, suddenly, in a tone of passionate hope. She lays her hand upon Marsden's heart. "He is not dead!" she cries, feverishly. "Papa! papa! how shall we get him home?"

"To the Ferns?" asks the earl, undecidedly.

Just now it seems to him rather unadvisable to take Max to Scarsdale Manor for what may prove an indefinite period. Yet hospitality and good feeling all point in this direction.

"No; to our home—to the manor!" says Audrey, reproachfully. "Where else?" pointing to the gates of Scarsdale, which were wide open.

"It is, of course, the nearest place, and he is very ill," says Angela, quietly.

"Yes—plainly, very ill," repeats Wyot. "I should think the manor will be best."

This decides the question. Against so much opposition the poor earl is afraid to contest the matter. Looking distinctly ashamed of his momentary hesitation he gives some orders to his men, and presently Marsden, still unconscious, is lifted into the landau and carried into the manor, where he is put to bed and the doctor sent for.

Angela, creeping down-stairs once to see if the latter is coming, finds herself in presence of the earl in the hall below.

"This is all very unfortunate," he says, fussily. "And I think Audrey showed more emotion than was quite—quite—proper at young Marsden's mishap."

"Lord Marsden's," corrects Angela, innocently. She is a very wise girl, and knows there must be always something soothing to a father's mind in the sound of a title.

The earl says "Humph!" in a peculiar way, and, going into the library, closes the door behind him. Angela smiles. Going on to the outer hall, she now meets Wyot coming towards her in the dusk. At one end of the huge hall a fire of logs is burning gayly, lighting up all the scene and Angela's petite figure and smiling countenance.

Wyot, taking both her hands, looks into her face, trying to read it in the twilit hall.

"Remember," he says in a half whisper, "that if ever I am honorably freed from my present engagement you are mine."

Angela tries to draw her hands away.

"What would free you?" she asks, evasively.

"That doesn't matter. Your promise must hold good. What haste you are in to leave me! At least stay till I can read your eyes."

He draws her unwillingly to the fire, and gazes at her by the light of the flaming pine logs.

"Yes, I can trust you," he says, gravely. "Angela, if I am freed, you will be glad?"

"Yes, I shall be glad," says the girl, softly; "really and truly glad!"

CHAPTER XIII.

"MERRY AS A MARRIAGE BELL."

It was late in November before Lord Marsden is well enough to be brought down stairs and laid upon a sofa in the library at Scarsdale. An arm has been broken and two of his ribs; but now he is on the fair road to recovery, and is, besides, in excellent spirits and happier than he could have believed possible a month ago.

For Audrey all this time has been quite his own. She has sat with him, read to him, lived for him, if one might read aright the quick, glad blush and smile that warms her fair face whenever his name is mentioned.

But what to do with Wyot—that distresses her. To break with him forever and devote herself to Marsden is that which her heart dictates to her, but she hardly knows how to manage this without compromising her honor.

Angela Rivers, coming into the library one day, and finding Audrey with her hands clasped in Marsden's as he lies pale and languid upon his couch, utters a small exclamation of intense surprise and lifts her brows.

Audrey blushes and then, as though compelled to it, acknowledges boldly to her cousin that her heart is in Marsden's keeping, and that Wyot is even worse than indifferent to her.

"Then give him up," says Angela, promptly, meaning Wyot.

This is Angela's chance, and she grasps it with avidity. She, loving Alfred as she does, is naturally intensely anxious he should be released from a bond irksome both to him and to her cousin Audrey.

"Ah! but how can I?" says Audrey, distractedly, with a pretty frown that puckers all her fair forehead, "I don't know what to say to Wyot."

"He is much too good a fellow to be thrown away upon a woman who doesn't love him," says Miss Rivers, somewhat hastily.

"If I were sure he wouldn't mind—if I only knew he was going to be married to another woman, I could be happy about it," says Lady Audrey, with tears born of perplexity.

"Don't fret yourself about that, dearest. Once you give him up, I daresey he will marry some other woman," says Angela, demurely.

As she says this, she catches Marsden's eye, and he smiles meaningly. She blushes in return and then turns away.

Has he guessed her secret? Does he know of Wyot's infatuation? Well, even if it is so, she tells herself he is surely one to be confided in, and one, too, who will never betray!

"Let me speak to your father, darling!" says Max, at this moment, addressing Audrey, who is looking perturbed and anxious. "It must be done sooner or later, as I will not resign you now without a struggle, and am the best person to do the awful deed."

"No, you are not, believe me," says Angela, quickly. "It would never do. My uncle would refuse to listen to your suit because he has his heart set upon Lord Alfred. Audrey, you and Max are but a pair of babies. Let me arrange matters for you."

"With all my heart," says Max, laughing.

"But you must do precisely what I tell you."

"Precisely," says Audrey.

"Very well," returns Angela. "Then tomorrow will clear up everything. And as you, Audrey, have the bad taste"—archly—"to prefer Lord Marsden to Wyot, why, in a few hours you shall have him for your own, and poor Wyot will be cast upon the world, a broken-hearted man!"

The little witch laughs merrily as she says this, and her dark eyes twinkle merrily.

Max laughs out loud, too, whereupon Audrey asks them somewhat reproachfully what they can find to laugh at in the thought of Wyot's chagrin.

"Well, just this," says Max, pressing her hand lovingly against his lips. "Angela and I both believe his chagrin will be very short lived and that he knows where he can console himself without loss of time."

"I *never* said that!" protests Angela, blushing furiously.

"Ah! what is it I am to understand?" asks Audrey quickly, some light beginning to break in upon her. "Do you mean to tell me Wyot loves Angela?"

"I do!" says Max, boldly.

Angela, her cheeks crimson, turns to the door.

"Don't believe all he says, Audrey," she murmurs, with much confusion. "He has far too vivid an imagination."

"Nay, but come back, and tell me the truth," says Audrey, forcibly detaining her. "Does Wyot love you, and do you love him? Speak, dearest!"

"Well," says Angela, half crying, but with a smile upon her lips, "as you won't love him, poor fellow, it is only fair he should have some one else left to comfort him."

"Then it is true?" said Audrey, eagerly.

"Quite true," confesses her cousin, in a low voice.

"I am so glad, darling!" says Audrey, with unmistakable delight in her tone, and then the two girls kiss each other fondly.

"Well, now, listen to me," says Angela, when order once more reigns. "Tomorrow will be Christmass eve, and at just this hour you and Max must be sitting here alone, as you are now, and I will bring in Alfred and my uncle, as if by chance; and then—why then"—mysteriously—"you must just follow the cue I will give you through Alfred. He will let you have a lead, and you must keep it. I leave all that to your own ingenuity. I can help you no farther."

"What can she mean?" says Max, a good deal bewildered.

"You will see tomorrow," says Angela, nodding her head. "To tell you the truth, my great plan is not quite matured yet, and I shall have to consult another person about it."

"That will be Wyot," says Marsden, jestingly; whereupon Angela runs out of the room.

Day awakes crowned with snow, and chilly as Christmas-time should be. According to promise, Audrey and Max seat themselves in the library at the appointed hour and wait with some anxiety for the moment that shall disclose to them Angela's cherished plan.

They have not long to wait. Presently they hear the coming of feet, next a soft, rippling laugh that belongs alone to Angela, and then the door opens and she comes in, followed by Wyot and Lord Scarsdale.

Angela is indeed laughing quite naturally at some little joke of her own and the earl is echoing her merriment; but Wyot appears grave and perplexed and has all the air of a man who is making up his mind to some matter of serious importance.

Presently, as a pause ensues in the conversation, Lord Alfred turns to Audrey and says in a clear, slow voice, that can be distinctly heard by every-one in the room, "Audrey, there is a question—a very serious question—that for some time I have wished to ask you."

Audrey and Max both feeling this is the first move in Angela's game start a little and try not to show a guilty consciousness. Audrey succeeds admirably.

"Then ask it," she says to Lord Alfred, quite calmly.

"Lord Scarsdale, I wish you to hear me ask your daughter this question," says Wyot, turning to the earl, who is staring at him in some surprise. To be grave is a strange thing in Wyot; in fact, the last thing one would expect from his laughter-loving disposition.

"I have for some time seen that your heart is not wholly mine! I have seen, too," goes on Wyot, addressing Audrey once more, "that it is in the possession of another! Now, here, I must ask you to decide between me and that other—in fact, to choose which husband you will have—Marsden or myself?"

"What madness is this?" exclaims the earl, hastily stepping forward.

"It is not madness; it is common sense, my lord!" says Wyot, with much dignity. "Let your daughter speak. If she will still do me the honor to say she will marry me, our engagement, of course, holds good; if not——"

"Audrey," interrupts Lord Scarsdale, timidly, "tell Lord Alfred he is mistaken."

But Audrey has risen, and is now standing before them, pale, but calm, and looking steadfastly at Wyot.

"He is not mistaken," she says, her voice trembling, but her manner quite collected. "It is all quite true. I esteem—I like Lord Alfred; but I love Max!"

Even as she speaks a smile, warm, brilliant, most beautiful and full of deepest affection, illumines her face. Turning to Marsden, she stoops over his lounge, and before them all presses her lips to his forehead.

Marsden raises himself on his arm by a supreme effort—he is still far from strong—and, taking her hand, holds it closely.

"I entreat you to befriend us, my lord," he says to the earl. "I know I am utterly unworthy of so great a treasure"—laying Audrey's small white hand upon his heart—"but we love each other!"

"You hear, my lord?" said Wyot, in a tone that resembles anything in the world but that of a freshly rejected suitor.

There is indeed joy and relief in his voice.

"It is monstrous!—impossible!" says the earl, angrily. "I will not listen to any more of it. I never heard anything so—so objectionable! One man today, and another tomorrow—why, it is positively——"

"Dear uncle," breaks in Angela, laying her hand upon his arm, "I think you ought to say nothing unkind to them just now. Remember how ill poor Lord Marsden is still."

"But, Wyot——," begins the earl again, though in a more subdued tone, and turning to Lord Alfred.

"I resign in favor of Lord Marsden," says that wily hypocrite, drawing Angela's hand through his arm with all the air of a proprietor.

"Why, what is this?" asks the earl, amazed, gazing fixedly at Angela, who is positively smiling. "Wyot, explain?"

"If Audrey won't marry me, I suppose I must just content myself with somebody else," says Wyot, glancing fondly at the small brown-eyed witch by his side; "and, if so, why should it not be Angela?"

"Ah, you are all in a conspiracy against me," says the poor earl, in despair. "Audrey, come here directly!"

Audrey comes.

"Tell me the truth. Do you love Marsden, and do you hate Wyot?"

"I don't hate Alfred," says Audrey; and it is worthy of notice that this is perhaps the very first time she has ever called him by his Christian name. "Far from that. I like him very, very much; but I would rather die than marry him."

"Thank you!" says Lord Alfred, very meekly.

"And you love Marsden?"

"I do," says Audrey, in a low tone, hanging her pretty head. "Papa," coaxingly, "won't you try to love him too?"

"He saved her life once—the night of the fire," says Angela, softly.

"And he is rather knocked up from his fall. Just down, don't you know?" says Wyot, appealing to the earl's generosity of heart.

"And when he did carry me through fire and smoke, at the risk of losing his own life, and laid me in your arms safe and uninjured," says Audrey, with a little sob, "you told him that from that hour forth you would regard him as your son. You did, papa—you know you did!"

"Audrey——" begins her father, desperately.

But she will not listen to him.

"And on that night, too," she goes on, tearfully, "you said that if ever he asked you for anything you would not refuse it, and now he asks you for me."

"And it is always a matter for regret, my lord, when one breaks one's word," says Wyot, suggestively.

"Uncle never breaks his word," puts in Angela, with a view to strengthening the pressure brought to bear upon the unfortunate earl, who is fast succumbing to circumstances.

"Listen to me for one moment, my lord," says Max, rising with some difficulty from his sofa, and leaning upon Audrey's shoulder to support himself, he being still excessively weak. "If you think I can make your daughter happy, as I shall strive to do each hour of my life, give your consent to our union. If, however, you believe me unsuited to her—as, indeed, I am, seeing as I do how utterly unworthy I am even to touch her hand—why, then"—his voice falters—"then I shall go away, and live in other lands on the remembrance of the days when she was all in all to me, and will pray that she may soon forget me."

"That will never be!—never, never!" cries Audrey, bursting into tears, and flinging herself into his arms, where he holds her close clasped to his breast.

Every one is deeply affected.

"Give your consent, my lord," entreats Wyot, earnestly.

"Oh, uncle, how can you be so hard-hearted?" says Angela.

"Who says I am going to refuse my consent?" exclaims the earl, with an affectation of anger, put on to hide his real agitation. "I am not hard-hearted. Audrey, Max, come here."

In a moment Audrey's head is on her father's shoulder; and Max, while still holding her with one hand, has given the other to Lord Scarsdale.

Here Wyot, seeing it is an opportunity not to be lost, and whispering to Angela that it is only proper to do in Rome as the Romans do, instantly takes her in his arms, and kisses her warmly.

"Be very good to her, Max," says the earl, in a low tone, gently transferring Lady Audrey from his own embrace to that of Marsden.

"I shall make her happiness the study of my life, my lord," replies the young man, with solemn tenderness.

"Now that everything is so comfortably arranged," says Wyot, cheerfully, "I think the next best thing to do will be—"

"Dinner, my lord," says the butler, opening the door at this opportune moment.

The earl places Audrey's arm in that of Marsden; Wyot follows with Angela; the earl himself bringing up the rear.

Even as they reach the hall the sound of distant bells upon the air attracts their notice.

One of the footmen, flinging open the hall door, the merry peals come quickly in, and ring their musical changes almost, as it seems to the listeners, in the hall itself.

"Ah, it is Christmas eve!" says Audrey, softly. "I had half forgotten."

The earl, turning to her, lays his hand on her shoulder.

"'Peace on earth, good will towards men,'" he quotes, gravely.

Lord Marsden, lifting his head, presses Audrey's hand to his heart, and whispers solemnly, "Amen!"

[THE END.]

Surgeons and Beans.

[Bridgeport Standard.]

"A subscriber" calls attention to the fact that in a recent issue of the Standard in the State items it was announced that ninety "surgeons," weighing between 200 and 300 pounds each, had been "taken in the river near Windsor Locks this summer," and wants to know if they are to be turned over to the Bridgeport hospital or otherwise disposed of. The insertion of a t after the s in surgeons will give a different aspect to the item, and one more accurate than it now has. Thus a "little t" makes all the difference in the world, turning surgeons into sturgeons, just as the change of an r into an n in another recent item turned ferocious Adirondack bears into innocent Adirondack beans.

Yankee Notions.

A young man aged 39 years, who has lived in Medway for thirty-eight years, visited Woonsocket Saturday for the first time. During his life he has never before been out of the State and never further from home than Milford. He says he never visited a theatre or circus nor has ever rode in the cars.

The Bangor Commercial says a man in Bangor laid a wager Thursday night that he would eat a watermelon weighing thirty-two pounds. He did eat it, all but a little piece on one end. When he began the feat he weighed 126½ pounds. At the end of his festive repast the watermelon fiend had increased in avoirdupois to 143½.

James Hislop of Greeneville, Conn., boasts the champion infant tramps. His boy and girl, who are 9 and 6 years old respectively, were started off to school the other morning, but took it into their heads to visit grandpa at Buckland, near Hartford. So they walked to Norwich, lunch basket in hand and books strapped over their shoulder, and then boarded the 11 a. m. train for Willimantic, the conductor overlooking them. At Willimantic they changed cars for Hartford, and finding that the train would not stop at Buckland, they left the train at the nearest station and pushed on to Buckland afoot, surprising the old man with great glee at 2.30 p. m. A telegram apprised the father of the whereabouts of his children before be had missed them.

AN ALDERMAN'S DAUGHTER;

OR,

A BRAVE GIRL'S TRIAL.

A REVELATION OF CITY LIFE.

By ERNEST A. YOUNG.

AUTHOR OF "DONALD DYKE," AND "THE HOYT-BRONSON MYSTERY."

(Copyrighted.)

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE RECEPTION.

"I've something strange to tell you, Mr. Howard!"

Elmer Howard's handsome, dignified countenance assumed an expression of vague apprehension. He was standing upon the steps of an imposing mansion in the city of Boston.

The hour was an early one, of a certain chilly evening in the month of October. The year in which this particular October occurred will not be specified, for obvious reasons.

"What has happened, Nellie?" the young man asked.

The pretty servant girl who uttered the remark with which we open our story hesitated before replying. Her silence added to the alarm of her questioner, and he seized her arm with sudden eagerness.

"Tell me—what do you mean?" he exclaimed.

"I don't like to say it to you, Mr. Howard. You are such an upright fellow, and I like you."

There was real distress in Nellie's tones.

"Are—are Mr. Brandon's family ill?" the young man demanded.

"No, unless something is the matter with their brains. I believe his is a little upset, and as for Miss Gertrude, she is that strange I don't know what to say about her. In the first place, Mr. Brandon hasn't come out of his library today. He is absorbed in some sort of business, and has neither taken his meals nor spoken to anybody except Miss Gertrude."

"A business difficulty of some sort, I presume. I will see Gertrude and she will explain. Perhaps I can lend some assistance to Mr. Brandon."

The young man essayed to enter, as he had been in the habit of doing since his betrothal to Gertrude Brandon. But, to his surprise, Nellie interposed her slender form with decisive significance.

"You must not come in, Mr. Howard. Miss Gertrude has forbidden it," the girl exclaimed.

Elmer stepped back, staring blankly at the face of Nellie.

"Do you mean to say, Nellie Harty, that you are forbidden to admit me?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir. Miss Gertrude said that she could not see you tonight."

"Did she give you no excuse for denying me?"

"None, sir."

"When did she speak to you about it?"

"An hour or so ago, sir."

"What words did she use? Repeat them if possible."

"She said just this: 'Mr. Howard will call this evening, but you must not admit him upon any account. I cannot see him tonight.' That was all, sir."

Elmer Howard raised one hand to his brow in a perplexed way. Were it not for the evident distress of the maid, he would have suspected that some practical joke was being perpetrated at his expense.

But it was plain that Nellie was as much at a loss as himself to account for the singular command of Gertrude Brandon.

As we hinted above, Elmer and Gertrude were betrothed lovers. He had been in the habit of calling at the Brandon residence upon three or four evenings each week for some time, and he had always been received with a degree of welcome the sincerity of which he never for a moment questioned.

The love between them was of the purest and happiest sort. Gertrude was very beautiful, and had been considered quite a society belle. Yet she was not one of the frivolous, giddy type. Her grace, beauty and accomplishments were rendered more perfect by the lovable and womanly disposition underlying them.

Her father was a well-known lawyer, possessing a comfortable degree of wealth. For a year he had been a member of the board of city aldermen, and his name had been mentioned more than once as a possible candidate for mayor.

These points in connection with Sylvester Brandon and his daughter are mentioned here that the reader may more fully comprehend the extraordinary mysteriousness of the events which are to follow. Of Elmer Howard we shall speak more fully hereafter.

After a minute or two of concentrated thought the young man asked:

"Did Gertrude exhibit unusual excitement or emotion when she said this to you?"

"Yes, sir; she appeared strange-like."

"*How* did she appear?"

"Well, for one thing, she looked like she had been crying."

"Was that all?"

"She seemed uneasy—almost as if she had been frightened, or expected to be."

"How has she seemed during the day?"

"She has kept to her room mostly, sir. She hasn't eaten anything to speak of, nor hardly spoken to any one, except her father. I asked her once if she was ill, and she said that I mustn't inquire, for she could not tell me. It is afraid of some dreadful trouble that I am."

The girl's voice trembled, and tears stood in her eyes. She was a kind-hearted, sensitive little being, and she had been in the family so long that she looked upon the alderman's daughter as the dearest friend she had in the world.

The maid's words only served to alarm and mystify the young man. He was tempted to enter the mansion and discover, if possible, the nature of the secret which hung over the household. What trouble could Gertrude have which he had not a right to know? A business embarrassment with Mr. Brandon could not be the cause of this startling change. Something more serious even than financial loss must be the foundation of the mystery.

"Where is Gertrude at this moment, Nellie?" Elmer asked, at last.

"In her room, I think."

The young man produced a note-book and pencil. He hastily scribbled the following words upon a blank leaf, which he tore from the book:

GERTRUDE—What is the meaning of your refusal to see me tonight? I am in an agony of suspense. Can you have any trouble, or any secret which you dare not confide to me one month before our wedding day? Do not let me suffer this torture unexplained.

Yours in distress. ELMER.

Folding the missive he placed it in the hands of Nellie.

"Will you carry this to Gertrude and request her to send back a reply?" he said.

"Yes, sir; I'm glad you've written something, for she will surely say something to *you*," cried the girl, hopefully.

The next moment she disappeared, leaving Elmer alone upon the steps. With intense eagerness he listened for her returning footsteps. At last, when he heard her coming, his heart seemed to stand still with suspense.

He saw a dazed, wonder-struck expression upon the face of the maid as she reappeared in the doorway. She handed a folded slip of paper back to him. In a moment he discovered that it was his own note returned. In vain he scanned it for some word written in reply.

"Did you give her the note, Nellie?" he demanded, huskily.

"She would not take it, sir. She said it was no use for her to read it. She could give you no explanation. Then she covered her face with her hands, and cried as though her heart would break."

Elmer Howard crumpled the note in his hand, a look of pain settling upon his face. He mused a moment, his mind confused by the startling mystery which had been so suddenly developed. What to do he did not know. Again he felt impelled to enter and demand an explanation. But he dared not do so, in direct opposition to the request of Gertrude Brandon. Doubtless she had sufficient reason for her action, and he had no right to increase her unhappiness by intruding when she desired him not to do so.

"Nellie, I would give a thousand dollars to know what has happened. Can you think of nothing which may lead to an explanation of the mystery?"

Nellie shook her head dubiously.

"Nothing unusual has taken place within the last twenty-four hours," she answered.

"You are sure?"

"Yes—sure."

"Has no one been here?"

"Not a soul—except the market men and postman."

"When did you first note the singular actions of Gertrude and Mr. Brandon?"

"This morning, sir. *You* saw them both last evening, and know how they appeared then."

What the maid said was true. A portion of the previous evening Elmer had spent in the Brandon parlor, in the society of his betrothed and her father. Both had appeared natural. And before he went away Gertrude had made him promise to come again the next evening.

"The more we probe this mystery the more unfathomable it becomes. So I will not remain longer tonight. If anything of a startling character occurs, be sure and inform me of it, Nellie."

"I'll do that with pleasure, sir. It is sorry I am for you, Mr. Howard," the girl returned.

"Thank you. All will be cleared up soon, I hope."

With this the young man turned and went forth upon the street.

Twenty minutes later he entered a quiet, respectable-looking boarding-house upon Tremont street. As he was about to ascend to his own apartment, Mrs. Herndon, his landlady, appeared, and placed an envelope in his hands.

"A telegram for you, Mr. Howard. The message boy left it less than five minutes ago," she declared.

Howard stepped to a gas jet and tore open the envelope.

CHAPTER II.

A DARK-COMPLEXIONED STRANGER.

The message, addressed to Elmer Howard, was as follows:

Come at once. I have news from Clarice.
HELLEN.

That was all, but that the communication was of importance was evident by the frown which contracted the fair brow of Elmer.

"Some of your friends ill?" questioned Mrs. Herndon in kindly solicitude.

"Oh, no. It is a business matter—thank you," was the response. The landlady passed out, her curiosity a trifle piqued.

The young man ascended to his room and seated himself before a genial open fire. He looked strangely worn and haggard in the pale gaslight, and the frowns and weary expression had all come on within an hour.

"It never rains but it pours," he quoted, tossing the message, which he did not even read a second time, into the grate. He gazed meditatively into the fire for several minutes. At last he glanced at his watch. The hour was 8.30.

Rising hastily, Elmer went to a bookcase upon the top of which was an inkstand, pens and writing paper. Taking these to the small table, he hastily wrote a brief letter to the president of the bank of which he was cashier.

The note was a request that he be given leave of absence for a day or two, an important matter making it necessary for him to go away. As soon as the letter was sealed, the young man returned to the street, soon finding a boy who was willing to deliver the letter at once.

"That will give them time to arrange matters to their convenience, and prevent delay in the morning. I must have this matter attended to at once," was Elmer's mental comment as he returned to his boarding place.

He did not retire until near midnight. And when he did so he found it impossible to sleep.

The tantalizing mystery surrounding his singular reception at the Brandon mansion haunted him constantly. And now it would be necessary for him to leave the city for a day or two, and unless he could see Gertrude Brandon the next morning he would have to remain in suspense during the whole period of his absence.

The telegram which he had received, signed by "Hellen," was from the neighboring city of Lynn. The signature was that of his sister, who was married to a merchant of that city. Clarice, to whom the message referred, was another sister—a bright, beautiful girl, who was the victim of a great misfortune, the nature of which shall soon appear.

By 8 o'clock upon the following morning Elmer Howard stood once more at the door of the Brandon residence. The strange incidents of the preceding evening seemed now like the memory of a dreadful dream. And he found himself hoping that it would all be dispelled now that daylight had returned.

Nellie Harty answered his ring. A glance into her face caused his heart to sink within him.

"I must see Gertrude this morning—there is no use for you to deny me," he cried, stepping upon the threshold.

"But you cannot, sir—oh, you cannot!" returned the girl, wringing her hands.

"Does she still persist in her unexplained refusal?" Elmer demanded.

"No, sir. But she is gone—she and her father!"

The young man seized the girl's arm almost fiercely.

"Gone, did you say?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, an hour ago."

"Did they not say whither they were going?"

"No, sir; only that they should not return for a long while. Mr. Brandon said that business called him away, and he thought it best to take Gertrude with him."

"Was no word of explanation left for me?"

"None, sir."

"Even Gertrude said nothing to you?"

"She just cried like her heart was breaking; that was all, sir."

"How did they go?"

"In a public coach, sir, to the Boston & Albany depot, I think."

"You are sure Gertrude left no note or communication of any sort for me? I *must* know the meaning of this strange occurrence."

"I am quite sure, Mr. Howard. I saw Miss Gertrude but a moment, and her father was present all the while. I asked her what I should say to you when you called again."

"What was her answer?"

"She only turned away her face and cried as though her heart was almost broke."

"How did Mr. Brandon appear?"

"Sort of sullen-like. But he talked to Miss Gertrude in a low voice, and seemed to be trying to comfort her. It is all that strange that I don't know what to make of it. I'm very sorry for *you*, sir. I think it is mean that they've used you, though I can't help but pity Miss Gertrude. I think she feels as badly as you do, but for some reason she can't help herself."

There were tears in Nellie's blue eyes as she ceased speaking.

Elmer glanced at his watch, feeling very much as though he was waiting for the hour of an execution. He was too dazed and bewildered to think coherently. Never before had he felt such need of counsel with some one possessing a clear, cool judgment, and the power of keen discernment. An hour yet remained before he would leave the city.

But what could he do in an hour? Very little toward solving the dreadful mystery which weighed upon his mind.

"I don't know what I can do, except to wait," he exclaimed, staring helplessly at the maid.

"I wish I could help you, sir."

"You cannot, except by reporting to me if anything new takes place. Are you and the other servants to remain?"

"The housekeeper and myself only. John will come every night and see that everything is secure. We have orders to go on with our duties the same as though Mr. Brandon and his daughter were here."

As there was nothing to be gained by prolonging the interview, the young man left the mansion.

He comprehended only one fact clearly.

Gertrude Brandon was in deep trouble, and for some unexplained reason he was debarred from her confidence; more than this he could only conjecture, with little chance of hitting upon the right solution.

He walked leisurely toward the station, his head bent in thought. At a street corner a familiar voice accosted him.

"You are looking blue, young man. Tell me what has happened?"

The cheery tone brought Elmer to a standstill, and he felt a sudden thrill of hope. Here was some one to whom he could confide his trouble, and find the clear, sensible counsel he so much desired.

"I had rather see you than any other man in the world!" he exclaimed, seizing the hand of the speaker. The other was a tall, slight-built individual. His eyes were keen and steadfast in their glance, indicating a strong will and discriminating mind.

As he is an old acquaintance of the reader, it will not be necessary to present a further description of this well-known character.

Elmer Howard had known Donald Dyke for several years. The great detective was a favorite among the young men of his acquaintance, and he was ever ready to aid them by his advice, and often more substantially. Hence Elmer's delight upon encountering him at this time.

"I take it that you are in trouble of some sort, Elmer," the detective said, after they had exchanged salutations.

"I am, and pretty serious at that. Have you time to listen to my case?" the young man asked.

"Plenty of time. I will walk along with you and we can talk at the same time."

Very concisely was the situation stated, though no important detail was omitted.

"Very singular, indeed," was the detective's comment.

"I shall go mad unless some solution to the mystery is reached ere long," said Elmer.

"You do not blame Miss Gertrude, I hope?"

"I do not know whom to blame. It seems as though she could at least assure me that nothing should interfere with our plans for the future."

"She is evidently bound to silence in some manner. If she is the girl I believe her to be, she would sacrifice her life and happiness to ensure yours. Don't condemn her until she has proven her weakness beyond a doubt."

Dyke spoke confidently. His words partially dispelled the vague doubts which were torturing the mind of Elmer.

Further discussion of the matter was prevented by their arrival at the railway depot. The train was just in, and there was no time for anything but hasty adieux.

As Elmer entered a car, a short, dark-complexioned man jostled against him rudely. There was no apology uttered, but, to the intense amazement of our hero, the stranger paused, stared at him a moment, and then exclaimed in a low, peculiar tone:

"That alderman and his daughter took another train, and it won't be of any use to follow them!"

Elmer clutched the man's arm, and demanded in an impetuous tone:

"What do *you* know about this matter, sir?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Kentucky's Model Young Man.

Wickliffe Bushong, Summer Shade, Barren county, Ky., is a model young man of the age. According to the Glasgow Times, he never swore an oath in his life, and has no recollection of having ever told a wilful lie to any one; never spoke a saucy word to either of his parents; never used an unkind word to any of his brothers or sisters; never saw a fight or heard a quarrel; was never in a Circuit Court; never heard a lawyer make a speech; never saw a dance or a deck of cards; was never inside of a still-house or whiskey shop; never told a smutty yarn in his life; was never fifty miles from home; never used tobacco in any way; never saw a railroad until last July, when he was at Glasgow for the first time. This truly good young man is twenty-two years old, belongs to church, goes to Sunday school, is intelligent and well read, and is living proof that the old saw that "only the good die young" is a lie from the whole cloth.

He Forgot to Whistle.

[New Haven Register.]

Certain West Haven people were startled recently upon learning that one of two young brothers, who formerly lived in that place, but had removed to Holyoke, Mass., had been hanged in sport by his elder brother. Stripped of exaggeration, the story may thus be stated. Half a dozen boys, the brothers among them, were playing at hanging. They "strung up" the younger brother after the approved legal custom, and instructed him to whistle when he had "got enough." Somehow he forgot to whistle, and came quite near being strangled to death. When the other boys realized how serious was the condition into which they had unwittingly put him, they promptly cut him down and he soon recovered consciousness.

PHILADELPHIA'S NEGRO MISER.

A Fortune Which Had Its Foundation in a Wronged Husband's Passion for Revenge—Absorbing Real Estate in Order to Evict a Rival in Love.

Joshua Provine Bond Eddy, the queer old Philadelphia negro miser, whose death Monday night in a miserable shanty, at the age of 84, was reported in yesterday's despatches, had lived in Philadelphia for over fifty-five years, his only object in life during a great portion of that time having been the accumulation of money. There is a very romantic story connected with this passion which is worth recounting. Eddy was born a slave in the eastern part of Virginia about March, 1789, and spent most of his childhood on a plantation. He was moved into Pennsylvania early in this century and by some unexplained means secured his freedom during his 16th year. He then learned to be a barber and worked in Camonsville. At 20 the religious fever attacked him at a camp meeting. He was seized with a burning desire to preach the gospel. He could read tolerably well, and, best of all, he had a sonorous voice and quite a command of the Virginia negro English. He started out on a religious crusade, accompanied by an exhorter of great local celebrity named William Paul Green. Reaching Philadelphia when he was only 22 years old his "emotional power" commended itself to Bishop Allen, the distinguished colored prelate of those days. The largest halls in the city were crowded on every occasion when "the young evangelist" made his appearance. The Moody and Sankey revivals were fully equalled by the peculiar excitement of those days, and Brother Eddy was made a deacon of the church. With a popular ovation in which thousands of white citizens of the Quaker City joined, Deacon Eddy set out for New York. He was there at once ordained an elder and allotted the presiding care of eight churches, his riding circuit extending from the metropolis to Elizabeth, N. J., thence southwest to Mount Holly and back to Perth Amboy. His heart at this time was wholly

Given Up to the Service of God.

During the good man's stay in Philadelphia he had become smitten with Bishop Allen's daughter, and, after his triumphs in New York, the alliance was sanctioned by her father and they were married. This step proved to be the mistake of his life. One night he came home unexpectedly and found that his wife had a lover, and, after the usual delays, they were divorced. She became the wife of the lover, and he, for want of anything better to do, became a miser. He swore a sanctified oath that he would own the shanty in which the dastardly betrayer carried on a lucrative laundry business. He readopted the barber business, wrestled with his stomach and well nigh ceased eating to save at every point. His pennies grew to dollars, and one day he had the supreme satisfaction of giving the husband of his faithless wife notice to quit. The washman moved around the corner. It became a chase! Eddy held fast to what he had, but by a careful mortgage succeeded in raising enough cash to buy the premises into which the black Lothario had moved his shop. This time, before he gave notice, he got an option on all the vacant shanties in the neighborhood. From pillar to post he drove the pair—buying houses, leasing others, sub-letting, mortgaging and selling in turn, as new elements to the struggle presented themselves. In this work of revenge he became so nervous that nobody would sit in his chair or allow him to manipulate the razor over his throat, and he admitted the danger often. For the twenty years he kept up this warfare he had no time to think of his own soul and those of others; he forgot his religion and

Clung Fast to His Revenge,

until finally the husband of his former wife died, and the feud ended. He then turned and gathered up the threads of his estates and sat down to wait for the property to enhance. Twelve years later the woman remarried and married well. This was a great blow. Eddy became desperate, and he was determined to make her regret her slight to him. He converted some of his property into cash and gambled in gold during the war until he became rich; but just at that moment she died. That ended his struggle, and he had been sitting down half starving himself in the midst of wealth ever since. But in spite of his penuriousness Eddy was capable, under certain circumstances, of spending money freely and when there was no prospect of profit. He was fond of law, and intrusted all his regular business to Mr. John A. Burton. In cases of great importance, however, he always retained Hon. Benjamin H. Brewster, and in some instances handed him large retainers. On one occasion, when Girard avenue was being extended, the city assessed Olive cemetery, in which Eddy owned a lot or two, for $17,500. The company had no funds, and the directors proposed that owners on the line of the avenue should take two lots each, in another location in place of one in front, the front lots thus ceded to be sold for building sites. This scheme was acceded to by most of the lot owners, but Mr. Eddy declined to trade off his lots. Mr. Eddy engaged General Brewster for $500, lost his first suit, but carrying the case to the Supreme Court

Got the Best of the Fight.

He proved that the cemetery was exempted from taxation for improvements. Nobody ever paid him a cent for his services, nor did he ever ask for a return of the sums expended. Another case of this singular man's generosity is worthy of record, inasmuch as it saved the most numerous section of the colored church from ruin. In 1866 the general conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church was held in Washington. For the first time in the history of the church the convention was attended by Southern delegates. Freedom had just come and all the colored folks were jubilant. It was proposed at this conference to consolidate the African Methodist Episcopal Church with the Zion African Methodist Episcopal Church, and the scheme was carried by a majority of seventy-four votes. Eddy voted and worked against it, but his influence was unavailing. On the next day he rose in his place, but Bishop Payne told him there was nothing before the convention. "I am going to put something before it," was his reply. The delegates jeered and hissed and tried to storm him down, but he stood his ground pluckily, and finally got a hearing. "I want to call the attention of this body to the fact that every A. M. E. church in the North has a constitution, and under that constitution the church property belongs to the A. M. E. church. I have $5000 to spend, and I'll go from church to church, and wherever I can get five members to go with me I'll seize the churches in the name of the general body." The jarring ceased when this announcement was made, and the scheme was reconsidered. To this the A. M. E. church owes its existence today. Mr. Eddy had peculiar views of religion and was not a liberal contributor to the church.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

How a Lightning Calculator of Character Flew Wide of the Mark.

[Norwalk Hour.]

"Now I claim," said a man at the South Norwalk depot one evening last week, "I claim that I can tell by the looks of a person what his business is, and many of his characteristics. I travel a great deal of the time, and I frequently amuse myself in this way while waiting in a crowded depot. Now, for example, that man over there with the straw hat and calico shirt is a country schoolteacher; can't fool me on those fellows. He's an ugly customer, too, I judge, and my word for it he makes his scholars toe the mark every time." The man referred to was an oysterman from Five Mile River, one of the best-natured men in the town. "That fellow over there," continued the oracle, "the fellow with the light suit and tall hat, is the idle son of some retired merchant. See how everlastingly independent he is, as though the world was made specially for him, and other people were of no account whatever." The young man was a Norwalk dry goods clerk, with a salary of $7 a week. "Now, there's a man," continued the knowing one, pointing his finger at a short, stout-built man, arrayed in a nicely-fitting suit of some light-colored and light-weight goods, "who I'll wager is clerk in some bank or insurance office. I can tell those fellows as far as I can see them." The nobby youth is a bar-tender in a South Norwalk hotel. "That man just buying his ticket is a Methodist minister, I think, although he may be a Baptist. There is something about a minister, dress him as you will, that proclaims his calling at once to a practical eye like mine. He is probably on his way to some convention." The clerical-looking gent was a Norwalk sport on his way to the Hartford races. The knowing one concluded by pointing at a man who stood picking his teeth near the restaurant room door. "That man," he said, "looks to me like a sporting man; he owns fast horses and knows how to drive them. From his general make-up I am convinced that he is a very wealthy man doing business in New York." The man with the toothpick proved to be the editor of one of the South Norwalk papers. He had just been eating a ham sandwich and had it charged to the paper.

An Unprecedentedly Quick Passage.

[Providence Journal.]

The British schooner Ocean Belle, Captain Alexander Cole, which arrived at this port on Monday morning at 10 o'clock with a cargo of laths to order, left St. John, N. B., on Monday, the 25th ult., at 11 o'clock a. m., and arrived off Beaver Tail light on Thursday morning at 3 o'clock, having made the run in the unprecedented time of sixty-four hours. On Thursday forenoon, while at anchor, she was struck by the severe northeaster, which necessitated the letting go of both her anchors, with every foot of cable which was on board, and she remained there until the abatement of the storm on Saturday afternoon, when she put into Dutch Island harbor. As a summary, she made the distance from St. John, N. B., to Beaver Tail light in sixty-four hours, and from Beaver Tail to Providence in 103 hours.

Get the best. German Corn Remover. Do not be deceived by base imitations. Druggists.

GIRLS FOR GENERAL HOUSEWORK WANTED AT Y. E. A. OFFICE, 19 WINTER STREET.

AN "AFFAIR OF HONOR."

The Bloodiest Page in the History of the Code.

"Kid Frank's" Account of the Great Cowboy's Duel.

Cattle Owners Quarrel and Their Men Fight for Them.

There arrived in the city yesterday, says the Denver Republican of September 22, a young man who has a wonderful history, even for the wild Western country, and is destined to rank at no distant day with Cody and Hickock, Sy Slocum and Carson. His name is John Kelley, and while the name is not a familiar one to lovers of literature treating of wild adventure, it will at no distant day become a household word. Kelley was a pupil of Buffalo Bill and Captain Burton on the old Pawnee reservation in Nebraska, where he herded cattle and was known as "Kid Frank." He brings in the first news of a terrible tragedy in which he took part just three weeks ago. The story is one of wonderful romance and thrilling interest, and is perhaps the most remarkable affair of the kind ever known. It was in the nature of a duel, and nowhere in all the bloody pages of the code can there be found anything to equal it. It was fought with six men on each side to settle the ownership of a valuable herd of cattle, but before relating the fight in detail a few facts in regard to "Kid Frank's" life are given. He was born and raised in Buffalo, N. Y., about thirty years ago, but came West at an early age. He was always quiet and reserved in his manner, and remarkable for his strict adherence to truth in all his utterances. He followed the natural bent of his desires, and drifted into the great plains of Nebraska in the days before '70, when Indians were numerous and white men scarce. At that time there was no industry except cattle-raising, and the Indians made life a burden. It was in this country that Kelly's character was moulded under the tutorship of the generous, big-hearted, fearless Buffalo Bill and the reckless, dashing Hickok. Kelly soon began to attract attention by the skill he attained in handling a pistol.

He was a Cowboy,

and although young in years soon gained the reputation of being next to Wild Bill and Cody the best shot in the country. This accomplishment, backed by unflinching nerve and quiet manners, made him many friends and gave him influence. These facts are given by Captain Burton, the well-known journalist, who knew Kelly in Nebraska about twelve years ago. "Kid Frank" drifted further westward and was lost sight of by his old comrades. He went down into Arizona and there began to build up his fortunes in the cattle business. He took up a ranch in old Mexico and made his headquarters at Tucson. He was employed by the California Stock Company to bring up immense numbers of cattle, for which he was paid handsomely, and he soon gathered a herd of his own, with which he was so successful that now, at the early age of 30, he finds himself a rich man. The first adventure which brought Kelly to notice was a massacre of Apache Indians in the Raton mountains four years ago this fall. Cochise, the famous Apache chief, had been raiding the country all during the summer of 1878, committing the most terrible atrocities. His path across the country was marked with blood and fire. Ranches were burned, stock killed, and not a man, woman or child was spared. Cochise finally captured a number of emigrants and burned them at the stake, after inflicting the most horrible tortures upon the victims. This aroused the men, and a company of 230 took the trail. Kelly was one of the avengers. They were all determined men, used to the Western country. Men with clear eyes, steady nerves and iron muscles, and it was an evil day for the murderous band when these tigers started after them. In the Raton mountains the avengers overtook the band, and, driving them into a canon, killed a score and

Captured Thirty of the Devils.

Punishment followed swift and sure. It was an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. The men built a huge frame like a gridiron, and filling the interstices with fine pine wood, bound the struggling fiends to the logs and set fire to the pile. The Apaches were burned to death slowly, and Kelly and the men stood by looking on with grim joy in their eyes at the thought of the white men the Indians had burned a few weeks before. Cochise learned a lesson from these men he never forgot, and soon afterward he gave up his murderous raids. The fearful punishment may have been unjust according to the ideas of Eastern men, but the executioners were raised in a hard school and possessed a sense of justice peculiar to the country. The news of the affair reached the authorities, who ordered the arrest of the band of avengers. Kelly was one of the leaders, and with several others was arrested by Colonel Jones of the Sixth Cavalry. They were held for four months without bail, but were finally released. They were very much surprised at being arrested for such a little thing as burning thirty Indians, and their genuine astonishment to the army officers, who were heartily in sympathy with the prisoners, was very amusing. "Kid Frank" has also another claim on public attention in being the one who drove the wagon out from under Jack McCall when the latter was lynched in the Black Hills for murdering Wild Bill. Kelly was very young and had no intention of taking a hand in the lynching, although Wild Bill had been his intimate friend and the death of his murderer exactly fitted his views upon the subject. While he was standing in the midst of the crowd some one singled him out as one of Wild Bill's friends, and immediately the crowd, with a poetic idea of justice, yelled to him to mount the wagon and drive the team out from under the limb of the tree. Kelly drove the team, and says he

Never Performed a Pleasanter Task,

and refers to it with pride. All these adventures occurring at an early age, together with the surroundings of his rough life among fearless men, who held human life cheap, moulded "Kid Frank's" life into a fitting shape for fearless action. He married a well-to-do Mexican woman, and by her secured a fine ranch forty miles square in old Mexico, on the San Pedros river, close to the line. He became known far and wide by his skill in shooting, and was generally avoided by men desirous of killing some one for the sake of notoriety. His herd grew rapidly until about four months ago, when he found his brand on 3000 head of cattle, worth nearly $100,000. He determined to sell 2500 head, and gathering up 1500 head more he started to drive to Denver, a distance of nearly 1500 miles. His outfit consisted of thirty-two cow-boys, and Frank took command of the expedition. The trip was a very long and severe one, but by using great care the losses were small. The party started May 23, and made a slow march across the burning plains and trackless wastes of Arizona and New Mexico, until September 8 found them fifty miles north of Trinidad and an equal distance east of Cucharas. The Kelly outfit went into camp for a day near the camp of George Howard, a large cattle-grower. The latter had a herd of 3000 cattle, and commanded twenty-eight cowboys. The two herds became mixed up while travelling close together, and Howard made a claim for cattle which Kelly considered unjust, and refused it. This angered Howard, and words followed. Kelly claimed Howard had some of his cattle and offered to exchange, but the latter refused, and the quarrel became very dangerous. The cowboys on each side gathered around and began to handle their weapons in a manner which indicated that they meant business.

Kelly Saw the Danger.

He knew if a fight should occur between such deadly marksmen there would hardly be a man left to tell the tale, and in addition to loss of human life, the huge herds of cattle would be scattered and all hands ruined. Just as the cloud of war was about to burst he conceived a plan to avoid bloodshed, and broached it to Howard, who agreed to it. The plan was as follows: Each was to select six cow boys, the best shots in their outfits, and placing them in line fifty yards distant on horseback, to give the word "Fire," and let them settle the dispute. This novel method of settling a difference was hailed with delight by the men on each side, and volunteers were numerous. Kelly selected six men who had been with him a long time, and been tried and proved in many a desperate situation. Howard selected six of his best men. There was no time lost in preparing for the duel, which was to be the greatest affair of the kind ever known. The men of the opposing sides retired to their camp and coolly made preparations for the feast of death. They groomed their horses, oiled and cleaned their revolvers, and, putting their saddles on with care, rode out to the fight. "Kid Frank's" men were armed with Winchester revolvers, .38 and .44 calibre, long barreled, and Howard's six carried Colt's improved. Each man knew his weapon and his horse, and were fully aware of the fact that the men standing so grimly in front of them were equally well equipped. The opposing duellists were drawn up in line facing each other at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The sight was one which few men have looked upon. Fifty yards apart stood like statues, two lines of men, horse and rider almost one, every duellist grasping a huge, glittering revolver in each hand, with the reins in his teeth or hanging loosely, for these

Wild, Fierce, Dare-Devil Riders of the South

guide their horses with their knees, as the scarcely more savage Indian does. Around about, carelessly in the range of stray bullets, were the friends of both parties, mounted on their horses, watching the fight and to see that no advantage should be taken. At either side the chief, who had sent these men out to die. Over all brooded a death-like silence, while on all the swelling, rolling, silent plain shone the gold of the bright September sun. If a painter could catch that picture it would be a thing for the coming civilization to wonder at. The man who was detailed to give the word which was destined to create a whirlwind of death started forward. At the first move there was a shiver of life along both lines, but it was not a shiver of fear. Each man straightened himself, grasped his pistols the firmer and singled out his opponent. The umpire lifted his hand, and suddenly on the still air came the cry of doom, "Fire!!!" At the word twelve horses bounded foward, and twelve pistol shots rang out. Three of Howard's men threw up their hands and fell from their horses, while only one of Kelly's men fell. Kelly's men, not heeding their comrade's death, sped straight towards the three men in front of them. The latter dropped their pistols in their bridle hands and pulled their horses up, while their five enemies came riding swiftly on, pouring

A Hail of Bullets

in from a pistol in every hand. The Howard men saw the odds. They were too great, and, turning swiftly, they ran, turning in their saddles as they flew and bravely returning the fire. In three brief minutes the duel was fought and won, and four dead men lay upon the ground. Frank rode up to Howard and said: "Now you and I will settle with each other."

"No," replied Howard, as he looked sadly at the dead men, "I am satisfied."

"Very well," said Kelly, and orders were given to exchange the cattle.

Very strangely no news of the fight was received until yesterday, but this, perhaps, was due to the fact that no towns were passed by the Kelly outfit. Only Frank himself has arrived, his herd not being due for two weeks yet. Kelly himself is a sunburnt, manly-looking young fellow, and told the story in a matter-of-fact way which would hardly attract attention. Thus is told the story of a wondrous fight, which is an epitome of the wild South, and will be chronicled some day in a fitting manner. The duel has given to Kelly the sobriquet of "Wild Frank." "Wild Frank" says the Southern country is much disturbed. Bands of white renegades and horse thieves raid through the country constantly, killing stock, burning ranches, murdering men, women and children, and stealing horses. They disguise themselves as Indians, and the Indians receive all the blame. The Indians are troublesome, too, but they do not commit half the atrocities accredited to them. Wild Frank will remain here until his stock arrives, when he will ship about fifteen train loads over the Burlington line.

A PROFESSIONAL CONFESSION.

The Unusual Experience of a Prominent Man Made Public.

The following article from the Democrat and Chronicle of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature, and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith republished entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting.

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle:

SIR:—My motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and, secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that today thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position, and to warn others against nearing it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for my death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds, and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness was. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indefinite pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a dull, and at times a neuralgic, pain in my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious, or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from malaria, and so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger always brings a person to his senses, even though it may then be too late. I realized at last my critical condition, and aroused myself to overcome it. And, oh, how hard I tried! I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America, and travelled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain, and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders—the little twigs of pain had grown to oaks of agony. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could retain no food upon my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsively clutched the carpet and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My urine was filled with tube casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's disease of the kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's Church of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which I had heard much but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I cherished the prejudice, both natural and common with all regular practitioners, and derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice and try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use on the 1st day of June, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for me in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased, and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover, I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity. I also determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music of this city, stating in full the symptoms and almost hopelessness of my disease and the remarkable means by which I have been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained twenty-six pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain, and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly reinvestigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe that more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate, of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia" and other common complaints, when in reality it was Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. Certain agony and possible death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession, and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I am prepared to produce, and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.

FOR the delicate and complicated difficulties peculiar to the female constitution Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the sovereign remedy. It aims at the cause and produces lasting results. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

CHECKERS.

CHARLES F. BARKER..........Editor

BOSTON, October 10, 1882.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Chess and checker players' headquarters, No. 15 Pemberton square.

Position No. 974.

End game between T. A. Ladd and W. E. Richardson of West Stafford, Conn.

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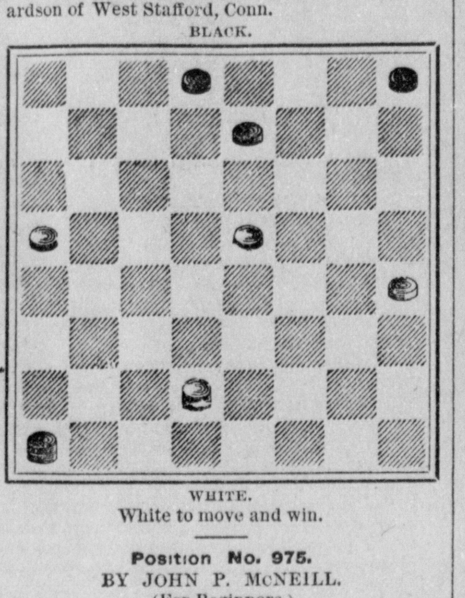

WHITE.

White to move and win.

Position No. 975.

BY JOHN P. McNEILL.

(For Beginners.)

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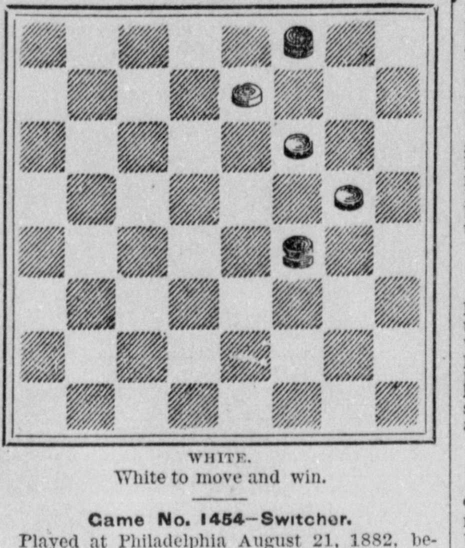


WHITE.

White to move and win.

Game No. 1454—Switcher.

Played at Philadelphia August 21, 1882, between James Wyllie and M. C. Priest. Priest's move.

11..15	15..19	20..27	12..16	26..31
21..17	23..16	32..14	14..10	25..22
9..13	11..20	7..11	27..32	31..27
25..21	24..19	15..10	10.. 7	22..18
8..11	8..11	16..19	8..12	27..31
17..14	17..13	10.. 7	7.. 2	18..14
10..17	10..17	11..16	16..20	31..27
21..14	21..14	7.. 2	2.. 6	23..19
6..10	6.. 9	19..23	12..16	27..31
22..17	13.. 6	2.. 7	15..18	19..16
13..22	2..18	16..20	16..19	31..27
26..17	19..15	7..10	18..15	14..10
1.. 6	3.. 8	23..27	19..23	27..23
29..25	30..25	31..24	15..19	10.. 7
4.. 8	11..16	20..27	23..26	31..27
25..21	27..24	10..15	19..23	7.. 2
				Drawn.

Game No. 1455—Bristol.

Played recently at Omro, Wis., between Percy M. Bradt (aged 15), champion of the State of Wisconsin, and Mr. J. Kirk. Kirk's move.

11..16	8..12	9..13	19..23	9..13
24..20	23..16	23..19	6.. 2	2.. 6
16..19	12..19	14..17	22..26	13..17
23..16	20..16	21..14	2.. 6	6.. 9
12..19	19..24	10..17	26..31	17..22
22..18	28..19	22..18	18..14D	9..14
8..11	15..24	17..22	31..26	31..27
25..22	26..23	26..17	6..10	14..18
4.. 8	24..28A	13..22	26..31	22..26
29..25	25..22	16..12	10..15	E15..11
9..14	6.. 9	7..11C	31..26	26..31
18.. 9	17..13	19..15	14..10	11..16
5..14	1.. 5B	11..16	26..31	31..26
22..17	13.. 6	15..10	10.. 6	16..20
11..15	2.. 9	16..19	5.. 9	26..31
27..23	31..26	10.. 6	6.. 2	18..22
				Bradt wins.

Notes by Percy M. Bradt.

A—Mr. Kirk played 10..15 in a previous game and drew.

B—As this loses, 10..15 would have been stronger.

C—If black had played 5..9 white would have held the man on 7, and would have the move of the man on 9 and win after getting a king.

D—Forced or black would make a draw.

E—18..22 then 15..19 would save two moves for white.

Game No. 1456—Bristol.

Played recently at the Washington, D. C., checker club, between Mr. H. D. Lyman and Mr. Wyllie. Lyman's move.

11..15	27..23	14..17	22..18	11.. 7
24..20	2.. 7	21..14	19..23	28..24
15..19	23..16	10..17	27..24	7..14
23..16	12..19	25..21	30..26	6.. 2
12..19	32..27	6..10	18..15	23..27
22..18	11..15	21..14	26..22	24..19
8..12	20..16	10..17	24..19	14..18
18..15	15..18	13.. 9	22..18	19..16
9..14	17..13	17..21	9.. 6	18..15
25..22	18..23	26..22	18..11	21..17
7..11	27..18	21..25	6.. 2	27..31
15.. 8	14..23	30..21	7..10	Lyman won.
4..11	29..25	23..26	2.. 6	
22..17	9..14	31..27	10..15	
5.. 9	16..12	26..30	19..10	

Solution of Position No. 972.

END GAME BY ISAIAH BARKER.

17..22	17..14	16..19	27..23	32..27
26..17	12..16	10.. 7	28..32	B. wins.
10..15	14..10	19..28	7.. 2	

Solution of Position No. 973.

BY PERCY M. BRADT*, OMRO, WIS.

22..17-1	18..15	22..17-4	15..11	14..10
19..24-2	9..18	18..22	7..16	Drawn.
26..22	17..14	25..18	18..15	
24..27-3	27..31	16..20	31..26	
		(Var. 1.)		
18..15	15..11	11.. 2	2.. 9	5..14
9..18	18..23	23..30		B. wins.
		(Var. 2.)		
16..20	18..15	23..26	22..15	30..26
26..22	9..18	15..11	26..30	14..10
19..23	17..14	7..16	25..21	Drawn.
		(Var. 3.)		
7..11	11..18	9..18	24..27	
18..15	22..15	17..14	14..10	Drawn.
		(Var. 4.)		
15..11	11.. 2	31..26	2.. 9	26..10
18..23				B. wins.

Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 27.

Checker Editor of the Globe:

DEAR SIR—I wrote to you on the 24th, informing you that Mr. James Wyllie was here. Since he has been here quite a number of persons have played with him, but none succeeded in winning any games excepting Mr. H. D. Lyman and myself, and the scores stand:

Wyllie........9 Lyman........1 Drawn........0
Wyllie........2 Bancroft......1 Drawn........1

Yours respectfully,
S. C. BANCROFT, M. D.

Checker News.

During Mr. Martin's visit to Staincliffe, Eng., he played in all 127 games, winning 113, losing 2 and 12 were drawn.

Mr. Wyllie's total score in Philadelphia, Penn., stands: Winning, 216; losing, 7, and 49 games were drawn.

Twenty draught players of the Manchester (Eng.) club met the same number of players of the Liverpool club at the latter city on Saturday afternoon, September 8, and an exciting and pleasant contest of three hours finally resulted in the victory of the home club. The several players and friends then partook of a substantial dinner and after an enjoyable time of another three hours the visiting club then left for home, well pleased with the night's entertainment. The total score stands: Liverpool, 40; Manchester, 30; drawn, 34; total, 104 games. We give the score of five of the leading players of each club, showing that the Manchester five made the best score:

Jackson........3	Sculthorpe...1	Drawn........1
Smith..........1	Beattie.......1	Drawn........1
Dunne.... 2	Petterson....0	Drawn........1
Aspinwall......0	Walker.. 1	Drawn........2
McClermot 1	Escolm........2	Drawn........ 0

A correspondent from this neighborhood of the Cincinnati Commercial writes: "I think the projected match between Priest and Tees will come to nothing," and throws the blame upon Priest. He also adds: "There may possibly be a match between Priest and Reed, if Mr. Reed will play in Philadelphia." In regard to the first item, Priest will have to come to Mr. Tees' terms or bear all the blame of the failure of the match; as to the second, Mr. Reed is willing to come here from Pittsburg and play, but Mr. Priest desires Chester to be the battle-ground. The champion will even agree to this if Mr. Priest will allow him a small increase of money for expenses.—[Philadelphia Press.

A match is talked of betweeen Mr. Isaiah Barker and Mr. H. Z. Wright for $25 a side. It will be remembered by the readers of THE GLOBE that Mr. Barker defeated Mr. Wright in two matches for the honor of the game. Mr. Wright thinks that he could do better if there was a money stake up on the contest. Should a match be arranged between the two, it will no doubt bring forth some very fine play.

SIX WEEKS ALONE IN THE WOODS.

The Remarkable Story of a Young Woman of New London, Conn.

NEW LONDON, Conn., October 9.—On Tuesday, August 22, Mary Stinton, a demented young woman of New London, who had been put out to work in the family of John Nevens, Norwichtown, last summer, disappeared. Diligent search was made for her, but without success, and Nevens advertised a reward for her. On Wednesday she returned to Nevens' house. She says that the day on which she disappeared she was out berrying with the children in the woods. Boys were shooting near by, and she conceived the fancy that they were hunting her. She darted into the woods to escape them. During the day and evening she travelled through the forest to the highway, and then made her way to Baltic. At a store there she bought a pound of crackers and a small slice of cheese, and then leaving the town, came back along the road she had travelled in the afternoon, and re-entered the woods. Here she passed the six weeks from August 22 to October 4. The forest is dense and unbroken, and, as it is little visited, she found a safe retreat in its recesses. After her stock of crackers and cheese was exhausted she lived entirely on berries and green leaves. She was worn almost to a skeleton by her long fast, and her clothes were ragged and stained.

HE WANTED TO GO.

How One of New York's Millionnaires Refused to Bet With "Blowers (?)".

NEW YORK, October 9.—At the Gentleman's Driving Park Thursday, after the regular trot of the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders, Mr. Frank Work's team, Edward and Dick Swiveller, speeded a mile in 2.20½. After they had made the mile, Mr. Eastman, who issued the challenge for Vanderbilt some weeks ago to Mr. Work, said: "They are tired out. I'll bet $10,000 to $5000 they can't repeat the mile in 2.18." "Yes," said Mr. Vanderbilt, "I'll bet $10,000 to $2500." "I'll take that bet," said Shepherd F. Knapp, "if Work will let me have the team." Mr. Work, being asked, said he would let the team trot and take half the bet, and that it would be ready in fifteen minutes. At this Mr. Vanderbilt plucked Mr. Eastman by the sleeve and said, "Oh, they are all blowers; let's go," and entering his carriage the millionnaire was driven from the track.

Mrs. Scoville's Insanity.

CHICAGO, October 5.—George Scoville today presented a petition in the County Court for the trial of his wife, Guiteau's sister, for insanity. He was unable to pay the usual fee, $6, and was compelled to prepare an affidavit pleading utter poverty, stating also that he had no control over his wife, and that he believed it important for the safety of others that she be confined in an asylum.

One More Confidential Clerk Astray.

PITTSBURG, Pa., October 5.—David Barbour, the confidential clerk in the employ of the city flouring mills of Marshall, Kennedy & Co., was arrested today charged with the embezzlement of between $40,000 and $60,000. His speculations extended over a period of several years. The firm is not affected by the embezzlement.

Restored from a Decline.

NORTH GREECE, N. Y., April 25, 1880.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR—I feel it my duty to write and thank you for what your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription" have done for my daughter. It is now five weeks since she began their use. She is more fleshy, has more color in her face, no headache, and is in other ways greatly improved. Yours truly,

MRS. MARCELLA MYERS.

[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

MYSTERIOUS

Articles with High-Sounding, Crack-Jaw Names are Not a Success.

A REFRESHING CHANGE

Every reader of newspapers has observed time and again, in the advertising columns, many singular and frequently unpronounceable names of medicinal remedies. The Greek and Latin languages especially have been drawn upon to furnish names by which patent medicines could be introduced to the public. The inference is, in many cases at least, that their proprietors depend more upon the attraction of high-sounding titles than upon the essential merits of the remedies themselves.

It is refreshing once in a while to find a medicine advertised whose simple, intelligible name in English at once conveys to the reader an understanding of the uses and purposes of the remedy.

A notable instance of this kind is found in the medicines of Dr. C. W. Benson, whose SKIN CURE and CELERY and CHAMOMILE PILLS impart at once, in their names, either their purpose or the ingredients which compose them. Dr. Benson's SKIN CURE is warranted to heal all diseases of the skin, such as tetters, humors, inflammation, milk crust, eczema diseases of the hair and scalp, scrofula, ulcers, pimples and itchings on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth, removes tan and freckles, and is the best toilet dressing in existence. Its popularity is attested by the immense sales of it which are taking place everywhere.

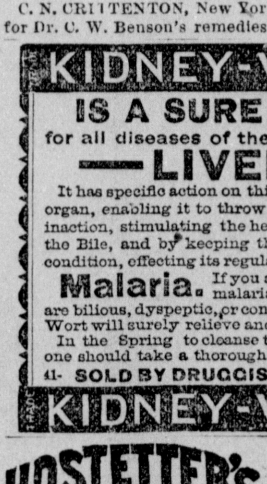
☞ It is the only genuine "Skin Cure," and all should beware of the various remedies which have been struggling for existence, and now endeavor to ride into popularity by advertising themselves as "The Great Skin Cures." There is only one, and that is Dr. Benson's. Be sure and get it.

DOES YOUR HEAD ACHE?

No matter what the cause—Sick, Nervous, Neuralgic, Dyspeptic. Which is it? A revolution in the treatment of nervous diseases is now taking place. Dr. C. W. Benson has discovered a sure remedy in his Celery and Chamomile Pills—they permanently cure sick and nervous headache, neuralgia, dyspepsia, sleeplessness and all nervous diseases. Sold by all druggists. Price 50 cents a box. Address Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1, or six boxes for $2.50.

C. N. CRITTENTON, New York, is wholsale agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies. wy1t o10

KIDNEY-WORT
IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and
LIVER
It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.
Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.
In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.
41- SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
KIDNEY-WORT



The true antidote to the effects of miasma is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This medicine is one of the most popular remedies of an age of successful proprietary specifics, and is in immense demand wherever on this continent fever and ague exists. A wine-glass ful three times a day is the best possible preparative for encountering a malarious atmosphere, regulating the liver, and invigorating the stomach. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally. TuFSuwy1m o3

STARTLING DISCOVERY!
LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.
A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers, address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., N. Y. sTuThwy1y o15

NEW and Scientific Cure for nervous debility, Weakness, Premature Decay, etc., from whatever cause 13,000 cases already cured. No medicine or detention from duties. Sent free by mail. Address Electro-Chemical Appliance Co., 697 Broadway, New York. 1t

WANTED—Ladies and young men wishing to earn $1 to $3 every day quietly at their home; work furnished; sent by mail; no canvassing; no stamp required for reply. Please address EDW. F. DAVIS & CO., 58 South Main st., Fall River, Mass. wy1t* o10

TO YOUNG MEN who wish to learn Steam Engineering, send your name with 10c. in stamps to F. Keppy, Engineer, Bridgeport, Conn. wy3t o10 n7 d5

50 New & very choice Chromo Cards, name on, 10c. Sample Book, 25c. Crown Printing Co., Northfield, Ct. 20tws o10

The Great, The Great, The Great
ADAMSON'S
BOTANIC BALSAM.
The Greatest Victory of Medical Science.
New Trial Sizes, 10 Cents.
Regular Size, 35 and 75 Cents.
It is pleasant to take, and cures as if by magic Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes and Lungs leading to
CONSUMPTION.
It is prepared from highly concentrated VEGETABLE EXTRACTS, and BARKS, GUMS and ROOTS of WONDERFUL HEALING PROPERTIES, and this BALSAM is highly recommended by *Clergymen, Eminent Physicians and Scientific Men everywhere* testimonials from whom we can furnish without number.

Eminent Physicians.
From George W. Martin, M. D., Graduate of University of New York, Aylett's Surgical and Medical Institute, Bellevue Hospital, and New York Ophthalmic Hospital, late Surgeon in the Army, etc.; and I. H. Stearns, M. D., formerly Surgeon National Military Asylum, Togus, Me.:
Having examined the formula from which Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is prepared, we recommend it as a safe and reliable medicine for the cure of coughs, colds, whooping cough, asthma, etc.

Unquestioned References.
Hon. Jas. G. Blaine, Washington, D. C.; Chaplain C. C. McCabe, Chicago; Rev. A. S. Weed, Boston; Rev. Dr. Torsey, Kent's Hill, Me.; Hon. Nelson Dingley, Washington, D. C.; Hon. J. W. Bradbury, Augusta, Me.; Rev. J. R. Bowler, Baptist State Maine Missionary; (Camp-Meeting) Rev. John Allen, Hon. P. O. Vickery, Mayor; Jos. H. Manley, Esq., Postmaster of Augusta, Me.; J. H. Raymond, Custom House, Bath, Me.; Samuel Rideout, Custom House, Calais, Me.; R. M. Pulsifer, Boston Herald; W. W. Clapp, Boston Journal; also publisher Boston Pilot; William R. Smith, cashier Savings Bank, Augusta; C. C. Nutter, Esq., Boston; Wm. H. Taylor, Beacon street, Boston; Rev. Wm. Bray, East Greenwich, R. I.; W. F. Bowen, Pharmacist, 310 Cranston street, Providence, R. I.; H. C. Richmond, Westerly, R. I.; John E. Potter, Pharmacist, Providence, R. I., and 28 other Druggists in Providence, and Chas. E. Capwell, 136 Dorrance street, Providence, R. I.; J. J. Sullivan, G. M. Paine, Henry Frazer, Pawtucket, R. I., and hundreds of others.

LIFE SAVED.
From William Y. Bartlett, Postmaster for Twenty-five Years at Belgrade Me.
"I have been troubled with a severe cough for nearly one year; have been treated by two of the best physicians I could find; my case was considered past cure. The physicians did all they could to cure me, and considered my case a hopeless one. Finally, as a last resort I was advised to try Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, to which I owe my present health, which is as good as ever."
WILLIAM Y. BARTLETT,
Postmaster, Belgrade, Me.

Four Physicians Failed.
From Lieut. Jno. Osborn, firm of Evans, Webster & Co., Boston.
Two bottles of ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM effected a cure in my family that four skilful physicians failed to do.

Sell More Than All Others Combined.
Messrs. F. W. KINSMAN & CO.: Dear Sirs—ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM seems to give universal satisfaction, both as to quality and price. We sell more of it than of all other Cough Medicines put to ether, and have yet to hear of the first intimation in which it has failed to give satisfaction. Yours truly.
RUST BROS. & BIRD, Boston,
Wholesale Druggists.

Three Skilled Physicians.
I have had a troublesome cough for more than five years, and have had advice of three of the most skilled physicians, but I found nothing to relieve and cure me till I used ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM.
Mrs. GEO. A. ROBBINS, Riverside, Me.

Universal Satisfaction.
From Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., New England Patent Medicine Warehouse, 36 and 38 Hanover Street.
BOSTON, April 18, 1882.
F. W. KINSMAN & CO.: Gents—The last lot of ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM is nearly gone, and you had better make us another shipment of 25 gross. We have never sold any cough preparation that gives such *universal* satisfaction as ADAMSON'S, and the demand is constantly increasing.

Cured Asthma When All Else Failed.
I was troubled with asthma for 12 years. Employed skilful physicians of Boston without effect for good. I have felt nothing of this trouble since taking ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM.
B. FRANK SWAN, Boston.

Trash Floods the Market.
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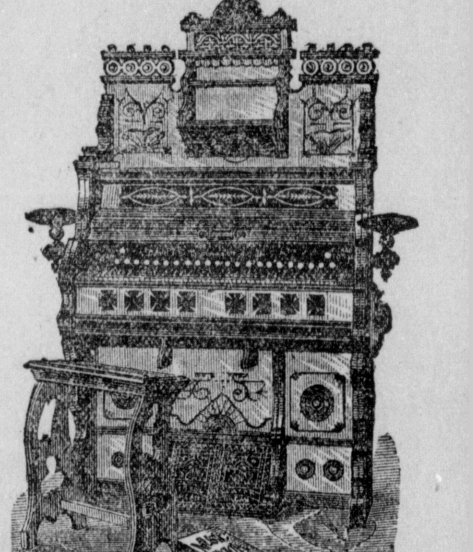

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